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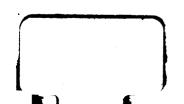
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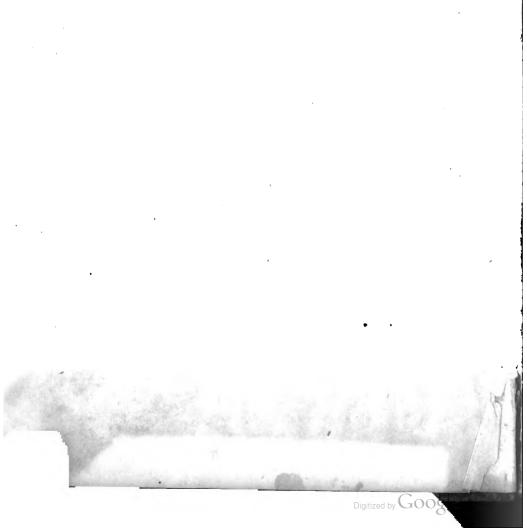


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AN

ILLUSTRATED ANNUAL

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EMBELLISHMENTS.

Clara and Lucy.

Tecumseh and Gen. Harrison.
Jamine, Strawberry, Tulip, Mignionett.
Curiosity.
Rose, Ivy, Myosotis.
View from Hyde Park.
The School Girl.
The Greek Patriots.
Passion Flower.
Zulima.
White Lily
The Attack on the Palais Royal.
Cactus.

Damask Rose (or Rose Damascena.)
Biebrich Castle on the Rhine.
Crythruniam Americanum.
Mrs. Myra C. Gaines.
Poppy.
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Musicians at the Asian Valley of Sweet Waters
Lily of the Valley and Balsom Flower.

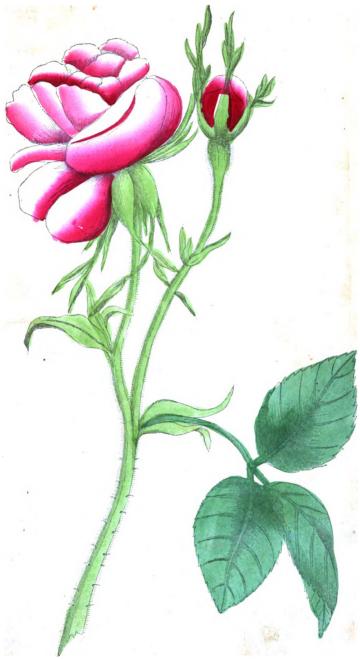
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ROSA DAMASCENA

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-10

A PURE LITERATURE

ESSENTIAL TO THE WELFARE OF OUR REPUBLIC.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

In the Divine arrangement, mind was formed to act on mind, and heart on heart. Thought, idea, and feeling burst forth from the surcharged bosom to take lodgement in another soul, from whence they are again evolved, passing from mind to mind, and from heart to heart, with new expansion and increasing weight, from generation to generation, until theories are rent asunder—systems are demolished, and the world of intellect is shaken by the concussion. So lightnings pass from cloud to cloud, with ever increasing sound, and more threatening aspect, until overburdening the skies, they are spent upon the earth, shivering all obstacles in their course, and shaking the foundations of the hills with their shock.

He who has power with the tongue or the pen to thrill the heart, to awaken slumbering thought, to control the views and shape the opinions of mankind, sits upon a throne higher than that of Alexander, more absolute than that of Bonaparte, and more lasting than that of the Cæsars: for he gives an impulse to mind that is universally felt, and felt forever. As the angel in the Apocalypse poured his vial into the fountains of water and tainted the beverage of mankind, so does he infuse his own spirit into the fountain from whence the human intellect is nourished.

The considerations presented in this article are to be restricted to the influence of the pen, by the production of a national literature, upon the welfare of our glorious republic. We shall say but little of that large portion of our present literature, in which a piratical band of reckless adventurers upon the sea of thought, without the Bible for a chart or moral principle for a rudder, are making predatory incursions upon the republic of letters, and dealing out blight and mildew to every thing noble and good.—But we shall define a pure literature and show its relations to the human mind, and its influence upon our institutions.

A pure literature consists of whatever is agreeable, graceful and true, in human knowledge and human experience, appropriately and impressively exhibited. This will exclude every delineation of character and life, unworthy of imitation, unless stripped of all false coloring, and held up in the native loathsomeness of vice.— It will embrace in matter, every thing in letters of a character to improve the mind or purify the heart, every thing truly worthy of study or contemplation; and in manner, every form of expression worthy of the thought or emotion to be conveyed. But it is not sufficient for our literature that it be pure—it should be American, reflecting the mind and heart of our nation. In external form it cannot differ greatly from the present or past literature of the old world. External forms are universally the same. Nature, physical, social and moral, is the great storehouse of illustration and embellishment, and nature is always and every where the But nations, like individuals, have characteristics of spirit and genius, by which they are distinguished. The sweet songsters of the groves all have wings and feathers, but their habits of life and notes of song vary almost infinitely. A literature that did not reflect manly independence, high practicality, warm patriotism, supreme regard for law, liberal public spirit, loval regard for merit, a strong bias for civil equality, and a deep reverence for religion, if it could be pure would not be American, would not be our own. These are the seven pillars upon which the wisdom of our ancestors built the stately fabric of our institutions. Every garland culled from the garden of the Muses to bind about the capital of these pillars, if not selected with caution, and arranged with a propriety suited to their sternness and simplicity, will be torn down by the hands of our virtuous sons, or resisting their efforts, infuse a decay that will endanger the existence of the whole structure. The heroes who stood in defense over the cradle of our infancy, were men of sterling virtue. They have transmitted to us new and peculiar institutions upon which the impress of their own lives and character is deeply stamped. Nay more their own spirit and genius is the very breath that gives vitality to these institutions. A pure American literature should breathe this spirit, and send it down to posterity. In all its forms, of history, philosophy, fiction, poetry, and eloquence, this should be its character, that it breathes the national spirit; and its one great function, to react for salutary purposes upon the national mind from which it emanates.

A flood of light and trashy foreign literature is pouring in upon our shores. There is little danger, however, that it will undermine our institutions, except by first destroying our morals. It contains too many ingredients repulsive to the American taste, too much that is uncongenial to American manners. The sentiment of loyalty, the distinctions of caste, the pride of birth, a sense of conventional honor, and other relics of feudalism, each and all are reflected directly or indirectly in every volume of the current literature of the old world.

Some may question whether there is such a thing as an American literature. If there is not, there should, and doubtless will be. There should be, because no other can be brought to bear directly upon our institutions, and we need its invigorating power. There will be, for genius and talent and learning are ours—and to suppose that these will not produce a national literature, is as absurd as to suppose that with food before him, a healthy child will not eat and grow.

Americans are emphatically a reading people. More books may be found among a given population in some parts of Europe than in America, but books here are in the hands of the people: there they are heaped up in the alcoves of the wealthy. Here the masses both read and think, and they form opinions of men, of manners, of principles, and are free too to carry out their conclusions in all their social and civil relations. But they will not read every class of books. A literature to reach the mind of the mass, must not be abstract or incomprehensible. That faculty which holds a middle station between sense and reason—the imagination, must be brought to the aid of the philosopher, the economist, the moralist. The feelings must be enlisted by allusions to the familiar scenes of life. Passion must burn that its heat may lift the vapors that float upon the surface of the uneducated brain. Its warmth must quicken the latent germ of thought that ideas, opinions, principles may spring up as it were unbidden from the mind. Nature has spread out an infinite store of lovely images accessible to all her children. She has hung the mountain, the valley, the hilltop, and the grove with her rich drapery, and bids us draw freely from them to enrich the inner being.— She speaks to us with her ten thousand tongues, and enjoins it upon us to converse with each other in her language. She assures

us that thought and feeling, enshrined in her myriad forms, can be conveved to all nations and transmitted through all time. not profane man deem it humbling to speak her dialect. tion has sanctioned and dignified its use. He who spake unlike man in all other respects, disdained not while dwelling in flesh to convey his Godlike thoughts in her choice imagery. But the sentiment conveyed by an author, the impression left upon the mind, is the point to be guarded with sleepless vigilance. In the livery of heaven, Satan himself may be served. Under the most attractive external forms, nay, even under the guise of virtue, may lie hid a sly intimation against the reality and importance of religion; a sneer at the faith and conscientious strictness of the pious; derision of the scrupulous concern of parents for domestic morals; contempt for the prescribed proprieties of good society-concealed daggers with which to stab virtue. Fifty years ago, an eminent critic said that the French novelists struck fatally at the existence of all virtue by annihilating belief in that religion which is the only source and seminal principle of it. A half century has passed away, and behold the result, in the moral depravity, the social and civil disorders of France.

A corrupt literature is most injurious to the young, who have seen but little of the stern realities of life. It is the easiest thing in the world to beguile them into anticipations which can never be realized; to make them dream of Elysian fields in the very deserts of life; to create in them a romantic enthusiasm, which nothing but a sad disappointment can damp or enlighten. A writer, under the fair pretence of the love and advocacy of truth and purity, may throw such a halo over vice as to make it partake of the very attractions that attend it. The drunkard, the seducer, the murderer, may be made to appear so gallant, so noble, so gifted and fortunate, as to serve as a decoy into crime rather than a beacon of warning.

Were the masses inclined to severe and patient thought, the danger from such works would be less. Were they as willing to study treatises of science, ethics and theology, as they are to take up the floating literature of the day, they would soon possess a standard of moral and intellectual truth, and intellectual strength and energy to apply it, and thus become, in a measure, secure from danger. But the novel reader has no taste for the knotty

theorems of Euclid, Gallileo and Newton-the discussions of Locke, Bacon and Reid-the theses of Butler, Wayland, and, Foster-or the appeals of Whitfield, Hall and Edwards. He chooses works which possess more attractions at first view, and from them he draws his opinions, and they mould his habits of thought and feeling. Ought not writers of pure and sound morality to avail themselves of this trait in human nature? Some insist that truth and purity are sufficiently attractive in themselves, and with stoic indifference to the reception of their works, are content with knowing that the ideas they advance are correct, never asking whether their readers could comprehend them if they would, or whether they would be the most useful class of truths to them if they did. Virtue and truth are lovely when seen and known, but those little acquainted with them, will not be likely. we think, to search long and diligently after them. dain to use those ornaments of language which have been degraded to baser purposes, as if truth could suffer because her garments have been worn by error. But the methods which God has adopted are surely right and proper, and has He not invited us to study his works, not merely by the sublimity of the laws which govern them, and the glorious order and harmony of their movements, but by the inimitable beauty of their external appearance? The tints of the flower, the hue of the rainbow, the azure of the sky, have led millions into the inner temple of nature to study her laws, who, had not their notice been attracted and their emotions excited by these outward decorations, would have remained in ignorance of her simplest truths. Thousands of such observers have also been led from the contemplation of the order and beauty of nature, to the perception and practice of the beautiful and true in character and conduct.

But the imagination should not be stimulated by any undue use of ornament, since it needs stimulus the least of any faculty of man. Still may it not be used to stimulate the other faculties, if we can thus arouse the intellect to a wholesome activity, and the heart to proper emotion?

I have hinted at the influence which a pure literature would exert upon our civil institutions. The founders those institutions could only bestow them upon us with their benediction. When once in our hands, they are at our disposal. Our fathers

planted the tree of liberty, watered it with their blood, and left. its culture to us. We may guard and prune it, and water it until its branches shelter all nations, or we may cut it down, or graft it with foreign scions until the soil, enriched by the blood of our fathers, shall nourish the upas in its stead. And this we may do ere we are aware. While we are supposing ourselves stretching away with prosperous sails upon the sea of prosperity, we may be but entering the outer circle of the whirlpool of destruction. Our government is an experiment to us as well as others. The republics of antiquity were essentially different from ours, so that we have no long line of precedents to guide us. Onr own existence is but of vesterday. Our growth has been rapid beyond There has been much in our history to promote a wild speculation. Towns, villages, cities and states have sprung up as if by magic, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Our progress in wealth, refinement, and the arts and sciences, has been beyond what the wildest imagination would have predicted fifty years ago. We are in that period of youth, when individuals are so liable to ærial flights, false views and wild anticipations. Amid all those comets, meteors, and electric flashes, how many will have wisdom to distinguish the true light that should guide their way? how many will have resolution to follow it?

The christian religion is the conservative ingredient on which we are to rely for the perpetuity of the republic. Without it the sad example of the republics of antiquity clearly fore warns us of our doom. Vice inherent in the human heart, infuses itself inevitably into all human institutions, and will sooner or later develope its destructive tendency, in their decay and death. anity is the only antidote which can perpetuate our national exist-This is the hellebore that can clear the heads of our philosophers and statesmen. It is the grand modifying principle of human society—the author of civilization, of peace, of human progress, of permanent amelioration, of enduring happiness. Hence, all literature should be in strict accordance with its teachings. No other can be safe; for the people are the fountain of law, and control its administration. It is the business of civil law, to define the duties of citizens in their civil relations, and to enforce their observance. If it go beyond, and attempt to define and enforce moral and personal duties, it has left its sphere and usurps undelegated power. It becomes a tyrant. If it falls short, the weak and the innocent must suffer from the outrage of the strong and vicious. It fails to afford that protection, which society in its very nature is designed to afford, by Him who established it. If it rightly defines civil duty, but fails of energy to enforce it; or if from a weak or diseased sensibility it turns away the sword of justice from the head of the offender, if it uses any improper or inefficient means to accomplish its ends, in either event it is abortive. Vice gains strength and courage, its acts become more glaring and outrageous, the sword of personal vindication and revenge is drawn—sedition and massacre follow, and society is swallowed up in the vortex of anarchy and crime.

In our nurseries, our common and Sunday schools, minds are awakened, opinions formed, and character determined, upon which our destiny is pending. How important then that nurses, mothers and teachers, should have correct views of the world, of men and things? And what class of persons are more liable to be misled by attractive works under whose insinuating garb lies hid the subtle poison of licentiousness, and infidelity; of religious error and impiety? and what can be a better guide to them in their duties than a literature in strict accordance with the spirit and maxims of the Bible? With a truthful representation of human nature. imperfect as it is, and of the trials and dangers incident to human life, sufficiently attractive to call their attention and awaken their interest, and sufficiently explicit to meet their approbation and approve itself to their judgment. We look with thrilling interest to the great public measures of the day—we rely upon the sagacity, foresight, patriotism and virtue of our great statesmen to preserve our rights unimpaired, and to allay the tempest which momentarily threatens to light up the awful billows of revolution. Would it not be wise also to watch over the development of the arduous impetuous throng, who are pressing forward to take our places upon the stage of civil life?



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"ANOTHER SUMMER."

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"ANOTHER SUMMER!" say'st thou, friend, And then thy plans shall be Completed, and thy fair resolves Reduc'd to certainty?

Beneath a glorious grove I stood,
When last the solstice glow'd,—
Its towering hopes sprang thick around,
And vigorous promise show'd;

And fearless toward the skies it rear'd
Its canopy of green,
While groups of bursting flowrets peer'd
Those sheltering shafts between:

The woodman's axe rang sharp and shrill,
And there in ruin lay,
The kingly oak, and all his peers,
As on the battle day.

"Another Summer!" so I spake
Unto my precious one,—
The youngest darling of my love,
My fair, and only son.

His was the swift, untiring foot,
The firm, and graceful form.—
The young, bold heart, that never shrank
From noon-tide heat, or storm.

His nineteenth vernal season fied
As thus we fondly spake
Of a new home, 'mid prairies green
That soon he hop'd to make.

Bright summer came, and o'er his grave
In you secluded spot,
A mother's bursting anguish flows,
But he regardeth not.

"Another Summer!" Do I hear From many a turf-clad mound, In hollow murmurs, deep and low, The same reproving sound? Oh Soul! if there is aught undone
Of duty, or of love,
For God, thy neighbor, or thyself,
A Christian's truth to prove—

Haste, and with undeclining zeal
Fulfil the Law Divine,
And wisely spend this fleeting hour,
The next may not be thine.

Nor load the pang of parting life,
With that despairing moan—
"The summer's o'er—the harvest past,
And my salvation gone."

Hartford, July, 1850.

THE SPHERE OF WOMAN.

BY TENNYSON.

" Henceforth The woman's cause is man's: they rise or sink Together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free; For she that out of Lethe, scales with man The shining steps of nature, shares with man His nights and days, moves with him to one goal, Stays all the fair young planets in her hands-If she be small, slight-natured, miserable, How shall men grow? For woman is not undevelopt man, But diverse: could we make her as the man. Sweet love were slain, whose dearest bond is this, Not like to like, but like in difference: Yet in the long years, liker must they grow; The man be more of woman, she of man; He gain in sweetness and in moral height, Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world; She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care: Till at the last she set herself to man, Like perfect music unto noble words; And so these twain, upon the skirsts of Time. Sit side by side, full summ'd in their powers. Dispensing harvest, sowing the To be, Self reverent each, and reverencing each. Distinct in individualities, But like each other, ev'n as those who love. Then comes the statelier Eden back to men: Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm: Thence springs the crowning race of human kind."

TAKING A BOARDER.

BY ALICE CRAIG.

"I BELIEVE you decided to refuse Miss Warner's application;" remarked Mrs. Ryan to the lady in whose parlor she was making a morning call.

"I did;" replied Mrs. Howell,—"but I confess her look of disappointment, and the dejected air with which she took leave, almost reproached me. Poor thing—I am really sorry for her."

"So am I: she applied to me, also, for board; and spoke so movingly of the trials of her situation, that I was half inclined to take her in; but my husband was not willing. It is so much more pleasant to be alone, you know."

"Yes—I have long ago decided never to receive a boarder. I have no doubt Miss Warner would be an agreeable member of a family, for she is sensible, refined and amiable; but her residence here would confine me more at home than would be at all pleasant."

"I spoke to her of that, when she called on me; but she replied that she would be perfectly willing to come, with the understanding that I should be as much at liberty as if she were not in the house,—and added, that she would esteem it a favor to be received, even with such a reservation."

"She said as much to me; but I know that as a boarder, paying handsomely,—which she is willing to do, for whatever she requires, she would be entitled to some attention and consideration from me. I should neglect her, undoubtedly, but should not feel comfortable in doing so: she would soon discover that I wished her somewhere else, and be more unhappy than she is now, in being rejected."

"Mr. Ryan says he believes her to be an estimable person, and, if she asked my assistance in any other way, he should wish me, by all means, to afford it: but he thinks the constant presence of a stranger in the house, would impose a degree of restraint that would become very irksome,—besides the inconvenience to which it would subject me. There are plenty of boarding houses, he says, in which she can find accommodation. I hinted this to Miss Warner, and the tears rose to her eyes immediately, but she made no reply. Poor girl! It must be

hard, for one accustomed to happier circumstances, to be thrown on the world without a home or a protector."

"It must certainly; I pity her, as I said before, but do not feel called upon to abridge my freedom of motion, to oblige her. She has no claim upon us."

"True-she has not."

And, having arrived at this very satisfactory conclusion, the ladies appeared about to dismiss Miss Warner from their thoughts. But this they were not permited to do, as promptly as they seemed to propose. The parlor contained another visitor, who had hitherto been a silent listener to the conversation which we have related, and now engaged in the topic, when the other ladies were prepared to abandon it. This lady was exceedingly fair in person, religiously neat in her attire, and, withal, possessed a most benevolent countenance.

"Permit me, my friends," she commenced, "to place before you another phase of the subject which you have been discuss. ing. Did it ever occur to you that, as human beings and as Christians, we have a duty to perform toward those who are less happily situated in life than we are? Is the injunction—' Do unto others as you would have others do unto you,' to be obeyed only when it is entirely agreeable to ourselves, and disregarded when obedience would involve us in a triffing sacrifice of inclination or convenience? I know that we are all apt tacitly so to conclude; -but are we right in so doing? I fear that many of us, when called on to 'give an account of our stewardship,' will awake to the startling truth, that we have been culpably selfish in our views and actions in this particular. A beneficent God has placed us in happy homes, and surrounded us with loving and attentive friends. I believe it to be our privilege to enjoy. fully, the blessings that he has bestowed,—but, I also believe that we abuse his rich gifts, when we suffer them to make us forgetful of those who have not the sources of happiness that are within our reach. I am not acquainted with the subject of your recent conversation, but I infer, from your remarks, that she is a deserving person who asks a place in your domestic circle, for which she is willing to return a proper equivalent in money. Perhaps she is poor—perhaps she possesses a competent income."

"She procures a competence by her own exertions."

"Then so much the stronger is her claim to our friendly encouragement. Let us, if we can, imagine ourselves bereft of many of those whom we now hold so dear, and compelled to leave our comfortable dwellings and go forth into the world. alone to win the very means of subsistence by daily toil. could not, it is probable, obtain for our labor sufficient remuneration to enable us to meet the expenses of housekeeping,—but we } might, those of boarding. How anxiously then, would we look around us for some friendly roof, which would afford us not merely a shelter, but a home also. There are, perhaps, boardinghouses, which would extend both these advantages to a person so situated; but they are 'few and far between.' We might not know of-might never find such an one. Generally speaking, those establishments are, of necessity, regulated by a stringent and exacting economy, and a distinct interest characterizes each apartment, that cannot fail to impress a solitary individual, particularly an unprotected female, with a sense of indescribable Which of us would not, like Miss Warner, shrink from the thought of entering such an abode. We should quickly understand that our only chance of again realizing a single home feeling, rested on the doubtful one of obtaining admission to the fireside of some sympathizing friend. What, then, would be our emotions on hearing one after another reply, to our solicitations that they would 'receive us into their houses.'

"" We pity you—we esteem you,—but our sympathy is not of a quality sufficiently generous to lead us to incur the most petty inconvenience, for the sake of affording you an asylum from the pelting of the pitiless storms to which your condition exposes you."

"How bitterly we should prove the full force of the truth, that, though poverty is, in itself, a burthen, 'heavy and grievous to be borne,' yet circumstances can make even poverty a yoke ten times more galling, in some cases than in others. Let us bear in mind, that we are by no means secure against those disasters which are every day befalling many around us. Sooner or later, our days of darkness may come,—and when they have come, the recollection of kindness shown to a fellow being, will be as a sun ray to brighten up the gloom of our own sorrows. Neither of you, I am persuaded, lacks charity; you are acting such a part from want of reflection, rather than want of feeling. If asked to 'give of your portion to the poor,' you would respond

liberally, according to your own version of the sentence. Give, then, to Miss Warner, a share in your home enjoyments; and insure, to yourselves, the consciousness of having conferred on a worthy person, a favor more valuable than money. Generosity declares itself, as frequently and as really, by acts of kindness, as by more tangible gifts. Either of you could, I presume, overcome, the one, her husband's scruples, or the other her own,—if disposed to make the trial. Make it then, because your friend entreats you, if not from a higher motive. Grant me before I leave you, the satisfaction of knowing that I have prevailed with one of you to entertain a deserving stranger,—and I will confidently hope you may find, in the end, that you have entertained an angel 'unawares.'"

"You have prevailed, my dear Mrs. Crawford," returned Mrs. Ryan, "so far, at least, that I am resolved to make the effort to overcome my husband's scruples; and, trust me, I shall succeed."

"I have only 'my own scruples' to combat," interposed Mrs. Howell,—"and will, at once, 'grant' our benevolent friend 'the satisfaction' of seeing, and therefore believing, that her earnest endeavor to convince us of neglected duty, has not been altogether a vain one. I will, directly, inform Miss Warner that I have decided in her favor."

And she proceeded, immediately, to despatch a note to that effect to the young lady. Miss Warner, who was almost in despair of ever again finding an agreeable home, received the note with emotions that would have caused the heart of the excellent Mrs. Crawford, could she have known them, to 'rejoice with exceeding joy' in her 'work of mercy.' Mrs. Howell never repented opening her door to the grateful young person who now became an inmate of her hospitable home, for such it really was; its mistress making amends by subsequent kindness, for her for mer negligence. Miss Warner, by her valuable qualites as companion and friend, almost verified good Mrs. Crawford's prediction: and when at the end of two years, she left Mrs. Howell, to be installed mistress of another happy household, that lady felt, to use her own expressive quotation,—"as if a sunbeam had vanished from her dwelling."

Will not other heads of families "invite the sunbeam" into their homes, by extending protection and countenance to the houseless child of adversity?

ELDORADO SKETCHES.

BY J. M. FLETCHER.

In the winter of 1848, what is now called Gallowsville, went by the name of "Dry Diggings," or "The Old Dry Diggings of the South Fork." This place was worked with great success. even after the arrival of the great emigration in the summer of 1849, though before that time, every ravine and gulley of importance had been turned and overturned by the hardy settler who wintered there. The settlement consisted of fifteen or twenty log cabins, scattered over a space of three miles, and occupied by perhaps two hundred people. Among these were five or six families who were en route for Oregon, when the news of the gold discovery reached them, and diverted them from their original course. These had all been more or less successful, and had erected substantial cabins, and passed the rainy season comfortably. centre of the place was a flat, where the ravine had widened, and was closed on all sides by hills. The richest deposits were found in the small ravines, which emptied into the principal stream.— The flat itself remained undisturbed till the summer of 1849, when it was discovered that there were rich deposits on the clay and slate formation, from six to twelve feet below the surface. difficulty of digging to this depth, made it only ordinarily profitable to the miners. The manœuvering which was often resorted to by the discoverers of gold in these ravines, to prevent the knowledge of it from spreading, was amusing, and so successful in many cases as to discourage not a few who crossed these places in their prospecting tours. The incidents which I give to the reader, were related to me by one who was kind enough to take me under his care when I arrived, quite verdant as regarded all operations of the miners. It was invariably the case when a man was taking out his five ounces a day, that he abused the whole country, and expressed himself most contemptuously of his own particular luck, while on the contrary, if he labored without success, he circulated the most exaggerated reports, to induce others to set in around him, not only from the quiet satisfaction it often gave to have others share his ill luck, but to determine more

readily if gold were there. In one case it appears that an individual had strolled out with his pick and pan, to prospect among the gullies, and struck an exceedingly rich vein, at which he set to work with right good will. He had extended his hole to about his own length, when he heard footsteps approaching, and feigning fatigue and disappointment, extended himself at full length in his hole, as if trying to get a nap. The two men who approached, contented themselves with a few questions, which were answered to their satisfaction. The whole affair looked so much as if our hero had made a fair trial and given up in despair, that they did not even step into his hole, and try the dirt, which in courtesy was always permitted, (the owner of course pocketing the result,) and left him, as they thought, to rest himself and go on his way-when, in reality, they left him to his thousand dollars a day, and might themselves have struck in either above or below him, as they were entitled to, with the same result as long as the place held out. This was only one instance of a successful manœuvre to divert attention. The same individual once sent the whole settlement off on a wild goose chase, or rather, it was their own curiosity which sent them. It was not uncommon for him to go alone, or with one companion, to hunt new diggings, and to be absent two or three days. On his return from one of these trips, he displayed an unusual quantity of gold, and in consequence, the report was circulated, greatly exaggerated, and his movements were closely watched. Knowing this, he stole away with a show of secresy, when in fact it was his intention to be followed, and taking a circuitous route among the hills, arrived at length, after a couple of hours' hard walking, at a ravine which had been slightly dug over, and commenced working vigorously. His inquisitive watchers stationed themselves at a convenient distance, and observed his motions with unbounded joy at discovering, as they thought, his secret place. Instead of taking any thing from the hole, which was only a trial and had been deserted, he actually deposited an ounce in it, and after awhile left. When fairly out of sight, the men on the look out ran to the place to try it, and took out nearly the whole ounce at their first panful. This was luck indeed; they went back to the settlement, and from the unusual satisfaction of their looks excited all who knew for what they had been away. The two fortunate discov· erers of the rich placer, as they thought it, concluded to start off in the night with a fortnight's provisions, and work the place in secret, but their actions in turn were watched, and when at dead of night they crept from their abode, having every thing ready, the fact became known in a shorter space of time than it took to saddle their horses, and when they filed away over the hills, the crowd that followed seemed to have descended from the mists of the night. It is unnecessary to state they were not long in discovering that they had been humbugged. The quiet satisfaction of the perpetrator, as the crowd straggled back, was immense; particularly as he owed his two secret followers a grudge for former offences of the kind, and no small share of the indignation of the crowd fell upon them. My worthy friend, whose protege, after a fashion, I became, in one of his prospecting excursions, heard the sound of a machine, which, on his approach, suddenly On coming up to the spot, he found four newly arrived miners busy eating their dinner, and the machine hidden in the bushes. He was too old a settler to be taken in, and after a few common-place questions, proceeded to examine the dirt from which they had tried to mislead him. What was his surprise at finding not more than a shilling in his pan, which upon repetition, averaged about the same, and which at the best calculation would not yield them more than twenty dollars each per day with their one This was ludicrous to him. A party endeavoring to conceal their twenty dollars a day, when treble that amount would have been no more than an ordinary inducement for him to plant his machine. But times changed after that. Dry-diggings like those on the South Fork, were not discovered every day, even in that wide extent of country, and they, by patient toiling, might have their turn to laugh. One thing strongly suggestive of a lottery, is the nearness with which many arrive, in their digging, to a deposit, and finally give up their hole and lose their labor, when in fact, had they continued another hour or perhaps a day, it would have vielded them a fortune. Another, liking the appearances of the hole, steps in with all the advantage of the previous labor, and soon strikes the vein. I have known a hole, entirely worked out as was supposed, and deserted, to yield hundreds of dollars to one whose quick eye detected but a single crevice which had been overlooked. The disposition of the gold varies so greatly

from any mines previously known, that the most experienced and scientific are at fault, and the ignorant drone sometimes lines his pockets, when his active neighbor gets discouraged. Too much haste to get rich, here as in many other cases, is a pretty sure road to poverty. The flushed and overworked miners in a thousand instances have digged their own graves, and the mounds scattered here and there over that wide extent of country, are not more the result of the climate, than of overexertion and improper treatment. But the cry of gold will lead through fire and desolation, to the very portals of death, and even the fearful sight does not always quell the adventurer's ardor, as if he could use his wealth beyond the grave.

ANGER.

"Men of a passionate temper are sometimes not without understanding or virtue, and are therefore not always treated with the severity which their neglect of the ease of all about them might justly provoke. They have obtained a kind of prescription for their folly, and are considered by their companions as under a predominant influence, that leaves them not master of their conduct or language, as acting without consciousness, and rushing into mischief with a mist before their eyes. They are therefore pitied rather than censured; and their sallies are passed over as the involuntary blows of a man agitated by the spasms of a con-It is surely not to be observed without indignation, that men may be found of minds mean enough to be satisfied with this treatment; wretches who are proud to obtain the privilege of madmen, and can, without shame, and without regret, consider themselves as receiving hourly pardons from their companions, and giving them continual opportunities of exercising their patience and boasting their clemency.

It is told by Prior, in a panegyric on the duke of Dorset, that his servants used to put themselves in his way when he was angry, because he was sure to recompense them for any indignities which he made them suffer. This is the round of a passionate man's life—he contracts debts when he is furious, which his virtue (if he has virtue,) obliges him to discharge at the return of his reason."

THE UNMOURNED.

BY M. PLORELLA BISBE.

No heart hath heeded or known his woe But the Nightingale's song from the glen below Hath lulled his cares to a moment's rest. And calmed the wild throbbing of his breast; Yet they come again, those troubles deep, And forbid his fevered brain to sleep. Lo, a messenger pale is on the wing, A spell o'er that wretched heart to fling; He has touched that cheek, and the fever glow Is forever fled, and like cold white snow It seemeth now-and dew-drops stand Upon that brow; and his weary hand Now pulseless lies. What means this calm. This silent repose—this voiceless charm? No more he'll suffer, no more rejoice-Ye will listen no more to his sweet low voice: He suffered and died on a stranger lea Low 'neath the dark of this hemlock tree. There are those who perhaps full many a tear Of anguish deep, o'er his early bier, Would weep in bitterness unconsoled, Their beloved to consign to the cold damp mould. But those who best knew him are far away, They cannot tell where his footsteps stray. Closed are the eyes of that dear loved one, Life's star is set and life's glass is run; Life's fever is past, with its hope and fear, And dried from that cheek is each burning tear. His couch is chilly with night-fall's dew, The wild wind murmurs dark branches through, None knew why he thus should droop and fade, And recline his brow in the moonlit glade. There peals no voice of the solemn bell, There lingers no mourner to sigh farewell; No sculptured marble above his head Tells of the fate of the early dead. Oh! strew fresh flowrets about his tomb. And let them in pensive beauty bloom.

MEMORY

BY BUDORA.

"For as upon the crumbling pile
The moonbeams rest with saddening smil:—
So gently on the heart's decay,
Will shine the pure and quiet ray
Of Memory."

THERE are moments, when the weary heart is ready to sink under the weight of present sorrows and care, and in looking forward to the dim future, no cheering ray appears to dissipate the heavy gloom. Who has not felt in seasons like these, a gleam of sunshine enter the darkened chambers of the soul, as faithful memory brings up before the imagination the "light of other days" -days long past, ere the bright sunshine of existence was overshadowed by the dark clouds of sorrow and disappointment, and Hope painted the future in bright, but fading colors. Go to the lone exile, far away from his childhood's home, and his native hills; years have passed since he bade farewell to home and friends, and as he sits on the lonely beach, gazing far away o'er the trackless ocean, Hope, that till now has been his bosom friend, takes her flight, and the weary heart seems almost bursting .--Alone, all alone, far away from his native land, deprived of all the fond endearments of home, with no kind hand to smooth his pillow, should sickness lay her palsying wand upon him, no gentle eye ever again to meet his, telling in language stronger than words the heart's deep affection, he must pass the remaining days of his dreary existence. Alone, unloved, and uncared for, he must sink down to the cold grave, with no kind friend to catch his last accents, or take his dying blessing to absent loved ones. wonder, then, that the heart of the exile sinks, as he contemplates this picture? But is there no balm for that crushed and bleeding heart-nothing that has power to allay the tumult raging in his, heart? Yes: he opens Memory's jewelled casket, wherein are. gems of magic power, which can for a time dispel the lowering clouds, and whisper to the turbulent waters of the heart, "Peace, be still." Guided by the faithful hand of Memory, he again traverses the halls of the past, and is surrounded by the friends of by-gene days. He is once more in the bosom of his family, loving

and beloved, and as they gather around the dear domestic hearth, he hears the music of each well-remembered voice, as in years gone by. The towering hills, the rugged cliffs, the native stream, and all the beautiful associations of home, sweet home, are passing in panoramic view before the exile's gaze; the loneliness of his situation is forgotten now, and a serene smile steals over his care-worn countenance. Oh,

"If there's a music can control
The softer breathings of the soul,
Whose magic chords have power to bare
The mysteries recorded there;
It is the deep, the moral tone
Which springs from Memory's harp alone,
When mingling with its solemn lays
Are voices heard of by-gone days."

True, there are memories which sometimes steal over the soul fraught with sadness; the anxious watching, at the dying bed of a loved friend,—the parting hand as the freed spirit is about to take its flight heavenward,—the last look at the dear remains ere it is placed in its narrow bed, will often be recalled with startling vividness, after the lapse of years, and the heaving sigh and flowing tear testify, but too truly, that time's destroying wand has not power to erase the image enshrined in the heart. Hours there are too, when Memory brings visions of disappointed hopes, and friendship betrayed; of loved and loving hearts, now grown cold and estranged. Bitter indeed are such memories, and we are sometimes almost led to exclaim with Byron, "Love, Hope and Joy, a long adieu, would I could add Remembrance too." Yet who in moments of calm reflection, would willingly forget the past, or blot one page from the book of Memory? Let us then cherish the remembrance of the past, as one of our sweetest pleasures, nor wish to roll the Lethean wave upon the recollections of other years. For amid the scenes of later life, amid its cares and perplexities, there are green spots, to be found in the records of the past, to which we can ever turn, and on which we can dwell with pleasure.

"There's many a light from by-gone days Around our pathway cast,
There's many a treasure garnered in
The unforgotten past;
Fhen let me sometimes seek to dwell
From present seenes apart,
And glean from Memory's treasure house
A lesson for the heart."

SACRED SCENES AND CHARACTERS .- No. III.

BY ASAHEL ABBOT.

DEBORAH.

AFTER Miriam, what other female character of the ancient world shines with such splendor in all that is great and heroic as Deborah? Herself also a prophetess, and if not a vestal, vet doubtless a widow and well stricken in years, she stands forth superior in conduct and success, to most of those who acted best the Judge in those lawless and bloody times, when the nation of Israel had forgotten their Deliverer, and were doomed for their offences to bear the yoke of despicable foes. Like another Maid of Orleans, she proves herself capable of raising the most desponding to hope, and under discouraging circumstances; and, like her, with true womanly delicacy, she heads not armies alone, but associates with herself as leader to her heroes, a man in whom faith is not wanting, though in point of courage he falls far below her. Hear this, ye presumptuous women who clamor for the right to make yourselves the gazing stock of the world, without any recognition of the law which assigns to man the rougher and sterner and more hazardous duties of public life, while to your solicitude he commits the care of the house and the right education of the infant world. Such was not Deborah; and such were not the other holy women of old. Deborah would not go to war even to break the yoke of the oppressor of her people, unless Barak, the son of lightning, accompany her as marshal of the field; while he, with a diffidence like that of a Moses, a Numa or a Washington, would not lead the hosts of Israel unless the prophetess herself accompany them as the oracle of God to direct all their motions in the field.

Glorious coadjutors in a noble work! Earth has seen but too little of such patriotism. Each here seeks his own glory and emolument; not the things that make for the good of the state, or the welfare of unborn generations. How infinitely superior to a Dido, a Semiramis, a Penthesilea, a Camilla, or a Thalestris, though invested with all the charms of fable, stands this heroic woman in every thing truly admirable; while not a stain of in-

humanity or lawlessness has the most lynx-eyed and malicious foe to Revelation ever found in the study of her whole life.

Seated among her women in her tent beneath the shade of a venerable palm, that shall ever be remembered by her name, she affords the brightest and loftiest example to the wives of Israel of what a wife and mother in Israel should be. Surrounded by the nobles who ride upon snow-white asses, or sit in the gate upon carpets of costliest texture to judge rightly the causes of the people, she is all that an upright judge ought to be; from whose serene but terrible looks iniquity shrinks abashed, and hides itself in corners and the dark places of the earth.

To one who has never become wise in worldliness, how strange the scenes of triumphant wrong that every where meet the indignation of all just men! The quiet and humble must often serve the lawless, and suffer infinite harms before justice overtakes the "In the days of Jael" another female judge, "in the days of Shamjar the son of Anath," who led his undisciplined rustics to battle, armed only with the rude implements of their husbandry; and when his raw militia turned their backs for flight, with his single goad laid prostrate six hundred revilers of Israel's Jehovah upon the bloody field; then indeed, (as Christianity has already for eighteen hundred years,) the piety and spiritual life of Israel was fain to suffer and toil under oppressive vokes, and follow after the battles of alien forces to act the nurse and bind up the wounds of the living or bury the dead. now, (like the same Christianity become embodied in public law and ruling the whole earth,) they shall assert their own proper right to triumph and be free and rule the land of prophecy and martyrdom to the contempt of every opposing tyranny, near or remote.

Short indeed have been the intervals of peace and rest to Israel for generations, since the death of their Joshua, before whom rivers stopped in their courses, and the sun and moon stood still. An infamous crime in Gibeah has nearly wrought extermination to a whole tribe, from whose remains shall yet spring the first king in Israel with his heroic sons to perish beneath Philistine spears in Gilboa, and another Saul, who shall earn himself a loftier name for gifts and graces and winged zeal to the ends of the earth, and ever sit the brightest example of the most pure

and spiritual and fiery Apostieship that the world shall ever see. Cushan the Satrap of Mesopetamia has enslaved them; and Eglon the Fat has made them own once more, how sharp is the spite of that dynasty which once called Balaam to curse them on their march from the Red Sea. And now the tyrant of Hazor by the shore of Merom, with his myriads reduces them to a more cruel subjection and a more grievous yoke, through twenty years.

But "there is that ruleth over another to his own hurt:" and soon even "Jabin the king of Canaan," shall rue the day when he set foot within the bounds of Israel's domain, or sent his "nine hundred chariots with hooks" over the plain of Jezreel to cut in pieces the flower of Palestinian youth who dare contest his sway over their paternal domains. The prophetess sends her Barak to Tabor, and draws the hosts of Sisera along the shores of "that stream of battles the river Kishon" that often runs purple to the sea with the blood of heroes, and bears upon his floods heaps of shields and spears and chariots and the bodies of horses and brave men. With ten thousand men from the sons of Napthali and Zebulun, they come to the strong sides of Tabor and encamp amid groves of oak and terebinth trees. Secure in the force of numbers and the confidence of long unpunished lawlessness, the tyrant draws around them his myriads, as the hunters with toils and many dogs surround a forest, when they think to ensnare only a troop of hares or foxes, or find they have roused up a herd of lions. The prophetess among the women, to the sistrum's clang calls on her hosts of dauntless Hebrews to battle with their ancient foes. "Arise, O Barak! lead forth thy captives, O son of Abinoam! Descend ye remnant of the noblest of the people! Jehovah! descend for me among the mighty."

With Spartan serenity and joyful shouts, they rush to battle against the reprobate hosts of Sisera. Earth trembles at the sound. Tabor to his woody summit nods like a field of Ceres ready for the sickle; as if already he bore up the Son of God transfigured among his saints beneath a bright cloud trembling with the Almighty voice. Over the whole plain they roll in multitude as a torrent of fire. Man against man they come, and thousands fall at once, reddening the fields with mutual slaughter. Suddenly the heavens are darkened with clouds, and a storm of hail and thunder, as in the day of Gibeon, falls in the faces of

the alien hosts. Terrified with this new prodigy, they turn their backs to flee, but in vain, for suddenly the rivers swell beyond their banks and roll like a sea over the whole plain, bearing before them horses and chariots, and heroes and all the armory of war, in whirlpools of headlong force toward the sea, to gorge her fish with the fat of the slain, as in the day when Pharaoh and all his hosts were drowned in the Red Sea. But loud and clear and strong, above the roar of waters and the cries of the vanquished, that fall by the sword or perish under the blows of hailstones and hot thunderbolts, and sink in the cruel waters, as when Napoleon and his faithless Gauls fled before the breath of the Almighty at Beresina, rises the voice of the prophetess as she sounds her charge upon the foe, and the faithful armies sing.— "Jehovah! when thou camest forth from Seir, when thou marckedst from the field of Edom, the earth trembled, the heavens also dropped, yea, the clouds poured down water. The mountains melted before Jehovah, even Sinai before Jehovah the God of Israel. So let all thine enemies perish. O Lord: but let them that love thee be as the sun going forth in his strength."

The victors pursue the remnants of their foes with terrible slaughter to their own capital; and the defeated leader falls by the hand of a woman; and under the sway of the prophetess the land has rest through forty years of peace, and she vanishes from our sight as the full moon when she leaves behind her departing chariot a long train of silvery clouds, and goes in her peerless beauty to afford light to other lands.

PERILS OF GENIUS.

"Even heaven-born genius yet may lack the aid Implored by humble minds, and hearts afraid May leave to timid souls the shield and sword, Of the tried faith and the resistless word, Amid a world of changes venturing forth, Frail, but yet fearless, proud in conscious worth, Till strong temptation in some fatal time, Assails the heart and turns the soul to crime. Then all that honor brings against the force Of headlong passion, aids its rapid course; Its slight resistance but provokes the fire, As wood-work stops the flame, and then conveys ii higher."



Clara and Lucy

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CLARA AND LUCY,

OR ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN

SEE ENGRAVING

IT was on a lovely evening of the month of roses, and beneath the light of the softest and most bewitching of moons, that I first saw Clara and Lucy Edmonds. They were sisters, and had recently come from their distant West Indian home, to complete at Woodlands the education hitherto directed by a fond mother, now sinking to the grave in the grasp of that fell destroyer, consumption. The West Indians were both young, and both beautiful beyond expression, and the slight shade of sadness that rested upon their features, gave them an additional charm. Even then, however, the difference between the temperament of the fair sisters, might have been visible to the most casual observer. the eldest, was a blonde, with a profusion of hair of "paly gold," and eves of that violet hue, often seen in infancy, but which usually in after years either fades into the azure of the sky, or deepens into black, and a mouth which seemed formed to give utterance to all gentle thoughts, home affections and womanly sympathies. In Lucy Edmonds, pensiveness seemed but the welling up of a fountain of deep and earnest feeling within—the natural expression of a heart too timid and trusting, not to be apprehensive amid the chances and changes of life. With Clara, on the contrary, it was an outward shadow, falling on a nature so bright and joyous, that sunny gleams were continually breaking through it, in spite of the depressing influences to which, as a stranger in a strange land, she was for the first time subjected. That flashing eye of black, so radiant with the soul's light, was not surely made for tearsthat sweet mouth, in whose dimples a thousand loves and graces were nestling, spoke of happiness alone; and in the whole face and figure, so instinct with life and animation, one might read the history of a youth, hitherto unclouded by sorrow. As they stood side by side, with clasped hands and arms interlaced, bathed in a flood of silver moonbeams, and doubtless absorbed in sweet memories of home, I thought of twin rosebuds, and double cherries, and many other lovely things in nature, but nothing to which I could liken them seemed half so sweet and lovely as the youthful beings on whom I gazed.

If I was charmed at first sight with the sisters, a more intimate acquaintance served only to convert the feeling of admiration into one of warm affection. Every inmate of the establishment at Woodlands, from the staid and sober governness, down to the warm-hearted Irish chambermaid, so loved and petted them, that but for the admirable home training to which they were indebted for the formation of their character thus far, they must have been spoiled by indulgence. But the school honors, of which a double share always fell to them, were so meckly borne, and the love lavished on them was so warmly returned, that even envy herself dared not rear her snaky crest at Woodlands, and competition, sometimes so fierce and vindictive in its influence, became a sisterly strife, in which both winner and loser rejoiced or sorrowed together. Clara was usually our May Queen, for her sister laughingly declared, that white rose buds would appear to far greater advantage, contrasted with her raven ringlets, than amid her own golden tresses, but in the quiet walk, or by the winter fireside we dearly loved to gather around the gentle Lucy, and listen to her stories of those far off isles, which were to us regions of enchantment. We had playfully given to each of the fair girls, a name descriptive of her character, and if the bright Allegro was our chosen companion in the hour of joyous excitement, we turned to our sweet Penseroso in sickness or sorrow; for in such seasons, no foot was so light, no hand so soft, and no voice so soothing as hers.

The sisters had been for many months resident at Woodlands, when one morning they were called from the school-room, to receive visitors from England, who had brought tidings from their beloved home. The strangers proved to be, a Mrs. Wharton, who resided in the neighboring city of B——, and her nephew, Raymond St. John, who having just completed his collegiate course, was making the tour of the United States, with the intention of becoming a citizen of the republic. He had been for some months in the West Indies, where large possessions had been left him by

his deceased father, and having formed an acquaintance with the widowed mother of Clara and Lucy, was the bearer of letters and packages to them, which he had promised to deliver with his own hand. The name of that beloved mother was a spell which made its way at once to the hearts of the sisters, and the tears that would not be restrained as they looked upon her familiar hand-writing, assuredly did not detract from their loveliness in the eyes of Mrs. Wharton or her youthful relative. The lady at parting, gave them an urgent invitation to spend the coming vacation at her country seat in the vicinity of the city, an invitation most gratefully accepted by those artless beings, to whom this friendship of an hour seemed hallowed by a mother's presence and a mother's blessing.

. Those of us who remained during the recess with Mrs. Grant at Woodlands, felt deeply the absence of our beloved companions. How we missed the tripping footstep, the infectious gaiety, and the silvery laugh of Clara, as we met at the social board, or visited our accustomed haunts in the grove or by the streamlet.—but more than all, as we gathered round the family altar at our morning and evening devotions, did we miss from our little choir, the clear, soft tones of Lucy, filling the apartment with almost celestial melody. Since that time, I have listened with entranced delight to singers, whose world-wide fame was nobly won, and proudly worn, but never have I heard music which seemed so. truly the outpouring of a nature essentially harmonious-music which so thrilled the electric chord, vibrating from heart to heart, as that of Lucy Edmonds. Hours flew by unheeded, as in the hush of twilight, or "beneath the moonbeam's smile," we used to form a circle about her, while she warbled like a skylark the wild songs of her Indian home, or sang some simple English ballad, the more touching from its very simplicity.

I love to look back to these seasons of youthful enjoyment, for amid earth's barren wastes they seem like green, sunny spots on which memory gladly lingers, to supply the soul with fresh strength for the journey and the conflicts of life.

The sisters returned from their visit to Mrs. Wharton, full of delight and gratitude, and eager to share with us the happiness they had been enjoying. Their eloquence was not thrown away upon us. Our admiration of the virtues and graces of Mrs. Whar-

ton might have satisfied the most enthusiastic friendship, while in their description of Raymond St. John, each one recognized the beau ideal daguerrectyped by fancy in some secret corner of the youthful heart, of which the original is so seldom found in after The rules at Woodlands, with regard to the reception of male visitants, were, in our estimation at least, unreasonably strict, but we had regular reception days, coming like angel visits in more respects than one, and on those days, Raymond St. John invariably made his appearance. The monotony of school life was most agreeably varied by these calls, for the rich and gifted young Englishman always contrived some scheme of rational amusement, in which his generous kindness made us all parta-It was not long before we had woven, from the materials in hand, a charming romance, of which he was, of course, the hero-but which of the sweet sisters was to be the heroine? Here we were obliged to confess ourselves sadly at fault, for while his attentions to both were evidently dictated by the warmest admiration and friendship, nothing like a decided preference for either could be detected, even by the Argus eyes of a score of school girls. He seemed equally delighted, equally at home, with the arch Clara, or the dove-like Lucy; playing at a game of romps with us, when like uncaged birds we were let loose from the restraints of school, or discussing abstract questions in science or philosophy with our seniors at home. There was something singularly fascinating in the frank and fearless demeanor of this young man, coupled as it was with natural grace of manner, and that finished politeness which marked the "old school" gentleman, now unfortunately so nearly obsolete. With all his other acquirements, Raymond St. John was an accomplished musician, and when his rich voice blended with that of Lucy, in some glorious harmony of Mozart or Beethoven, we felt that they were made for each other, nor more strange seem'd it,

"that hearts
So gentle, so employed, should close in love,
Than when two dew-drops on the petal shake
To the same sweet air, and tremble deeper down,
And slip at once all fragrant, into one."

But the very next moment, perhaps, we saw him at the side of Clara, guiding her pencil, or assisting her in the conjugation of a

French verb, while the eyes of both were brimfull of hardly restrained mirth, and our theories were all put to flight, by the evident interest with which the younger sister was regarded by her companion. We were manifestly at fault, but there was no way of solving our provoking puzzle, not even by an appeal to the parties concerned, for not one thought of love seemed to have entered the mind of either of the sisters, in connexion with Raymond St. John. He had visited their native isle—had seen and conversed with the idolized mother from whom they were so widely separated, and was very, very kind to themselves, and all these, were good reasons why they should regard him with friendly interest; but the torch of Eros was not yet lighted in the heart of either.

The stay of the young Englishman in B- and its vicinity was protracted for some months, and during that time, his visits at Woodlands were repeated as often as the regulations of the school permitted. Soon after his departure on a tour to the lakes. the sisters left school, carrying away with them the love and blessing of every member of the household. That was a dark day on which they went from Woodlands. We were all lonely and sorrowful, and after a few vain attempts to proceed with the usual routine of study, we were dismissed by our kind governess. to indulge without restraint in the luxury of grief. For myself, a ray of brightness gilded the gloom of separation, for by an arrangement, long since made, I was to spend the first winter after my emancipation from school, with a relative in B----. where Lucy and Clara expected for some time to reside, as the guests of Mrs. Wharton. It was the wish of their invalid mother that they should remain in this country, until she could come in person to claim her darlings, and return with them to their home, but the continued ill health of Mrs. Edmonds delayed her coming from month to month, and when at length I joined the sisters in B-, no thought of immediate separation marred the pleasure of our meeting.

I found them more beautiful and more brilliant than ever, for even Lucy seemed to have borrowed her sister's character, and looked like the embodied spirit of love and joy. Wherever they went, Raymond St. John was constantly at their side, and though admiration, like a shadow, followed them everywhere, it was to his eye and his smile alone, they seemed to appeal for guidance or approval. I watched eagerly the progress of events, in the hope of making out the romance I had previously constructed, but though we were always together, I could see nothing more than the familiar and affectionate intercourse of brother and sisters in the youthful trio. Lucy was evidently very happy, and from the soft blush that mantled her cheek, and the dewy light that kindled in her eye when Raymond appeared, or at the mention of his name, I suspected that young love had tinged every thing with his own roseate hues, but Clara was impenetrable.

To be continued.

PROGRESS OF THE PASSIONS.

"The passions usurp the separate command of the successive periods of life. To the happiness of our first years, nothing more seems necessary than freedom from restraint. Every man may remember, that if he was left to himself, and indulged in the disposal of his own time, he was once content without the superaddition of any actual pleasure. The new world is in itself a banquet, and till we have exhausted the freshness of life, we have always about us sufficient gratification. The sunshine quickens us to play, and the shade invites us to sleep. But we soon become unsatisfied with negative felicity, and are solicited by our senses and appetites to more powerful delights, as the taste of him who has satisfied his hunger must be excited by artificial stimulations. The simplicity of natural amusements is now passed, and art and contrivance must improve our pleasures; but, in time, art, like nature, is exhausted, and the senses can no longer supply the cravings of the intellect. The attention is then transferred from pleasure to interest, in which pleasure is perhaps included, though diffused to a wider extent, and protracted through new gradations. Nothing now dances before the eyes but wealth and power, nor rings in the ear but the voice of fame: wealth, to which, however variously denominated, every man at some time or other aspires; power, which all wish to obtain within their circle of action; and fame, which no man, however high or mean, however wise or ignorant, was yet able to despise."

SAUL.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

His doom was sealed! In vain the son of Kish Invoked the blessings of an angered God. Upon his guilty head. No answering voice At midnight's sacred hour, nor holy seer, Spoke to his tortured spirit peace. The host Of the Philistines once despised of him, Now cause his heart to quake with terror strange. The valiant Saul, who had his thousands slain, Behold! how weak-forsaken of his God. O hopeless state! how does the heart recoil, And shrink to nothingness at thought so dread. Forsaken! Yes-there is a fearful time When the proud heart of man rebellious long Is left to grope in darkness that is felt. Exultingly the Prince of Darkness comes With chains to bind his willing victim fast, And lead him onward in his chosen way.

Now Night had breathed narcotic vapors o'er The restless earth; and on Gilboa's hills, And Shunam's plains, the mighty foemen lay, Vanquished by sleep. But where shall rest be found For those, who, like the troubled ocean's wave, Are madly tossed by passion's wildest storm? All nature seems in gloomy, sullen mood-The fitful winds now sigh among the trees, Then sink again to rest. The moon's pale beams Are struggling with the broken, fleecy clouds Which hurry onward with impetuous speed, As though some darksome deed did there await . Their coming. Kishon's ancient river rolled Its swollen waters past a lowly cot That nestled closely to a sheltering rock, Beneath the leafy palm tree's spreading shade. For refuge here a child of Satan fled, (When all her sisters by command of Saul Had met the fearful doom of death.) And dwelt most insecure. Her form was bowed By weight of guilt and years; and from her eye A strange unholy light was gleaming forth, As through the lattice now she strained her sight, And vague misshapen terrors fill her brain. But, lo! emerging from the leafy shade, Three dusky forms appear; and toward her hut They shape their onward course.

She wildly starts

As from a frightful dream, but soon despair And recklessness assume the place of fear, As, with a look of fierce defiance now She waits her doom.

The blazing fire sent forth A dim, uncertain light, as paused the three One moment at the door, and then advanced A kingly form disguised in mean array, And thus addressed the Sybil as she sat Expectant-mute. "O woman! far thy fame Hath spread from coast of Dan to Beersheba. And I have sought thee here, that thou wouldst call. From Spirit Land, him whom I name to thee." Her fears returned-more wildly gleamed her eve As she replied-" Behold the snare now laid Before my feet." 'Tis ever thus . " when nought Pursueth do the guilty flee." "As lives Th' Almighty on his throne, no punishment," He sware, "shall happen unto thee for this." While yet he spoke, the holy prophet—he Who oft had prayed for Saul and mourned for him Until the Lord administered reproof Severe-in their unhallowed presence stood. His mantled form was slightly bent with age, Upon his eye was set the seal of death-One bony hand uplifted high in air, While, like a shroud, his venerable beard Upon his bosom lay. But now his deep Sepulchral voice, unlike his former mild And gently chiding tones-like knell of death Fell on the sinner's car.

"Why hast thou thus Disquieted my rest? Can I, a worm
Of dust, do aught for thee, since thou hast made
The Lord thine enemy! Hear this thy doom:
The kingdom now is rent from out thy hand,
And to a neighbor given. Before the King
Of day completes his round, thyself and sons
In death's embrace shall sleep. Then to the earth
The haughty monarch feil, and dark despair
Crept o'er his fainting soud.

Fair rose the morn
And smiling, calmly gazed on earth as though
The shock of fierce contending foe were nought
But schoolboy sport. But whence that impious shout
That rends the air like voice of fiends, and sends
The purple current backward through the veins?
O tell it not in Gath, nor publish ye
In Askelon, that Israel's king is dead.



Erythruniam Americanum.

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MARGARET WILLARD.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

Several years ago, when my strength was much exhausted by long attendance in a sick chamber, and the increasing heat of the weather, I availed myself of an opportunity which offered of visiting an early friend who resided in S——. Before I had been there many weeks, the pure mountain air had effected a great change in my debilitated constitution, and I was soon able to resume my favorite exercise of riding on horseback.

In the course of one of these delightful rides, over the hills and dales of S——, my friend proposed to stop and call on the Willard family, (to whom she was nearly related) who resided about five miles from our house. I readily acceded to this proposal, as I was somewhat fatigued, and moreover the little white cottage looked so charming through the forest of trees that surrounded it, that I longed for a nearer view than could be obtained from the road.

As we dismounted from our horses, a fine young man with a frank, joyous countenance, ran forward to assist us, while a lovely girl, a few years younger, gave us a smiling welcome. beheld a more perfect picture of contentment than the little parlor into which we were introduced presented. The furniture was plain, nav, most of it rather the worse for wear, but there was an air of comfort about the room, that I have never seen surpassed. In one corner sat Mrs. Willard, an elderly lady, dressed in widow's mourning, holding in her arms a beautiful little girl about two and a half years old. Before the open window sat two young girls between the ages of thirteen and fifteen, occupied with knitting, while they merrily chatted with their brother who had just returned home. But the most interesting figure in the room was that of the eldest sister, a lady about thirty years of age. was not beautiful, but the placid loveliness diffused over her plain countenance—the winning gentleness of her manners, united to a voice of perfect sweetness, won for her the hearts of all who saw My favorable impressions of the loveliness of her character, and the superiority of her intellect, were confirmed by all that I

saw of her during our visit; and as we rode home, I informed Mrs. M—— how much I had been pleased with the family, and particularly with the eldest sister (whose name I learned was Margaret,) and expressed a wish to hear more of her former history.

"It is deeply interesting, and very instructive," said Mrs. M——, "and though I fear it will sadden you, at some time I will tell it to you, but not now," added she, not pitying the eager curiosity depicted on my countenance.

"But where are the parents of that little child?" said I.

Mrs. M—— sadly replied, "that child is an orphan, but her history is so closely interwoven with that of Margaret's, that I cannot tell you the one without giving the other."

Impatient as I was to hear the story, I was forced to be contented with the promise Mrs. M—— had given, though I inwardly resolved to remind her of it at the first opportunity. It was some time, however, before such an occasion presented itself, for during the next week, Mrs. M—— was entirely occupied with the friends who were staying with her. But in that interval I several times met Miss Margaret Willard, and my curiosity to learn her former history was increased by the sincere respect and affection I soon felt for one so truly worthy of admiration and love. Her character was a rare combination of unvarying sweetness and amiability, energy and decision.

But the better I became acquainted with her, the more assured was I, that she had known deep affliction. For though she was always cheerful, there was a chastened calmness in her views of life, an earnest desire to serve her Redeemer, a patient resignation to life's trials, a confiding trust in God, a lowly humility, and deep acquaintance with her own heart that could not have been gained save in the furnace of affliction.

At length on a rainy evening, after the departure of our guests, Mrs. M—— listened to my entreaties to relate the long-delayed tale. So seating herself in a large arm-chair, she began by saying:

"The tale I am about to tell you, Ada, is a very sad one. It is always sad to speak of broken hearts, of withered hopes and blighted youth, but sadder still to dwell on deceit and treachery, where all should have been truth and love. Poor Margaret Willard! At sixteen she was very, very beautiful. You look incredulous, Ada," continued she, "let this convince you of the truth of my remark."

So saying, she unlocked a drawer in her work-table, and handed me a miniature, saying—

"This was an excellent likeness of Margaret at sixteen."

For a moment I sat entranced by the beautiful picture before me, the next, an incredulous smile spread itself over my countenance, as I exclaimed, "this ever a likeness of Margaret Willard!" Mrs. M— faintly smiled as she again assured me of the correctness of the miniature, but I scarcely heard her, for again I was absorbed in gazing at that broad, open brow, and those clear, deep and pensively earnest hazel eyes. The delicate features were most beautifully chiselled. The rich chesnut curls fell over a neck white as alabaster, while on the cheek was diffused the hue of the pale spring rose. For some moments I remained absorbed in gazing into the depths of those eyes, as though I would read the spirit through. At length the sound of Mrs. M——'s voice recalled me from my reverie, and I eagerly entreated her to proceed with her story which I was more than ever interested to hear.

"First," said she, "let me take that picture from you, for I know that I shall receive but little attention while it is in your hands."

I reluctantly allowed her to remove the fascinating picture from my sight, and eagerly listened to her recital of the tale.

"Poor Margaret!" said she, "her childhood was an unclouded season of happiness. She was the eldest child by many years of parents who idolized their darling, and who thought their wealth well expended in gratifying her every wish. And truly their extreme fondness might be excused when you remember that with all her beauty, she was one of the loveliest little creatures in S-Her love of the beautiful from childhood was intense, and was carefully cherished by her parents, who surrounded her with all that could please the eye and gratify the sense. Early was this little being gifted with the inspiration of the poet, and nothing afforded her greater pleasure than to delineate on canvass the fairy beings with which she peopled her ideal world. sessed a vivid imagination and a very romantic turn of mind, which was fostered by an early acquaintance with the best works of fiction, and with the English and German poets. Indeed, Margaret lived in the ideal world. While in society she was the admired of all admirers, and gracefully did those fairy feet glide through the bewildering mazes of the dance, and many were the



lovers that enraptured listened to the notes of her melodious voice, yet she loved to flee from them all, and at home, where her every caprice was gratified, spend her time in some of the elegant pursuits in which she excelled.

"But her education had wholly unfitted her for any of the duties, nay, I had said the realities of life. She had never been taught to alleviate the sorrows of others, to mingle her tears with theirs, and, less than all, to make active exertions in their behalf. She could not combat with the temptations of her own heart, and she knew not where to find a refuge from the storms of life.— Earth was all and in all to her, and she looked not forward to a heavenly home. The words of our Saviour, 'work while it is day,' bore no meaning to her ear, and thus she seemed contented to pass her days, living in the enjoyment of the ideal, while she bore no part in the great warfare of life. Such was the promise of her girlhood. I need not remark on her character as it now is, but will merely relate to you the scenes through which she passed before the change was perfected. Until Margaret's seventeenth birth-day, she knew no other love than that which she bore her family, her books, her birds, and flowers. The many who worshipped her poured their streams of admiration into an indifferent She cared for none of them. But about this time she accidentally met Herbert Berkly. He was young, handsome, and possessed brilliant powers of intellect. He was fascinated with her beauty and loveliness, and after a short acquaintance they pledged their troth. Would that I could say he was worthy of her. But, ah! it was not so. 'Neath that polished exterior, and those fascinating manners, was concealed a heart supremely selfish, and totally destitute of moral principle. But none perceived these traits in Herbert Berkly.

"Time sped his flight, and the wedding day was fast approaching. After their marriage, Herbert was to depart with his beautiful bride for France, where he was engaged in business. I never saw Margaret appear more lovely than she did a week before the time appointed for her marriage. It was evening, and she was sitting with Herbert, beneath those old trees in front of the cottage door. Her beautiful eyes sparkled with unusual lustre, and the tones of her voice fell like softest music on my ear, as she sang the evening hymn. But as I gazed on her in all her beauty, I



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mourned that a mind so richly gifted should waste its powers on trifles of a day. Ah! I little knew the fate reserved for Margaret. A few days passed, and I learned that Margaret was slightly unwell. Her indisposition, however, was attributed to the excitement incident to her approaching marriage and departure from this country. But on the next day, how shocked was I to learn that small pox in its worst form had appeared in the village, and that Margaret Willard had been attacked by it. The disease was extremely violent, and for several days she hung between life and But God mercifully heard our prayers, and the life of this precious one was spared. At first our joy was so great that we heeded not the painful ravages the disease had made in her beauty. Ah! that was forever gone. The family were shocked beyond measure at the change in their darling, but strange to say she was perfectly unconscious of it, and none dare break it to her. At last one day, as we raised her aching head from the pillow, she glanced at a mirror that hung over the mantle-piece, and the dreadful truth burst upon her in all its force. Her rich curls had been closely shaven from her head in the severe part of her illness, and now in the close unbecoming invalid's cap, her complexion indelibly indented with the hideous pox-marks, her delicate features distorted and swollen, and her eyes, those eyes, Ada, bleared and totally changed—who can wonder that the shock was too great, and she sank back upon her pillow in despair.-For several days she remained in a stupor, apparently unconscious of all around her.

"And Herbert Berkly! where was he? By the side of his adored Margaret, whispering those vows of love in her ear he had breathed but one short month ago? No—no! He had fled across the wide blue waters, a faithless, treacherous lover, a vile and despicable deceiver. In the commencement of Margaret's illness, he had shown much anxiety and distress, but when her life was out of danger, and the tale of her disfigured appearance fully confirmed, he immediately embarked for France. He told a friend of his intended departure, and requested him to inform Mr. Willard of it, and to tell him that he could not endure to witness the change in his once beloved Margaret, that business required his attention in France, and as a meeting could only be painful to both, he had determined to leave without seeing her."

"But, surely," said I, "he never loved her !"

"I am disposed to believe that he loved her as well as his total selfishness allowed him to love any thing," said Mrs. M-But to proceed with my story. Words cannot portray the indignation of the Willard family, and indeed of the whole village, at this baseness and shameless desertion. But Margaret was yet in so critical a situation, that they carefully concealed it from her, assigning plausible excuses to her inquiries concerning his absence. But what agony they endured as they listened each day to the expressions of devoted love and confiding trust in Herbert. that she murmured even in her sleep. Her love was of no com-It was interwoven with every fibre of her being, and partook strongly of the romantic, ideal nature of her mind. health, it had been deep devoted love-now in sickness and sorrow, it was idolatry. The creature had usurped the place of the Creator—she thought, she lived but for him. How could they tell her the dreadful truth! How destroy the confidence of that loving heart in its earthly idol? How could they blight her every prospect, and crush the hopes of that young spirit? How could they tell her of so much baseness, where all had seemed truth and love? They could not do it. And when concealment became impossible, Mr. Willard went to the village pastor, old Mr. Sevmour, who had known Margaret from childhood, and entreated him to undertake the dreadful task. With much reluctance, the kind old man consented, for he could not endure to wound that stricken one more deeply.

"It was a lovely evening in June, when Mr. Seymour slowly wound his way to the cottage. Margaret was sitting up in bed, supported by pillows, and received the old man with her accustomed smile of welcome. He had not seen her since her illness, and was painfully struck with the great change in his darling.— As he gazed on her slight form, her withered beauty, and then remembered that he had come to destroy the only bright hope she yet clung to, he could scarcely command his voice as in tremulous tones he gave her his blessing. After a few inquiries respecting her health, her father left the room, and the dreadful task forced itself upon him. Several times his resolution failed, but at length assuming his wonted composure of manner, he said—

"'My child, God in his providence has been pleased greatly to

afflict you, but he who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb will care for you, my darling, in this your hour of trial. Sickness and sorrow are hard to bear, but the baseness of those we love is far harder.' Margaret looked anxiously at him, with an inquiring glance, and he continued—'God grant you strength to bear it all, my child, and may he give you grace to forgive and pray for him, who has so basely deserted you. You cannot know how I grieve to pain you, but it is even so, dearest, he sailed for France two weeks ago.'

"For an instant Margaret sat upright, as if she could not comprehend the meaning of his words. The next, she uttered a piercing shriek, and fell back upon the pillow, her fragile form writhing in convulsions. During the night she remained in a state of insensibility, but just as morning dawned, she fell into a peaceful sleep. But her slumbers were of short duration, and her first words on waking were, 'Mother, dear mother! I have had such a dreadful dream. I thought that Mr. Seymour came here, and told me Herbert had left me—me—his own Margaret,' and she sweetly smiled as she murmured Herbert.

"With feelings of intense agony, Mrs. Willard listened to the words of her child. What should she do? The truth if told again, might cause a renewal of those dreadful convulsions, and yet she must be undeceived. So pressing Margaret to her bosom, she gently said, 'You did not dream it, my darling: Mr. Seymour was here last night, and—and—he did tell you of Herbert's desertion.'

"Margaret intently gazed upon her, then the truth flashed upon her mind, and she sunk fainting upon her pillow. Her swoon was of short duration, and when she recovered she was perfectly calm, but there was such an expression of utter misery on her pale countenance, and such a touching plaintiveness in her voice as drew tears from the eyes of all who saw her. From that time she slowly recovered, but what an utter wreck was there of all the eye had loved to contemplate. Great as was the change in her personal appearance, it was surpassed by that in her manners. The childlike, joyous gaiety was succeeded by a calm, quiet dignity, I had almost said sadness of manner. Instead of her merry laugh was heard the deep, long drawn sigh. Her once brilliant and sparkling eyes now betrayed a painful familiarity with tears.

She positively refused to enter into any society, and seldom passed the boundary of her father's place, save to go to church. She engaged in a few of her favorite pursuits, though with none of her former zeal. But music she entirely neglected—nothing could induce her to touch a key of the piano or sing a note. Herbert had loved to hear her sing, and probably music was too closely interwoven in her mind with the recollection of him for her to enjoy it again.

"Mr. Seymour frequently visited her, and conversed freely with her. He endeavered to engage her in benevolent efforts for the poor and destitute around her, and to direct her mind to the great Physician of souls. He knew that in religion alone she would find the solace she needed, and earnestly did he point her to the blessed Redeemer. Margaret always heard him patiently, and as the tears rolled down her pale cheek, she thanked him for all his kindness to her. But who should penetrate into the recesses of the inner temple, and perceive the changes working there? None! and it was only when occasion developed the transformation that we perceived it. I had deeply feared the effect of this trial upon Margaret's spirit. I dreaded lest distrust, coldness, and suspicion should spring up and blight with their withering influence the garden of her heart. But she was not left alone, and unassisted to combat with the trials and temptations that surrounded her.— The everlasting arms sustained her, and the voice of the good Shepherd spoke peace unto her troubled soul. Her afflictions were weaning her soul from earth, and drawing her affections towards heaven. New views of life, and life's great end, were springing up within her, which were soon to be called into action.

"About a year from the time of Margaret's illness, sickness again entered the family circle, and prostrated Mr. Willard. His disease was tedious and painful, and from its commencement, but little hope was entertained of his recovery. During the long, long days and weary nights, Margaret watched by his bed-side, and her gentle hand administered the cooling draught, as in low sweet accents she soothed his sufferings. Now it was that the principles of the new life that had been springing up in secret within her revealed themselves. After weeks of intense suffering, Mr. Willard died; and Mrs. Willard, worn out by watching and anxiety, was taken ill, and on Margaret devolved the arrange-

ments of the funeral, the care of the children, and the household duties. Nobly did she sustain her fortitude in that trying time; and though her own heart was well nigh broken, gently did she soothe her widowed mother, and calmly preserved her self-control in all the trying scenes through which she was called to pass.—What her sufferings were none knew. When in the family she devoted herself to consoling and relieving others, and if sometimes her pale cheek, swollen eyes, and throbbing brow spoke of the inward conflict, she refrained from distressing others by any exhibition of her feelings.

"When Mrs. Willard had sufficiently recovered to attend to business, it was discovered in settling Mr. Willard's estate, that there would be scarcely property enough left to support the family, and not enough to provide for the education of the children. There were five little ones, the eldest of whom was only nine vears old, beside Eleanor Bradley, an orphan niece of Mrs. Willard's, who had been adopted by her when she was but two years old. Eleanor's mother was a beautiful Italian girl, with whom Mr. Bradley, Mrs. Willard's favorite brother, had fallen in love, and married during his residence in Italy. At the expiration of a year from the time of their marriage, she died, leaving Eleanor. an infant of a few weeks old. Mr. Bradley returned to America as soon as his affairs would permit, but consumption had settled upon him, and he arrived here only to commit his motherless child to his sister's care, before he breathed his last. Eleanor resembled her Italian mother. She possessed that clear dark complexion, perfectly modelled features, and those large, soft, black Italian eves. Her character also resembled somewhat the natives of that sunny clime. She was naturally warm-hearted and affectionate. and not without talent, but she was destitute of that firm unvielding principle so needful in this world of temptation and sin. Margaret clearly perceived these defects in her character. and did all in her power to remedy them; but she tenderly loved Eleanor, who was eight years younger than herself, and determined to make an effort towards providing for her, as well as for her own brothers and sisters.

"But what could she do? Teaching was the only way open to her, and how could she enter upon it? How could she, the refined, elegant, romantic girl, determine to spend her life in that most laborious and tedious of tasks? It was a long and bitter struggle, but when she had once decided that it was duty, she entered upon it with energy and apparent cheerfulness. A situation was early obtained, for her talents were so well known and appreciated, that her services were eagerly sought, and commanded a high recompense. When all the arrangements were completed, she informed her mother of her intended removal. Mrs. Willard listened in the greatest astonishment. She knew that Margaret's trials had effected a great change in her character, but she did not know that her poetic child was capable of making so great a sacrifice. At first she opposed it, for she could not bear to let Margaret suffer all the hardships that she knew she must endure. But Margaret's entreaties overcame her objections, and she prepared to enter upon the trying scene of her new duties.

"Who can number the sighs and heart-aches, the burning tears. the eager longing for home, and for one familiar face, the despondency and weariness of spirit that racked that gentle bosom, as day after day, in her deep mourning dress, she patiently and meekly pursued her tiresome round of duties. But he who patiently and unweariedly walketh in the path of duty, shall sooner or later meet with his reward. So by degrees peace stole into Margaret's breast, and actively and even cheerfully did she engage in those duties at first so wearisome and laborious. usually passed the summer months at home, and each year I perceived that she was more cheerful. Her smiles were less pensive and her sighs less frequent. Truly the furnace had purified her as silver purifies seven times. For ten long years did Margaret pursue the laborious path she had marked out for herself. having amassed a handsome little fortune as the fruit of her industry, she returned once more to dwell with us. Ten years had made a great change in her. She who went from us, a pale, delicate, heart-broken girl, returned an energetic, intellectual woman. an earnest and sincere christian.

"Would that I could here cease, but there is yet another page of deceit and ingratitude, of suffering and sorrow to relate before I can close. And where was Herbert Berkly? The ten years that had been spent by Margaret in self-denial, and unwearied toil, Herbert passed in France, participating in all the frivolities and dissipations of Paris. He was eminently successful in business,

and at the lapse of ten years he also returned to his native home. He still retained that elegance of person, and fascination of manner, that had distinguished him in youth, and these united to a large fortune, rendered him a favorite in fashionable society.—And while Margaret was engaged in the various duties of her station, he freely indulged in all the gaieties and dissipations of —.

"Eleanor Bradley was now a young lady. She was fully as beautiful as she had promised to be in her childhood. She was tall, slender and graceful, with clear dark complexion, large soft black eyes, raven hair, and an elegant outline of features. her character too was but little changed. There was the same affectionate disposition, and poetic temperament, the same want of firm principle and strength of character. Such was Eleanor Bradley, when in her twentieth year she met Herbert Berkly, in the city of ____, where she was spending a few weeks with a friend. He was charmed with her beauty and elegance of manner, and eagerly sought her society. She had heard the story of his faithlessness to Margaret, from Mrs. Willard, so that she was not ignorant of his true character. But instead of shunning his society, she listened to the honied accents of his lips. And with shame I say it, she was so destitute of principle, as to return the love of one who had so basely deserted her benefactor. At first she feebly struggled against it, but her principles were weak, and she yielded to Herbert's solicitations to fly from her home and marry him. In the dead of night she left the cottage, dropping a note on her aunt's dressing-table, hurriedly stating what she had done, and imploring her forgiveness. It was a great blow to the whole family. and especially to Margaret, to learn that Eleanor, the adopted sister of her love, the child of her tender care, had so basely deserted her. But she uttered not one word of reproach, and while others loudly condemned Eleanor, she wept in silence.

"Eleanor was married in ——; and then accompanied her husband to the South, where she remained two years. During that time affairs went on quietly in the Willard family. Margaret devoted herself to teaching her brothers and sisters, relieving her mother of the household cares, and doing good to all around her. At length on a wild stormy evening, when Margaret was sitting with her mother by the fire-side, listening to the raging of the elements without, a servant brought her a note from old Mr. Seymour, saying, that Mr. and Mrs. Berkly were at the village hotel,

and Eleanor was in dying circumstances, and implored him to send for Margaret. Margaret hastily arose, giving the note to her mother, and followed the messenger. In a little room at the village inn, on a low bed, lay Eleanor Berkly. The flickering light of a pale lamp revealed the person of Herbert, standing by her side, while Mr. Seymour knelt in prayer. The storm beat violently against the window, while the howling wind whistled through the trees. Margaret entered the room with noiseless step. and took her place opposite to Herbert. As Mr. Seymour arose from prayer, Herbert glanced towards Margaret, and their eves met. Twelve years had passed since they sat together, beneath the old trees in front of the cottage-door-and now! The retrospect of the past well nigh overcame Margaret—a death-like palor spread itself over her countenance, but clinging to a chair for support, she recovered herself, and bending over Eleanor, murmured Eleanor unclosed her eyes, and gazed at Margaret. her name. but how changed was she! Her countenance was pale and ghastly—her brilliant eyes, sunken, but brilliant still—her dark hair was thrown aside, and exposed her marble brow, soon to be Painfully struck with the change in Eleanor, cold in death. Margaret turned her head aside to conceal her emotion, but Eleanor took her hand, and in low and faltering accents said,—

"'I am glad that you have come, Margaret, for you see my time is short—I must soon have done with earth. But I would ask you to forgive me. I cannot say all that I would; but, forgive—forgive."

"Tenderly Margaret bent over her, and assured her of her perfect forgiveness and love. 'And for my sake, Margaret,' said Eleanor, 'forgive Herbert.' Margaret covered her face with her hands, but again controlling herself, she said—'What would you, dearest Eleanor?' 'Forgive!' again she murmured, her eyes wandering toward Herbert. Margaret held forth her hand, as she said—'Herbert, I fully and freely forgive you!'

"There was no glance of reproach in her eye, no accent of bitterness in her voice, but those simple words sunk deep into Herbert's soul—and covering his face with his hands, he groaned bitterly. 'Margaret,' said Eleanor, 'tell them to bring my child.' A nurse stepped forward with an infant of a few weeks old in her arms. Margaret took it from her, and held it to the dying mother. She kissed it, and then said, 'promise me, Margaret, to care for my poor little child, when I am gone.' Margaret took the infant in her arms, and promised to love it as her own. 'God bless you,' said Eleanor, 'you have cheered my dying hour. She then turned towards her husband, murmured a few words in his ear, and placed her hands in his. At her request Mr. Seymour read one of the prayers appointed for the dying. When he ceased, she faintly breathed, 'I thank you, now farewell!' She gradually sank into a lethargy, which lasted all night. Mr. Seymour, Margaret, Herbert and the nurse watched in silence beside her, and as the first grey tints of morning dawned in the east, Eleanor entered the spirit land.

"Who can attempt to describe the agony and remorse of Herbert's soul in the dreary days that followed! In the emphatic words of scripture, 'his sin had found him out;' and there was no peace for his guilty conscience. After Eleanor's funeral, he sent for Margaret to come and see him. He was very pale, but composed. 'I would ask you, Miss Willard,' said he, 'if you will fulfil Eleanor's request, and take charge of my child during my absence from this country?' Margaret assured him that she would, and he agreed to send the nurse and child to the cottage the next day. As she rose to leave the room, he took her hand, and said, 'Eleanor asked you to forgive me for her sake. We shall never meet again, and I would ask it for my own.' Margaret gently answered, 'Herbert, I have freely and fully forgiven you, and may God bless you, and spare you long to your little child.' 'No, my days are numbered,' said he. 'I go hence to return no more—but let me have your prayers, Margaret, for God's forgiveness and his mercy-farewell!

"The next day he sent the nurse and child to the cottage, and in a few weeks embarked for Italy. His friends heard nothing of the wanderer, until six months after his departure, his death was announced in an English paper. Shortly after a letter arrived from the clergyman who attended him, giving an account of his sickness and death. The minister added that 'he appeared truly penitent for his past life, and died in humble trust in Christ.'

"Thus ended the life of Herbert Berkly. May we not hope that he truly repented and found mercy? Margaret has nobly fulfilled her promise to Eleanor. She cherishes little Amy with the greatest tenderness and love. She has received many excel-

lent offers of marriage, but I am sure that she will never connect herself with any one. Is she not, Ada, truly one of those of whom 'tis said, 'they are angels in disguise?'"

ÆOLIAN HARP AT NIGHT.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR. .

Now joy and sorrow smile and weep in dreams;
Kind Earth, forgetful, bathes in Lethe's wave;—
But still the dome of slumbering Nature seems
Peopled with winds trooped forth from Æolus' cave.

Each breeze in airy dance luxurious floats—
O'er forest, sea, and mountain rings its song;
Then flies, and leaves its sweet deserted notes
To fade and die, sequestered vales among.

But though the winds thus suddenly forsake

The lovely whispers of the forest leaves,

The tuneful ripple of the limpid lake,

Or sea-roar, when the storm vast waves upheaves,

There is an instrument of dulcet sound,
That wandering breezes love to linger near;
That scatters witching harmonies around;
Now swells triumphant, and now starts the tear!

Harp! that wooest winds of Heaven, By their gentle breathing fanned, Sing! methinks to thee 'tis given Thoughts to sing of Spirit land!

Hark! I hear thee murmur faintly; Faintly, like a mourner's prayer: Tones all heavenly, pure and saintly, Saintly as a seraph's are;

And methinks thou sadly singest
Words I would, but cannot speak;
Griefful memories thou bringest
Of low voices, mournful, meek.

Still tremulous and low!
All silent now!
Those voices faded so
They're silent now—
Silent now!

Hark! from depths of silence welling, Joyous harmonies arise! Tone o'er tone triumphant swelling, Higher, higher toward the skies!

Minding me of happy voices,
Jubilant amid the past;
Now, like these thy strain rejoices,
Ah! too happy long to last!

Fading even as I listen—
Tone departeth after tone;
All Earth's songs of joy thus hasten,
Just approach us, and are gone!

Hark! murmuring sad and low!
All silent now!
Glad voices faded so
They're silent now!
Silent now!

Is the spirit-harp forsaken?

List! dim echoes strange and wild!

Chords unearthly now awaken

Each, a wandering fancy's child—

Such the strains a dream revealeth, When the spirit, free to roam, From the closing portals stealeth Of its little earthly home!

Strains to make a seraph listen
Ceased the while his harp of gold,
Music as of stars that glisten,
Morning stars that sang of old.

This evanescent too?
All silent now!

Dreams, vanished like the dew,
Are silent now—
Silent now!—

What tales these airy harpists might unfold
Of all the climes where they have wandered free;
Tales of the sea, the plain, and forest old—
Of Joy and Grief, of Love and Enmity!

Now comes a breeze to strike thy trembling strings,
Fraught with heart rending groan and sob and sigh;
And as each note of sorrow thrills, it wrings
A tear drop from the sympathizing eye.

And now from far a gale comes sweeping on!
Vibrations rapid, free, a hymn resound
That tells of noble deeds, and freedom won;
Speeding the life-tide in a swifter round!

Thus, 'mid the dark and stilly hours of night
Thy music murmurs, swells, and bursts away;
Plaints, hymns, and pæans varying like the light
Dim or resplendent of th' Aurora's play.—

Sweet Harp! too pure thy tones to cease with Earth!
'Thou dost prelude the songs of Heavenly choirs,
Begun by angel hosts, at Jesus' birth,
And ever ringing from their golden lyres!

LINES ADDRESSED TO A CHILD.

BY J. M. PLETCHER.

FAIR child! on whose untroubled brow No line of sorrow yet appears— Thy look so sweet and joyous now Must feel the weight of after years.

Gould prayer dispel the cloud of woe
That soon or late wraps ev'ry heart,
Thy smile should wear its wonted glow,
Thine eye its light till life should part.

And thine should be a joyous way,
So strew'd with flowers on ev'ry hand—
Thou shouldst not deem thy journey lay
Through such a dark and troubled land.

No sky should o'er thy pathway bend, But one whose smile was ever bright— Nor should a disappointment tend To cloud thine eye or dim its light.

Sweet child! may truth its strength impart, When launch'd upon the sea of life, And thou with calm and trusting heart Be ready for the certain strife.

THE DEFAULTER.

BY W. A. SLEEPER.

"I THOUGHT I saw Frederick going away this morning: has he left?" enquired Mr. Felch of Mr. Weston, as he stepped into his shop. "Yes," was the reply, "he has gone, and though I did not turn him away, I advised him never to come home again till he had effected a complete reformation in his character. A son of mine a defaulter, and a swindler! the thought drives me almost to madness. I have spared no pains in his education, in giving him proper associates, and I have been as careful to instil into his mind correct moral principles, and to show him their importance, as an anxious parent could be; and when he arrived at a suitable age, through considerable exertion, I succeeded in obtaining a situation for him of which any young man ought to be proud—a situation of trust and honor; and now you see how he has repaid me for my toil and solicitude; such conduct is enough to break the stoutest heart."

"I am aware," replied Mr. Felch, "that this is a very severe affliction, one which must weigh heavily upon you—still I think there is room for consolation, and that your son may yet be reclaimed, and become an upright and worthy member of society."

"Alas! it is much easier to hope and say that, than to accomplish it."

"I admit that it is rather a difficult task—still I am very confident that it can be done. As you say, Mr. Weston, you have apparently spared no pains to give your son a good moral character, and I trust that your efforts have not been in vain, for till his recent error his conduct was as good as that of any of his associates; he has manifested no depraved or vicious tendencies of a marked nature, but has always shown a due regard for truth, and has been generally esteemed—but now, when those companions who were the objects of no more confidence and regard than he, are occupying places of trust with credit to themselves, he is an outcast. Now there must be some cause for this, and I hope you will not consider me as wishing to injure your feelings

when I say, that in my humble opinion you are very intimately connected with that cause."

"What! do you mean to accuse me of causing his ruin?"

"By no means, but while I give you due credit for all that you have done, allow me to tell you that I cannot help thinking that when you obtained the situation for him, which he has just left with dishonor, you did him a serious injury."

"Explain yourself."

"I will do so; and I think the error the same in your case, that it is in hundreds of others. The amount of moral instruction bestowed upon those under their charge by parents and guardians. is perhaps sufficient, but they do not use proper discrimination in imparting it; they seem to forget that all have not the same strength and susceptibility to moral impressions, but endeavor to educate them all by one standard. But those differences of character do exist, and often produce lamentable consequences in after Many a man has sustained an unimpeachable character for years, and would have continued to do so through his whole life. had he remained under ordinary circumstances-but unfortunately, he is placed in a position where temptation assails him. and he falls, bringing disgrace upon himself and sorrow upon his friends. Now the man had not been corrupt all his days, but there were points in his character which were not powerful enough to withstand the evil influences brought to bear upon them. You recollect how astonished my friends were when I procured that situation, so similar to the one filled by your son. for my younger one. They thought I did wrong in not giving itto the elder, as his intellectual capacities better fitted him for it than his brother. I admit that they did, but if he had taken it. I have not the least doubt but he would have been now, like yours. a defaulter. I have observed their actions many hours with the closest scrutiny, and under a great variety of circumstances, and whenever I committed any thing to their charge, and told them they must not leave it, the answer invariably given by the younger to the solicitations of his playfellows was, 'It will not be right-I shall not go,' while the elder as invariably said, 'What will father say? or 'what will folks think of me if they should know it?' and he not unfrequently yielded to their persuasions. Now that child's character, taken as a whole, was quite as good as the other's, but it is obvious that the same culture would not do for each, and that if he were placed in some positions, those elements already relatively weak would be made more so, while those in the ascendancy would have their activity increased by external incentives, and he would fall,—consequently, I have kept him near me, that I might develope and strengthen those faculties which need such aid, and to keep him free from temptation till he can meet it uninjured."

"Well," said Mr. Weston, "I must confess I never considered this subject in such a light before; and I think you were right in telling me that I was the cause of his disgrace, but what shall I do now?"

"I do not exonerate him, or any others similarly situated, for they have something to do themselves in the formation of their characters; but you perceive that it will be much easier for them if they receive proper aid. But in answer to your enquiry, I would suggest that you immediately send for your son to come home, and place him in a position where those faculties which are now too active will have nothing to stimulate them, while the weaker ones are strengthened, and I think you will live to see him entirely reformed, and a blessing to your declining years."

"I will adopt your advice at once, and carry it out to the best of my abilities."

He did so—his son was saved from ruin, and he had his own reward in seeing him entirely restored to the esteem and confidence of society, and in becoming the recipient of those filial attentions and kindnesses which do so much towards making peaceful and happy the eve of life.

HEAVENLY ATTACHMENTS.

True love of our fellow-creatures should hardly attach us to the world, for if we consider it, it will be found that the greater number of those we have loved most are gathered into eternity; so that it is but exile from them that we covet, when we would prolong our stay here.

SAD THOUGHTS ON PARTING.

BY MRS. S. M. CLARKE.

A choup o'ercasts my soul, gloomy and wild,
And pregnant with the weighty drops of grief,
Drawn from my nature's deep by the warm beams
Of love, that erst had scintilated through
The sea of thought, illuming its dull waves!
And, ever and anon, a sudden shock
Electrifies my frame, as it were charged
With lightning thoughts to torture me at will,
That, flashing down each quivering nerve sensate,
Destroys the consciousness of aught save pain.

A cloud is on my soul!—Why comes it there
To dim the brightness of my future years?
Is't the forecasting of the final hour
When I must part from thee, beloved, from thee?
When I, no more, can look upon thy form,
Thy manly form, in all its glorious strength;
Thy massive brow, with its deep, earnest thought;
No more the pressure feel of thy warm hand;
When I can gaze, no more, with rapturous joy,
Into thine eyes' pure depth, and read the love
Unspoken there for me; no more can hear
Thy rich melodious voice, that thrills my breast,
Saving in echoes mournful from my heart?

It is! it is! the shadow on my soul
Is but a prelude to the night of gloom,
That will my spirit shroud in deepening folds,
When I must part from thee, beloved, from thee!

Oh! as long months and years will slowly pass
Adown the gloomy, floodless stream of time,
And I shall gain a momentary joy—
A look, a tone, familiar, once, and dear—
From retrospection, as they glide away,
How shall I yearn to see thee, hear thy voice,
As in the happy past—alas! in vain;—
More painful will the yearning deep become
As fainter the dim outline of thy form
Wears through the mist of years.

But morn, at last, Will break for me! the morning of the grave; And, the deep anguish passed, the parting o'er, I shall rejoin thee, dearest, in the light, 'The fadeless light of Heaven,

AN EXAMPLE OF TRUE COURAGE.

FROM THE FRENCH .--- BY ANNA.

That sad code of honor, which each day causes the blood of some victim to flow, and condemns the vanquisher to lasting unhappiness, is so deeply rooted in our minds, that we can find but few men who dare uphold the conduct of those who would rather be a mark for the contempt and sarcasm of the world, than burden their consciences with the murder of one of their fellow-men.

But we will relate to our readers the conduct of a wise and good man, who had firmness enough to resist this barbarous prejudice, and at the same time could prove to his enemies that he knew how to be brave.

The name of this honorable man was Henri de Montigny. He resided in a town in Provence, where he filled an important public office. By his courteous manners and the virtues that he delighted in practising, he had obtained the affection and esteem of all who knew him. Although accustomed to mingle in the highest ranks of society, where this sad code of honor is generally advocated, he never hesitated openly to express his opinion on the subject of duelling, a custom which he held in abhorrence, and which he openly reprobated as one most fatal to the repose of families, and most strongly opposed to religion and morality.

Some giddy young men, aware of his sentiments on this subject, and attributing them to a want of courage, resolved to force M. de Montigny to fight, and thus acquire the right of amusing themselves at the expense of his principles. One of these youths having joined him one evening upon a public promenade, where many persons were assembled, endeavored to irritate him by such insulting language, that any one, less firm in his resolution, would have believed himself obliged to demand satisfaction. M. de Montigny, superior to such a weakness, testified only coolness and contempt towards his opponent, and even when challenged by him refused to fight. Some of Montigny's friends now approached, and beseeched him to revenge his insulted honor, remarking to him that a continued refusal on his part, would render

him the talk of the whole town, and expose him to repeated attacks of this nature from impertinent young men. But nothing could move this estimable man, who determined to remain faithful to his principles.

"My honor," he replied to his friends, "does not depend on the opinion of a youth, misled by a barbarous prejudice, that violates all the laws of religion and humanity. I will not disgrace myself in my own eyes by committing an act that both my reason and heart condemn. If this person, who has just insulted me, wishes my life and ventures to attack me, I shall consider him as an assassin, and shall know how to defend myself. But otherwise his injuries cannot reach me; they are beneath my notice."

As he said this, he made his way with dignity through the crowd that surrounded him, and slowly took the street that led to his residence, without being in the least disturbed by the bitter and sarcastic remarks that were made by the authors of this shameful scene.

As M. de Montigny was at some distance from his home, the night was considerably advanced by the time that he reached a retired street in the neighborhood of his hotel. He had hardly entered it, when he heard the hurried steps of a man behind him. Upon turning, he instantly recognized the person who had so grossly insulted him a short time previous.

"Coward! defend yourself!" exclaimed the furious young man, extending to him one of two naked swords that he held in his hand, "I will have your life, or you must take mine."

"Neither will happen," replied M. de Montigny, guarding himself with his cane.

"Do you refuse this weapon?" exclaimed the other.

"Why should I accept it? This is all that I need."

At the same time he dexterously and adroitly warded off with his cane the blows that his adversary directed towards him, and after a few minutes the latter was disarmed.

At this moment persons carrying lights were seen approaching them. "Withdraw, sir!" said Henri de Montigny to his enemy whom he had just overcome. "It was your intention to slay me or force me to slay you, and I could denounce you as a murderer, but it is sufficient for me that I have defeated your purpose. May this serve as a lesson to you, and may your heart be touched with

remorse." He then turned quietly away, and soon reached his hotel, which he entered without informing any one of his evening's adventure.

The next day, on visiting at some of the houses which he was accustomed to frequent, M. de Montigny judged from the mocking smiles of which he appeared to be the object, that his enemy had not dared to acknowledge what had passed, but he, too generous to divulge it, still replied to the different sarcasms that many directed towards him, only by cool contempt, and at last succeeded in silencing even those who seemed the most disposed to ridicule him.

One evening, when the foregoing adventure had almost escaped his memory, just as M. de Montigny had retired for the night, he heard the sound of an alarm clock which announced a fire. He rose, hastily drew on his clothes, awoke his servants, and hurried with them to the scene of destruction. Several buildings at one extremity of the town were enveloped in flames. Women and children were running through the street, weeping and screaming with terror. On reaching the spot, Henri de Montigny immediately animated by his example the courage of those who accompanied him. He and his domestics threw themselves in the midst of the greatest danger, and after much difficulty succeeded in rescuing many of the individuals who occupied the buildings where the fire burned the most furiously.

In the midst of his generous exertions new cries were heard. "Oh, poor man, he will perish!" said a thousand frightened voices: "how is it possible to save him? The fire has already reached the staircase which leads to his apartment."

"I will give ten thousand francs to the one who will rescue that unfortunate being," exclaimed M. de Montigny in his turn, but seeing that no person accepted his offer, he sprang through the midst of the flames, up the tottering staircase, that had been pointed out to him, and which led to the old man's room. On reaching it, our hero seized him in his arms, bore him out of the house, and arrived safely with his charge in the midst of the crowd of spectators who received him with shouts of praise!

Until this moment, M. de Montigny was ignorant who the person was for whom he had so generously exposed his life, but at the instant when he placed his precious burden on the ground, a

young man made his way quickly through the crowd, clasped the old man to his bosom, and sobbing violently said—"Oh, my father! my dear father! have I arrived too late to save you! Is it to another I owe your preservation!" As he said this, he turned suddenly to thank the person to whom he was indebted for his father's safety, looked steadily at M. de Montigny a few minutes, and then fell on his knees, exclaiming—"What! is it you, sir? are you the one who has saved my father's life, and I—I would have taken yours! Ah, can you ever pardon me? You have indeed given me an example of noble disinterestedness and true courage. For me there remains no feeling but remorse. In my own eyes I am a miserable and dishonored man."

"And in mine," interrupted Henri de Montigny quickly, for he had recognized his former enemy, "a young man is the more worthy of esteem when he acknowledges his faults with candor, and earnestly strives to repair them."

Taking advantage of the embarrassment of the other on hearing himself thus addressed, M. de Montigny ordered his servants to conduct the old man to his hotel. He forced the son to accompany him thither also, treated them both with the most delicate attention, and after a while induced them to accept from his hands the means to repair their loss.

It is almost unnecessary to add that henceforth M. de Montigny became an object of peculiar veneration in the town where he resided. He had given a convincing proof of true generosity and courage, and his conduct tended much to abolish that cruel code of honor, to which no man can be subservient without breaking the most sacred duties.

WE may be in a sort of bondage to others because they have power over us, and we are under duty to them; but the most common and contemptible of all bondage, is that when we run our feelings and tastes into a mere conformity with others, as though there were no out-goings of reason in us, and life were all an outside, a thing to be looked on.

WE'LL MEET AGAIN.

BY ISABELLA M'ELROY.

WE meet upon this earthly shore,
Those whom we dearly love,—
When shall we meet to part no more?
When shall we meet above?

We meet, to bid the sad farewell;
To love—to sigh—to part,—
Alas! how soon the sweetest spell
Is driven from the heart.

Our dearest earthly ties must break, Death will destroy the best: Our dearest earthly hopes are vain, On them we cannot rest:

The fairest flowers we fondly love, How soon their beauty dies! But purer they will bloom above, In bowers of Paradise.

In that bright, happy land afar,
We'll find the loved—the lost;
And nought our happiness can mar,
When life's rough sea is crossed.

And there, from pain and sorrow free We'll rest forevermore,
For sin and death can never be
Upon that peaceful shore.

There love so pure, so rich, so deep, Fills every heart with joy; Faith shall its full fruition reap, For doubt can ne'er annoy.

We'll meet again—when storms are o'er,
The ills of life all past,
Where partings rend the heart no more,
We'll meet—we'll meet at last.

Philadelphia, 1850.

LITTLE JANE.

BY ALICE CRAIG.

"But never, in her varied sphere, is woman to the heart more dear, Than when her homely task she plies With cheerful duty in her eyes; And—every lowly path well trod—Looks meekly upward to her God."

A one horse carriage, in which sat an elderly gentleman of benevolent countenance, was slowly winding up a mountain road, in one of the northern counties of the State of ---. A young lady, who had evidently preferred to exercise her own active limbs, in conquering the steep ascent, rather than remain a tax on the strength of the toiling horse, was walking near the carriage, pausing and turning, now and then, to gaze, with admiring eyes, on the picturesque scenery around and beneath her. Suddenly a gush of song, in a loud but childish voice, broke from the wood, and, borne on the clear breeze, seemed repeated by a hundred voices among the echoing hills. So deep, until this moment, had been the silence, so profound had appeared the solitude of the rugged forest scene, that the young traveller had forgotton the possible proximity of human habitations, and, for a moment, almost doubted whether those sweet, wild notes were uttered by a songstress of mortal mould, or a more ærial tenant of the mountain shades. Looking, however, intently into the wood, she discovered the proprietor of the voice which was thus startling echo from her slumbers, in the form of a little girl, who was standing against a low fence, at no great distance, balancing a pail of water on the topmost bar-apparently for the purpose of allowing herself to rest a few moments—which moments she was improving by pouring forth, in the gaiety of her heart, a strain of ringing, birdlike melody, which could not have been listened to, unmoved, by a hearer less "alive to feeling's gentle smart" than was Mary C. She continued to watch the unconscious vocalist until the song was ended, the pail dexterously lowered to the ground, the fence lightly scaled, and the burthen resumed on the side nearest the road. As the little "drawer of water" approached and caught

sight of the young lady, she paused, rested her pail on a stump, and dropped a courtesy, as children "in the country" were, on a time, wont to do, on meeting a stranger. She was clad in a coarse homespun frock, and had neither bonnet on her head nor shoes on her feet; her arms, also, were bare, and browned by exposure—her hair was very long, and hung in tangled masses over her face and shoulders; her tiny hands were so hardened and disfigured by toil that they appeared to Mary's pitving eyes to resemble talons, rather than the delicate members proper to her age and nature. Altogether, she presented such a picture of rigorously-dealt-with childhood as Miss C. had never before looked upon-yet, when addressed, she threw back her matted tresses and met the stranger's gaze with a look of such intelligence, and replied to her questions with such correctness of expression and propriety of manner as heightened the surprise and interest which her warbling voice had already created. "She was," she said. "bringing water from a spring that was just out of sight in the woods, for her cousin, with whom she lived, and whose house might easily be seen from where she stood, but for that large rock and those chestnut trees."

"But," said Miss C., "your pail is large, and, full of water, - must be heavy; that is a long way to carry it."

"I am used to it, ma'am, and do not mind it much; I go to the spring several times a day."

"Are your parents dead, that you live with your cousin?"

"No, ma'am; they live a few miles off: but our family is very large—I have ten brothers and sisters: all of us who are old enough, live away from home. Father is poor, and, as mother is sickly, he has to work very hard to take care of her, and of the little ones who can do nothing to help themselves. When I am larger, I shall live with people who are richer, and can afford to pay me for my work."

"Did your cousin teach you to sing?"

"I learned, first, of my mother—and, this summer, I have gone every week, when the weather has been pleasant, to Mr. Green's Sabbath-school, at S——, four miles from here, where I have learned to read and to sing hymns. I love to sing."

"Do you never get tired, and wish you had not to work so hard?"

"Not often; whenever I do feel a little tired, I think of what I

heard Mr. Green say, the first time I went to Sabbath-school: 'our heavenly Father,' he told us, 'seldom appoints us greater tasks than we are able, and should be willing to perform,'—or I repeat the pretty song I was just now singing, about the busy bee; and then, all I wish is to be stronger, and able to earn money and help father and mother."

"Jane!" screamed a sharp voice, close at hand. Jane removed her pail from the stump, courtsied once more to the now admiring Mary, and disappeared among the rocks.

> "Farewell, sweet wanderer of the wood, I'm sure your little heart is good,"

half said, half sang the young lady, as she quickened her steps to overtake her father's carriage.

Summer, autumn, and a long and stern winter had passed away—the sun of smiling May was shining over us, and the two younger sisters of Mary C. were leaving home for "boarding school." "How desolate the house will seem—how lonely I shall feel," thought Mary, who, for two or three years, had superintended her sister's studies. "I almost wish some beneficent fairy would place another sister by my side, to claim and to sweeten my cares during the absence of these dear girls."

The voice of little Caroline, who was singing in a distant apartment, rose on her ear at this moment, and awoke a train of recollections particularly consonant with her present thoughts. She pursued her soliloguy.

"Carrie's voice nearly equals that of little Jane. I wonder how she has fared since I saw her. Hardly enough, no doubt, poor child. It must be hard, for a being endowed with such capacities of thought and feeling, to be constantly associated with, and in the power of, people like those among whom she lives. Would not it be delightful to have her with us, a year or two? I should so love to observe and assist the development of such a mind as hers."

The idea which thus suggested itself assumed, in another moment, the outline of a practicable scheme. Promptness of action was Mary's characteristic. She consulted her father, and he did not discourage her project—her mother heartily promoted it. A few weeks afterward, the resolute girl, accompanied by a friend

and conveyed in the same carriage, was again bending her course in the direction of Mount H. Having first sought out Jane's parents, and secured their assent to her wishes, she proceeded in quest of the residence of her intended protege. In a rude log hovel, tenanted by human beings almost as uncultivated, and, with the one exception, scarcely more inviting than the rocks which surrounded them, she found the object of her adventure, and made known her errand. She was listened to with evident displeasure by the cousins, but by Jane herself with unqualified joy. The removal was soon arranged; the leave-taking was a sullent one on the part of the relatives, and tearful on that of the little girl—whose affectionate nature, harshly as she had been treated, forbade a cold separation from those under whose roof she had so long found a home.

The transfer of this mountain flower from the chilling atmosphere which had repressed her youthful bloom, to a garden where the genial influence of kindness, example, and discreet commendation encouraged her efforts at self-culture, led to happier results than even Mary had anticipated. The young stranger enlivened the home to which she had been introduced by her innocent gaiety. and engaged the affection of its inmates by her gentleness of temper, her eagerness to oblige, and her gratitude for the most trifling kindness. Her facility in acquiring knowledge was so great, that Mary found the plan of tuition which she had proposed to herself altogether at fault. Her pupil demanded only books, and permission to study. Jane was meek and docile, and never repelled instruction, but listened to it with delight; though she required to be guided in her progress, rather than taught. A marked improvement in external particulars, also, was soon visible. She was not beautiful—she never became so; yet, when Mary's sisters. who had heard of the little songstress of the mountain, and knew that she was now an inmate of their father's house, first saw her, after the lapse of a year from the time of her coming to dwell there—they were surprised by her graceful and pleasing appear-Her locks of matted hair were metamorphosed into shining curls; her figure, no longer bent by carrying weights too great for her strength, had become straight and pliant—her embrowned complexion was now fair and ruddy, and her blue eyes expressed both intellect and sensibility—while her manner charmed by its artless freedom.

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A year had been named as the term of her sojourn with her patroness; but none of us-for, reader, I was one of the sisters alluded to -could endure the thought of losing her-she was so agreeable and She had clearly constituted herself one of the links in our chain of love; and we could as cheerfully have decided to take leave of each other, as of our busy bee-for so she was designated. as much in compliment to her untiring industry, as in playful allusion to the favorite song of her childhood. Another and another year, until four had glided away, she remained with us; then, one of her sisters, who had married, and was about to emigrate with her husband to the west, expressed a wish to take Jane with her. We objected, of course: but the sister's health was delicate, and her claim superior to ours. For the five succeeding years, our only intercourse with Jane was such as might be conducted by letter. At length. she wrote that her sister no longer demanded her exclusive attention, and that her heart yearned toward the friends of her childhood: 'would we receive her,' she asked, 'should she come to us again?' Our reply need not be written. A few weeks more, and we were eagerly looking for the return of our wanderer, when another letter-not from Jane, but from one of her friends, informed us that she was-married! What could it mean-and why had she written as she had? We resumed the letter, which soon satisfied our curiosity. Jane's exemplary life and unassuming graces of mind and person had not failed to win the notice and admiration of those with whom she was called to associate; one of these, a gentleman of intelligence and piety, on hearing that she was about to return to her former friends, became suddenly aware that her departure would materially affect his own happiness. He speedily sought an interview with the young lady, informed her of the discovery that he had made, and succeeded in persuading her, first, to relinquish her project of an immediate return to M ---, and, eventually, to accept "his heart, his hand, and a share of his worldly substance."

I have lately returned from a visit to our sweet-voiced friend—one of the most gratifying which it has ever been my fortune to make. I did not, it is true, find my favorite living, like a heroinc of romance, in a palace of light, elevated above the reach of mortal cares and sorrows; but I found her the mistress of a comfortable home—an honored wife, a happy and esteemed member of society.

I found her exercising, in an eminent degree, that influence which a woman of cultivated intellect, of cheerful, benevolent spirit, and useful habits, may always attain, to some extent at least, over those who move within her sphere of action.

Among many admirable arrangements in her domestic economy—for her husband acknowledged that most of the plans which I extelled were hers—I remarked that a numerous fraternity of bees were provided with the most improved accommodations, and evidently favored with peculiar attentions.

"These are Jane's pets," said Mr. S. "They were once mine, but she has relieved me of the duty of caring for them, and now, they might complain, with good reason, of my entire neglect, if I did not, occasionally, accompany her to visit them. The song of my household bee is so much more musical to my ear, that the hum of my winged friends has lost its charm; and I find, in observing her sprightly industry, a pleasure surpassing that with which I used to watch the skilful operations of my former favorites."

Jane's smile and look of contentment spoke her gratitude.

"Her husband, also, and he praiseth her," thought I; while my fancy reverted, involuntarily, to the circumstances in which my sister had first found her; and, as I mentally contrasted her present with her former situation, I could not repress an emotion of exultation, when I reflected that this surprising change had been wrought through the instrumentality of one whose simple and energetic virtues had shed their healthful influence over my own young life.

Do not opportunities of doing good to others present themselves, almost daily, in our path? Let us beware how we trifle with this branch of our stewardship. Let us not be daunted by apparent difficulties—perseverance may overcome them. The sparkling diamond is, by nature, imbedded in sand, and much labor is required to extricate it therefrom. The beautiful pearl—danger must be encountered to rescue it from its ocean-home, and then it is encrusted by an unseemly shell. But who, that wins them, cares for, or even remembers the toil or the peril, when delighted by the transcendent brilliancy of the one gem, or the milder lustre of the other?

Pause not, my friend—despond not, when the work before you appears greater than you can perform: what may not be accom-

plished by a benevolent heart, aided by a resolute will? The rose, that loveliest of flowers, is not, it is true, without "its own little charm," when, budding, wild, in its native field; but do not its increased beauty and fragrance amply repay the task of improving it by cultivation? And, though our efforts in behalf of our fellow beings may meet, in this world, no return save the approbation of our own consciences—how glorious "the recompense of reward" awaiting the close of a well-spent life!

TO A SWEET-VOICED BIRD,

WHO SANG IN THE CHURCH WINDOW, DURING SERVICE.

BY CELIA.

HARR! amid the dancing leaves of yonder shadowy tree
A joyous bird-hymn sweetly rings, melodious and free!
Its pleasant cadence seems a voice from other worlds than this—A spirit-voice of clearest tone, from far-off realms of bliss!

List! how deliciously the songster pours his melody Abroad upon the Sabbath air! Its trillings come to me Like gently-wooing zephyrs with the breath of flowers laden, To fan my spirit's brow, afresh from glorious bowers of Aiden!

Sing yet again, sweet warbler! for thy happy voice was given
In free and rapturous song to praise "our Father" in the Heaven!
'Tis meet that from thy leafy temple's glorious arcade
The fervent incense-offering of thy spirit should be made!

Seest thou the glad and beautiful, sweet bird, around thee spread?

Oh! is it not for joy of this thy matin song is sped

Afar upon the dewy air of morn—for this at even

Thy vespers to the Giver of the Beautiful are given?

Glad melodist! rejoicingly present thy earnest praise
To Him who formed thy tiny throat to warble grateful lays!
Oh! would my spirit's trembling lyre were ever tuned, like thine,
To sing in strains of joy serene, the grace of love divine!

Come yet again, thou warbler, to the house of praise and prayer,
And lift thy voice of melody with those who worship there—
And bring sweet thoughts to me again, as thou hast brought this even,
Of spirit-music, and scraphic symphonics of Heaven!



Poppy.

HOW MAY AN AMERICAN WOMAN BEST SHOW HER PATRIOTISM?*

A Prize Essay, which received the Premium of Fifty Dollars.

BY ELIZABETH WITHERELL.

"How may an American woman best show her patriotism?" exclaimed a lady, looking up from the paper she was indolently reading on the sofa.

"What by possibility put such a question into your head?" answered her husband.

"Never mind—tell me! How may she?"

"Call her eldest son George Washington, and go into mourning for every president that dies."

"No, no-but tell me really. I am serious."

"So am I serious," said the gentleman, who was sitting before the piano forte with a little boy on his knee, laboriously picking out a tune on the keys with one finger.

"About as serious as you always are when I ask you anything. But here it is in the paper, and I want to know; there's a premium offered for whoever answers it, or whoever gives the best answer, or something; so I wish you would tell me, and I'll try and get it."

"Nay, if I give the answer I shall claim the premium," said the gentleman.

"No you can't, for it must be a lady. Come! do tell me. I want it particularly. It's fifty dollars, and I want it to get that lovely French hat that you would'nt let me have t'other day; and I know I can if you'll help me."

"So," said her husband, laughing, "your object in writing

Naw-York, October, 1850.

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ABA D. SMITH.

The undersigned, appointed a Committee to award the Premium of fifty dollars to the writer (being a female) of the best essay upon the question, "How may an American Woman best show her Patriotism?" have examined the essays submitted to them. Several of them possess decided merit and most of them correct and valuable ideas. But the Committee are compelled to award the Premium to the essay written by Miss Elizabeth Witherell, as being decidedly the best.

They deem it cheap at the price.

E. W. CRESTER,
S. D. BURGEARD,

patriotically is that you may have the means of acting in the opposite character!"

- "But do, George," said his sister, "turn round and let us talk about it. Perhaps I will try my hand too; and you know that will be with no double purpose."
 - "Well-what's your question?"
- "'How may an American woman best show her patriotism?' What's the use of saying an American woman? Why not any woman?"
- "Different conditions of things ask for different displays of character. You are not called upon to be a Charlotte Corday, or a Madame Roland—happily."
 - "Do you think one ever is called upon to be a Charlotte Corday?"
- "That depends upon your views of capital punishment. Some ladies I observe have more sympathy for one person that is to die legally than for the thousands who may be in danger of their lives from unlawful violence."
- "But, brother, you do not mean to say that Charlotte Corday went about her work legally?"
- "I do not mean to say that. There was some obliquity in the poor girl's views certainly, and her patriotism was sadly uninformed—her spirit was right though."
- "Well, I don't care about Charlotte Corday," said the lady with the newspaper. "Come back to the point: how may an American woman, how may I, best show my patriotism?"
- "Verily," said her husband, shaking his head, "it is difficult to devise means of showing that which is not. Have it first, and then we will see."
 - "You think I have none!"
- "None—or if any, it certainly is not a well-born, well-grown, well-educated patriotism."
 - 'Has Theresa?"
 - "Yes-I believe so."
- "But if mine be well-born and well-grown," said Theresa, "I am afraid it is not well-educated; so do, brother, bestow some pains upon us. The educating of mine may be the birth of Laura's."
- "I don't in the least understand what you are talking about," interrupted that lady. "What do you mean by a 'well-born' and 'well-educated' patriotism? Patriotism is patriotism, isn't it? well-born or not."

"No, my dear," said her husband: "patriotism is a good many things. But well-born, true, legitimate patriotism, is the offspring alone of an enlightened head and a mind trained to large and high sympathies."

"And as I have no patriotism, I am to conclude that in your

opinion, at least, I have not a large mind!"

"I did not mean to be personal," said he, smiling slightly—"but it is true, Laura, that the mind does not grow large by the contemplation of small things."

"It is to be hoped it grows pleasant by the hearing of disagreeable things," said Theresa. "You will allow that Laura's good humor is well-grown, brother."

"If I had not known that, I would have held my tongue."

"Well, to reward her good humor and my patriotism, now talk to us, will you?"

"With all my heart. I am warmed to the subject by this time. Where shall we begin?"

"Begin where I began," said Laura, "with this question, 'How may an American woman best show her patriotism?"

"I have that by heart now," said her husband; "you need not repeat it any more."

"Well-how may she?"

"You remember," said he, laughing, "what the Vicar of Wake-field said?—'he was always of opinion that he who married and brought up a family, did more for the State than the man who remained single and only talked of population.' An American woman may best show her patriotism, I should think, by bringing up her sons to be patriots."

"O, but that is an answer and no answer," said Laura—" to do that she must first know how to be a patriot herself, and that is the very question."

"And it is only half an answer," said Theresa—" for some women have no sons to bring up. I hope the exhibition of patriotism is not restricted to them only."

" To whom ?"

"To those who have."

"I hope not. Well—putting future patriots out of the question—how shall you ladies best show your good will to your country? is that it?"

- "That is it exactly. Now answer."
- "I would my answer had the force of a law. I should say first, Be a fine example of the character and principles that most honor your country."

Theresa smiled.

- "But that don't tell me any thing," said Laura—" you are always going round and round the question without coming up to it. I don't know what you mean unless you speak plainer."
- "Was I far wrong, Laura, when I said your patriotism was not well-educated?"
- "Well, perhaps not, but never mind. What do you mean in particular? What kind of character and principles does most honor the country?"

He half smiled and looked musingly into the fire.

- "I am afraid my answer will not suit your taste."
- "Why not? But no matter; let's have it."
- "Well-Dare to be American."
- "American! Why, I am American, am I not? and I am not ashamed of it."
- "American born you are, and that you can't help; and I hope as you say, you are not ashamed of it; but that is not what I mean. Dare to be American in that which your will can control.'
- "I have no objection to be American, that I know of, but I don't pretend to know what you are driving at. I suppose Theresa does, by the rate she is smiling. How can I be more American than I am, Mr. St. John?"

He smiled too, and was silent.

- "You must speak out, if you want to do any good. It is as much as I can do to see my own faults when they are set full before me; you mustn't expect me to guess at them through your rigmarole sentences. In what must I dare to be American?"
 - "In sundry particulars."
 - . "Well-in the first place?"
 - "In the first place, do not copy foreign distinctions."
 - "Foreign distinctions! Now I know you think you are coming upon one of my foibles. Pray, how do I copy 'foreign distinctions?"
 - . "Suppose we let you and me alone? But many others copy them, if you do not."
 - "How? I don't know what you mean by foreign distinctions."

"I mean, the claiming certain airy rights and imaginary vantage-ground, which however suited to the spirit of other lands are out of place here. We have no privileged class—we have no American aristocracy! Heaven forbid we ever should, other than that truly republican one, the aristocracy of mind and manners. Our noble institutions have thrown open the gates of the arena to all corners for honor and distinction, in every line; let them that win wear!"

"But our noble institutions cannot throw open the doors of society."

"No-thanks to our ignoble sons and daughters."

"But, St. John, that isn't fair, and I don't like to hear you talk so. Would you put no difference between a well-born man and a man who has come from nowhere?"

"Yes, this difference—If to-day they stand upon the same platform, the self-made man is worthy of far more honor than the man who has risen upon the shoulders of his father and grandfather."

"It is well you are well-born yourself, Mr. St. John: to hear you talk, one would think you had come out of the backwoods."

"My dear Laura, the prattle about birth and family, in this country, is miserable folly. I have seen falsehood, ill-breeding, and littleness, in abundance, among those, both men and women, who prided themselves on their old families; who held themselves too good for mingling with men of unknown blood. And one of the most thorough gentlemen I ever knew, in all the essentials of a gentleman, was an old farmer in the country, who hardly knew more of his ancestry than that his father came out from England a few generations back."

"He must have been a very uncommon farmer," said Mrs. St. John discontentedly.

"He was an uncommon farmer; but, Laura, is a thorough gentleman a very common character anywhere?"

"No, I suppose not—as you understand the word."

"And where instances of both these kinds are met with, and where men of yesterday are every day rising over the heads of us whose names reach back for hundreds of years—ruling us in peace, and leading us in war, and snatching from our easy rivalship the laurels of every branch—is it not absurd, in such a land as this, to make birth the sesame of society?"

"It is a very good prejudice, at any rate; and very much to my taste I confess."

"Yes—and so say and so act hundreds of others! But it is not according to the genius of the country—it is not for the advantage of the country; a larger and nobler policy far better befits an enlightened American woman. She may be proud of her country's birth, for no nation on earth has had such an origin; but she will best honor herself by honoring its broad and liberal principles."

"Then you would make nothing of birth?"

"I beg your pardon. I think it a very great blessing to have and to have had good, respectable, and respected relations; it is and should be a passport to the credit of our fellow-men, so long as they have no means of judging of ourselves. What I object to is the undervaluing a worthy person merely because the worth of his family has never come to light; sinking a man of merit because it happens that none of his relations ever raised their heads above water!"

- "Well, you won't cure me I am afraid."
- "No-it is too pleasant a folly."
- " Have you done on the American chapter?"
- "I have only begun."
- "Well, go on; but I shall never bring my fingers to write all this. In what other imaginable way ought I to be more American than I am?"
 - "Don't ape foreign styles of living."
 - "What, you mean late dinners, and so on?"
- "I mean anything, little or great, which is done for no earthly reason but because it is French or English. I despise this truckling to foreign names! Dare to be American! There are a great many women of my acquaintance, I verily believe, who do not dare it.
- "I believe it," said Theresa, "and I despise it as you do.— There is one of our friends—it is not necessary to mention names—she heard lately from somebody just returned from abroad that it is not customary to use silver cake-baskets in England; and I do assure you her table has been set out with porcelain shells all winter."
 - "And they tell us, with horror at our voracity or want of re-

finement, that 'in England they never eat meat at breakfast'—
'only a bit of toast and an egg;' forgetting that for an Englishman, who has dined soundly at eight o'clock the evening before, that may be very proper and necessary which would be ridiculous in a good Bostonian, who made a reasonable meal at two o'clock, and took merely of a light supper."

"But, then, would you refuse to adopt fashions that are convenient and elegant and becoming, merely because they happen to come from abroad?"

"Not at all—that is not what I am saying. I would take a useful hint from a Turk or an Indian; but these mad copyers of European ways can make no distinctions; all is fish that comes to their net, as we say, provided only that it be caught in foreign waters. If a thing be French, or English, or German,—it is enough! No matter whether it be in itself excellent, or adapted to our institutions, our customs, or our circumstances; that is never thought of. Indeed I think the further it is from such a recommendation the more it is valued and chuckled over. In this matter of foreign manners, I verily believe that to their fancy 'the uncomely parts have more abundant comeliness.'"

"Well, I don't see any great harm in it after all—it may be foolish sometimes."

"It is neither dignified nor becoming, in my humble opinion. It does not show a proper respect and appreciation of our national position and advantages; and it does lessen both the individual and his country in the eyes of well judging foreigners. It does bespeak a lamentable want of good sense, and I think of patriotic feeling."

"People will never go along with you, Mr. St. John—you refine too much."

" Well !--"

"These things are mere straws."

"There is an old proverb about straws; they show which way the wind sets."

"Have we come to the end of the American cnapter?"

" No."

"My essay bids fair to be American in one thing—il se traine en longueur. What next, Mr. St. John?"

"Don't use foreign tongues to interlead your ordinary talk," said he, smiling.

- "Why not?"
- "Speak English and be proud."
- "Pshaw! I do."
- "You do, but others do not."
- "And what's the harm?"
- "It is a piece of the same thing I have just been talking about. It moves alike my contempt and my pity to hear a lady, as Miss Edgeworth says, 'speak a leash of languages' at once; to hear miserable French and Italian phrases, generally but half pronounced, spoiling what should be undefiled English from pretty lips. It is a depreciating of our own; it is a veiling to fancied superiority which in truth existeth not."
- "Hasn't this man gone mad on the American chapter? Why, Mr. St. John. I think there is often a prettiness in it."
- "There is none to my ear. It is a tacit acknowledgment that our language, the noblest I believe at this moment spoken on the face of the earth—that it is not rich enough or not delicate enough to serve our purposes."
 - "But is it?"
 - " Certainly !"
 - "Then why do people do so?"
- "Affectation!—this same anti-American affectation. And fur thermore, these phrases answer the very same purpose with the cant of religion and politeness—they serve instead of a meaning when people really have none, and they are convenient formulas for their meaning, always ready at hand; not requiring the cultivation, the practice, the nice acquaintance with the language and mastery of it, that would enable them to give fresh, graceful, happy expression to their thoughts in their mether tongue."
- "If I could talk English so, Mr. St. John, I should be willing to let French alone."
- "You can talk English so, my dear, but, mind you, not unless you let French alone—this use of it I mean. And one word more on the American chapter, as you call it, do not flatter other countries at the expense of your own."
- "I know what you mean," said Theresa—"how people have vexed me by doing that!"
- "I know what you mean," said Laura—" and I don't think it is becoming, I confess; I suppose they are right sometimes tho'."

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"They are right never! these people. In a few matters of bare fact they may be correct, but they either mistake the bearing of them or greatly exaggerate it. They look—poor people! through spectacles they have borrowed from wrong-sighted foreigners; and then come home prepared to explain to all the world that what we have always seen straight is in fact crooked; more pleased too, all the while, with their own newly acquired lights and superior powers of vision, than sorry for the defects and dangers and fallacies it brings forth to view. I have no patience with them! They pride themselves on their liberality, because they have cast off the shackles of patriotism, untied the bonds of affection that held them to their fatherland, and assumed to themselves the freedom of the world. It is a mistake! This world-wide nationality is a small-minded thing. He never did much for other lands that would not do more for his own."

"I don't know sometimes whether to laugh or be vexed," said Theresa. "One will sound the praises of German vegetables, another of French bread. America cannot make bread, nor good vegetables; or if, she cannot cook them. Equipages are not worthy the name; servants are not servants; society is agee. And that smile of benevolent candor with which they will shake their heads at you, as much as to say, 'You have lived all your life under a shell!"

"I have actually heard it propounded, by an American woman," said Mr. St. John, "that our constitution is a failure! It may be so, but I think it remains to be proved yet. And half these matters which fall under their censure or their sneer are positive blessings, or else the results of a far better order of things than that they are disposed to laud so much. But their spectacles are inveterate. The very green of the trees, I have heard it declared, is nothing to what it is abroad! I would rather you should be the fools of fashion or the dupes of circumstance, than this kind of cold-blooded traitors at home!"

"You remember Shakspeare's description of them?" said Theresa. 'Harkye, Monsieur Traveller! Look you lisp, and wear strange fashions, and disable all the benefits of your own country, or we shall scarce think you have seen salt water."

"Admirable! the very picture I have been trying to draw."

"But, St. John, I shan't mend these people, if I write all this."

- "No; but you may mend yourself."
- "I don't know about that either.—However, I'll write it. Now proceed, as people say, will you? What next?"
 - "Dare to be christian!"
 - "Christian! what has that to do with patriotism?"
- "What has that to do with it? Everything! Everything, my dear. It is universally acknowledged that our institutions stand in the virtue and intelligence of the people. It is equally well known, by all the wise, that Christianity, the Bible, is at the very root of both. A woman can in no other way so well show her patriotism—in no other way so directly and efficiently advance the interests of her country, as in doing all she can to extend the sway of religion within its borders."
 - " One can do so little!" said Theresa.
- "Only the Highest knows how much. The avalanche had a little beginning. What thou mayest, do!"
 - "But what can one do?" said Laura, somewhat disconcertedly.
- "One can be a bright example of Christianity in her own person; and by that example, and by all manner of well-directed, patient efforts she can labor to make others so. And one can pray. I know not what his patriotism is worth who has no skill to ask the guidance and blessing of the Supreme Director. What has prayer done! Look at our early history. 'Our fathers got not the land in possession by their own strength, neither did their own sword save them; but Thy right hand, and Thine arm, and the light of Thy countenance, because thou hadst a favor unto them.'"
 - "Do you mean me to write all this out?"
 - "I would rather you should act it out."
- "No, but the writing. Because I doubt whether it would make it popular."
 - "Whether what would make what popular?"
 - "My essay—these religious views—aren't they too strict?"
 - "Religion is fashionable now, Laura," observed his sister.
- "Yes," said Mr. St. John, "the *outside* of religion is fashionable; religious observances and ceremonials and decencies are in good favor; but when secret prayer and self-denying duties shall be fashionable—then will come to pass the saying that is written, 'These people have turned the world upside down.'"

- "Then shall I write all this?"
- "Yes—and live up to it. Live up to it. Honor your country heartily—who shall honor her if her children do not?—vail to no other flag that floats. Be all that can adorn her; and do all that can serve her, by faithfully serving him who has declared, 'Them that honor me I will honor.'"
 - "You are not describing me," said Laura.
- "Perhaps not; but what you may be. I am describing I fear 'une femme comme il n yen a point."
- "There, Mr. St. John, what are you doing? violating your own rules."
 - "Only using a proverbial expression," said he smiling.
- "But now in this case? you could not translate? you could not say as well what you wished in English?"
- "I beg your pardon. I have been describing a nonesuch of a woman. Thank you. That is much better."
- "But after all," said Laura, "this is only a roundabout kind of way that you are setting us women to work to benefit the country; can't we do something more directly? Haven't we some thing to do with politics?"
 - "What do you want to do with politics?"
- "I don't know, I am sure, but something—I think we ought to have something to do with it."
- "I wish women had a great deal more to do with it," said Mr. St. John.
- "Ah, do you? that is what I wanted to hear. Now we are coming to the point. What ought we to do? What part in State matters ought we to have?"
- "I am afraid I shall not satisfy you," said he smiling—"for I cannot assign you a post in the front rank. You must not be the actors in the drama—all you can do is to move the actors."
- "Oh, pshaw! that is nothing but your old notion of female influence. What can female influence do, I should like to know?"
 - Everything—as all the world knows—when properly exerted."
- "Properly exerted! Now tell me flatly, why shouldn't women vote?"
 - "Why should women vote?"
 - "Never mind-you answer me."
 - "Because their doing so would only bring, in public affairs, a

vast increase of confusion and expense without in the smallest degree affecting the result. And at home," said Mr. St. John, bending his head down to the little fellow still on his knee—"if we were to go a step further and admit the children to a share in our deliberations, they would rise up as one man through the country and vote their mothers at home."

- "So, you put women and children together in the same class!"
- "Yes—as belonging decidedly to the Home Department, and fit for no other."
- "Well, I don't see, for my part, why women haven't just as good a right to choose the President, and so on, as men have."
- "Do you think there is any privilege or pleasure in the mere act of struggling through a crowd and depositing a ticket in a ballot-box?"
 - "Yes!"
 - "I differ from you. I do not."
 - "Then why do you do it?"
- "Because I am one of that class whose duty the laws have made it."
 - "And why haven't they made it our duty as well?"
- "Because, as I told you, no end would be answered. When once the elective franchize is general enough to make sure of our getting the fair sense of the nation upon any question, don't you see that the rights of all are secured equally? yours are as safe as mine? By further extending the voting privilege, or duty, you alter nothing but numbers; you would not change the majority, nor even, probably, its relative proportion. The women in mass would follow the lead of their fathers and husbands; and the few on one side and the other who might fly off in a tangent from the circle of home influences would effectually knock their heads together."
- "I see all that," said Theresa. "I never understood it so well before."
- "I don't understand it at all," said Laura: "you puzzle me with your 'franchizes' and 'privileges.'"
- "It is just as well," said Mr. St. John, smiling. "Convinced, or puzzled, in either case, you will content yourselves with your own means of doing mischief—powerful enough, I can assure you."

- "What, you mean our power of making you men do what we please? It's all very fine talking, but I never could find that I had much of it."
- "Perhaps you didn't know how to use it," said Mr. St. John, still smiling.
- "I wish you would teach me then. I should be very glad. I am sure I have tried hard enough sometimes to drive you into some of my measures, and I never could succeed."
- "Man is a pig-headed animal, my dear; if you try to drive him it is ten to one he runs the other way. Gentleness is the very strength of woman's advocacy."
- "Well, didn't I try my utmost powers of persuasion the other day about that bonnet? and with all my gentleness I couldn't lead you into anything."
- "No; I won't let you lead me into a quagmire if I can help it, with my eyes open. But when gentleness and wisdom meet in a woman, she is irresistible, especially when affection gives her the very touch to play upon that curious instrument, a man's heart."
 - "It is a kind of insidious gentleness you mean, isn't it?"
 - "If you please to call it so."
- "Like the coils of a snake, stealthily wound round one and then impossible to escape from."
- "Pho! what a vile image! But I assure you, Laura, if it equalled in grace and loveliness its impression of strength, it would be a perfect one."
- "Well, I feel my good humor evaporating. What are we to do with this blessed instrument of power?—by the way, I won't rest till I have it. What are we to do with it in this matter of politics?"
- "As I said before, everything. I wish I could but make my fair countrywomen know it, and rouse them to a right-minded use of their privilege! Their hands are the best buttresses the temple of our liberties could have, might they but be stretched forth."
 - "But how, how? Do come to the point."
- "Bring all the weight of your influence to bear upon the right side for the country's weal."
- "Pretty well! And how are we to know what that is, Mr. St. John?"

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"You know," said Theresa, smiling—"they can but do in politics as the apostle tells them to do in church matters—'ask their husbands at home;' so their influence would be a nullity."

"You are beginning to understand what I meant by an educa ted patriotism, are you not? Well, that is a large question and the very gist of the matter. It is true they must often ask their husbands and brothers at home as to facts, and the philosophy But it is for them to throw on these facts the light of steady unflickering principle; it is for them, unswayed by the conflict of passions and the jostling of circumstances, to hold the balance of reason even, and weigh men and measures alike against the eternal standards of truth and justice; and then, having seen and weighed, it remains for them in their own irresistible way to calm passion, to dissipate prejudice, and with all the power of wisdom and gentleness and love to lead, as they can, into the way that is safe, honorable and happy, not more for themselves than for their country. Woman has a blessed advantage in the quiet of her sphere; man is tossed by a thousand conflicting cares and interests. But however with him the needle may fluctuate and vary amid the adverse contacts of the world, let him be sure to find his magnet at home in the very eye of honor!"

- "But, dear brother! for all this how much is necessary?"
- "Yes-for all this?"
- "And how many women, do you suppose, Mr. St. John, have the time or the chance to fit themselves for all this?"
- "A woman may do much, however, with little other light than that of the Bible and a well-balanced mind. Truth is very discerning."
 - "A well-balanced mind! and how much that is of itself!"
- "No more than every one's bounden duty. But doubtless to accomplish all her mission towards her country a woman must not be ignorant of many things."
 - "She ought to be well read in history."
- "Yes, and well versed in the philosophy of history; else her eyes may be blinded by any specious talker. She ought to know what men have done and are doing; the principles on which they have acted, and the good and evil those principles have wrought. She ought to know the tendency of various schemes

and systems; she above all may and ought to shake herself clear from the trammels of party spirit, and stand a true and dear lover of her country and of all that may benefit it, by whomsoever done or advocated. What might not such women do!"

"It is my belief that is what never will be known," said Laura.

"For the next generation, if not for this," said Theresa; "to go back to where we set out from, they might bring up their sons to be patriots."

"Yes, a woman's power with her children is, or I should say it may be unlimited."

"I am thinking," said Theresa, "of Madame de Stael's famous reply to Napoleon."

" Yes !--"

"And I am thinking of dinner, which has just been announced, Mr. St. John, though you did not seem to hear it. Wasn't that famous reply made before Madame de Stael was a mother herself?"

"How about your essay, Laura?"

"Oh, well enough. But stop, before we go down, I should like to make sure of my points—at present they are all in confusion. Let me see. In the first place I was to bring up my sons to be patriots; Mr. St. John, I leave that to you, sir; it is astonishing how much humbug there is in the world! Secondly—."

"No, firstly, Laura, for your former head stands by itself, and you now enter upon your qualifications for the duty."

"Well, firstly, I am to be American; that is, in other words—no matter what. Secondly, I am to be christian; thirdly,——"

"An enlightened patriot."

"And fourthly,-was there a 'fourthly'?"

"And, fourthly, a woman."

"And lastly, out of humor and hungry. Come!"

"My parchment has been thrown away upon you, Laura, I fear."

"Never mind, George," said his sister; "comfort yourself with Philip Henry's cute observation—'If one won't, another will!"

A clear stream reflects all objects that are upon its shore, but is unsullied by them; so it should be with our hearts—they should show the effect of all objects, and yet remain unharmed by any.



THE BURIAL AND THE ADVENT.

THE BURIAL AND THE ADVENT.

BY CELIA.

HARK! a sad deep plaint is stealing
From the Valley of the Dead!
Voices mournfully are pealing
In an anthem full and dread;
List! how fountain-like the gushing
Of the wild and sorrowing notes—
Anon to moaning murmurs hushing,
Soft and low the echo floats!

Far within the cypress shadows of that midnight vale, I hear
Monk-like voices, strange and solemn, chant the Requiem of the Year;
And methinks a sad procession winds amid the heavy gloom,
Bearing on the hoar Departed to the chambers of the Tomb!

And thus their mournful harmony
Is echoed by the tearful sky;—

"We lay thee at rest, thou Aged and Dead; The life from thy breast is wearily fied!

The Months have departed, in sadness, alone, 'Till the last, broken-hearted, to Hades has flown;

The Hours, that caressed thee so fondly of yore, With their tenderness blessed thee till thou wert no more!

Thy crown has descended—thy glory decays— Thy empire is ended—thou Monarch of Days!

From the tumult of life, with its myriad woes.
From the voices of strife, thou hast found a repose!

The tale of thy deeds to the Angels is given— Omniscience reads the record in Heaven!

With the beard on thy breast, so flowing and white, We lay thee at rest in the stillness of Night;

With reverent care we close the dark sod— Commending with prayer thy spirit to God!"

The requiem is ended now—its echo sad is fled—And gloom and silence dwell within the Valley of the Dead.—

Look to the Orient, beaming
With rosy and violet light—
See! banners of glory are streaming
From tower and crystalline height!

The ringing of jubilant voices
Is heard from the Day-Monarch's car—
The glorious Ocean rejoices,
And echoes the shout from afar!

For lo! the young Year is advancing,
With gladness and joy in his train,
And the Hours, fleet and rosy, are dancing,
And shouting a merry refrain!

The Sovereign of Days has ascended
The throne of his ancestors now—
A coronet sparkling and splendid
He wears on his juvenile brow;—

His frost-jeweled mantle is flowing
About him in drapery free,
And his blithe, ruddy visage is glowing
With healthful and radiant glee!

List! list to the song that is swelling
O'er valley and crimson-tipped height
From the depth of the Ocean now welling—
Now floating from stars of the Night;

"Hail! all hail! thou glad young Year!
The mountains pale and the shadowy vale
Rejoice to hear
The shout of song that heralds thy coming,
As it echoes along the distant gloaming—
And then comes booming
Over the sea—
Amid the caves of the deep resounding,

Amid the caves of the deep resounding,
Where hidden waves with delight are bounding,
As comes from afar, "like a falling star,"
Thy anthem, sounding so joyously!

Be the Spring of thy Morning
As bright and clear
As thy beauteous dawning,
Thou glad young Year!

And thy Summer of Noon Serenely gay— For soon, too soon, Will it pass away! And thy Autumn sunset as glowing and golden
As Orient splendor, of memory olden—
Thy Winter of Night as crystally fair
As the Legions bright of the upper air!

May Wisdom and Truth
On an eloquent page
Be writ of thy Youth,
And thy golden Age!

We welcome thy advent of gladness and cheer— Go, scatter thy blessings, thou joyous young Year! New Haven.

MRS. MYRA C. GAINES.

BY J. M. FLETCHER.

WE present our readers this month a finely executed engraving of Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines, widow of the late Major General Gaines, of the United States Army. The interest which attaches to her from being involved in a protracted law suit has made her name familiar. Many of the papers have published full reports of the trial in which her immense property is at stake, and from these much of her private history has been made public. sympathies of the people are always with one in her situation. and her high attainments, coupled with a name illustrious in the annals of our country, have given her a hold on the hearts of the public, and her warm personal friends and admirers are without number. The varied fortunes of her early life have been thrillingly delineated by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens—her whole history has an air of romance, and certainly her beauty and accomplishments fit her exceedingly well for the heroine of a tale. seldom that vicissitudes so varied fall to the lot of mortals—as if providence had withdrawn her from the common current of being to sit awhile on some lofty summit, and anon, to thread a mountain gorge whose gloom no radiant star can penetrate. Still young, it might appear that her life was one of prospective enjoyment, but who can estimate the happiness of a heart whose sun · of prosperity shines on the altar of buried hopes. millions which may pass into her hands will prove no recompense for this.



Mrs.Myra C. Gaines.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SODOM.

BY J. MINOT.

Among the records and examples of the manifested power and justice of God, and of his merciful care of those who love and obey him, with which the Holy Scriptures abound, none perhaps is more simple in its history, and solemn in its circumstances, than the overthrow of the "Cities of the Plain." Of these, the sacred historian has given the most particular account of the destruction of Sodom, for the reason, it may be, that being the most populous, it was more sinful than the others, and that in it dwelt the only godly man in all the plain.

When God had blessed Abraham and Lot so abundantly in the numbers of their flocks and herds, that they could no longer dwell together in Bethel, it is written that they separated: Lot choosing for his abode the city of Sodom, in the green and well watered valley of Jordan, and Abraham the plain of Mamre, in Hebron. Here they dwelt for many years, and as but a half day's journey separated the two places, it is to be presumed that their intercourse was continued after their separation at Bethel. Doubtless they often met to commune upon the goodness of God, to mingle their prayers to him, and to lament together the impiety of the inhabitants. Years rolled on, bringing in their train many changes.— A large family had collected around the hearth-stone of Lot: his wealth had increased, and he lived in the enjoyment of all the comforts and luxuries which it could procure; but in the character of his fellow citizens no change for the better had taken place. "The men of Sodom were wicked, and sinners towards the Lord exceedingly," is their description in the Bible. Even Lot's own family, it is probable, were contaminated by the temptations which surrounded them, and considered the religious faith of their head a whim, or peculiarity in his character, not worthy of imitation. We are induced to believe that such was the case, from the skepticism of his sons-in-law, subsequently exhibited, the disobedience of his wife, and the misconduct of his daughters. How must his heart have been pained as he witnessed their contempt for his pious teachings, and as he saw them suffering themselves to be

brought under the evil influence of their impious associates.-Thus was Lot alone in his righteousness, as the time drew near when God had determined to destroy the inhabitants of the plain. As the noontide sun poured down upon the plain of Mamre, the Lord of Abraham appeared with two attendant angels before his It is probable that such visits rarely occurred, even to that highly favored patriarch, and his heart was filled with joy at this opportunity of rendering the rites of hospitality to his celestial After they had graciously received his ministrations. and the Lord had given him the promise that before another year should pass, his heart should be gladdened by the birth of a son, they took their departure toward Sodom, accompanied on their way by Abraham, who was loth to quit the blessed presence of his Lord. They doubtless held sweet communion as they walked along over the verdant plains, and midst the grazing herds of Hebron, until they reached the brow of the mountain which overhung the vale of Siddim; here they paused, while the two angels went on toward Sodom. Here, in full view of the Eden-like beauty of the plain below, the Lord declared to his servant his determination to destroy the inhabitants of the vale, because the cry of their grievous sin had come up before him. What must have been the feelings of the patriarch on hearing this announcement? Instantly his heart was filled with anxiety for the safety of his beloved kinsman, and he plead with God that he would not destroy the righteous with the wicked, but that the city might be spared, if there could be found fifty righteons within its walls. God graciously granted his request, nor did he refuse when Abraham prayed that if the number was less, that even if there were but ten the city might be spared for their sake. with this assurance, he bowed in submission to God's will, and with full faith in his justice and mercy, he returned to his home. Meanwhile the angels commissioned to execute the purposes of the Almighty, were descending the grassy slope of the mountain toward Sodom; below them lay the vale of Siddim, with its beautiful streams, its verdant fields and busy cities. The heavendefying domes of the idol temples, and the gilded turrets of the palaces, were glittering and flashing in the light of the setting sun—the shadows of the oak and the cedar fell far off to the eastward—the herdsmen were gathering their scattered flocks into the folds—the birds of the air were seeking their perches in the forest, and the lovely scene appeared yet more lovely, under the mellowing influence of the evening hour. Twilight had settled down upon the earth as the heavenly messengers entered the gates of Sodom. Although they were the forms of men, yet doubtless the beauty of their countenances, together with the holy horror they manifested at the impiety of the inhabitants, and their contempt for the vanities and gods of Sodom, attracted the observation, and excited the rage of the people, as they passed through their streets; and it is likely they suffered many bitter scoffs and insults, before they had entered the house of Lot in compliance with his urgent entreaties. Although Lot may not have known that he was giving entertainment to angelic guests, vet he knew that they were godly men, and as such, worthy subjects of his hospitality. Their entrance was observed by their enemies, and they had scarcely risen from the feast which Lothad prepared for them, before they were beset by a great multitude of the Sodomites, who demanded the men at the hands of Lot. He placed himself before his closed door, and strove to turn them from their evil purposes, by addressing them in words of affectionate remonstrance. "I beseech vou, brethren, do not so wickedly," said he; but finding them resolved to disregard his rights as a citizen, and determined to trample upon the laws of hospitality, he made a second appeal to their evil passions, offering to deliver to them his two virgin daughters as victims to their lust, hoping, perhaps, to set them into contention among themselves for the possession of the fair women, during which, his guests might escape; or thinking that the proposition might shame them to depart—but it was all in vain. His zeal in behalf of his guests only excited their anger against himself, and they insolently bade him "stand back," adding threats of personal injury. Among the rabble it may be there were some, who had been made the subjects of his warnings and reproaches for their wickedness, and these now inflamed the rage of their neighbors yet more, by crying out-" This one fellow came in to sojourn, and he will needs be a judge over us." Raging and thirsting for his blood, they pressed upon him, and had not the angels mercifully drawn him in, he would have fallen a victim to their malevolence. His guests then made known to him their heavenly

character, confirming it by miraculously smiting the eyes of the Sodomites with blindness, and revealed to him the purpose of their coming, bidding him make known to his sons-in-law their danger, that they might escape together. Obedient to their directions, and urged by his own anxiety for the safety of his kindred, Lot hurried to their homes, and announced to them their fearful danger, saying, "Up, get you out of this place, for the Lord will destroy it." But his entreaties and fearful prophecy fell upon their ears as the wild words of a fanatic, or the silly whim of a In the words of Scripture, "he seemed to them as one that mocked." Unable to convince his kinsmen of their danger, he was forced to leave them to their awful fate, and he hastened back to his home, to insure his own safety, and that of his immediate household. The savage assault of the people of Sodom upon the house of Lot-the efforts he had made to save his kindred. and the preparations for their departure, had consumed the night hours, and "the morning had arisen" before they began their journey. While they yet lingered, loth perhaps to relinquish the comforts of their home, and encounter the dangers and fatigue of a long journey into the mountains, the angels of God, anxious for the accomplishment of their mission, and the safety of Lot, mercifully seized them by their hands, and led them quickly beyond the gate of the city. They yielded to the earnest entreaties of Lot, that he might be permitted to flee to the little city of Zoar. for safety, instead of the desolate mountain, where they would have no protection from the savage beasts, and where they would be destitute of the comforts to which they had so long been accus-Giving them strict directions for their flight, and especially enjoining upon them the necessity of great haste, the angels With the fearful command, "Escape for thy life, look not behind thee, neither tarry in all the plain," ringing in their ears, Lot and his little family pressed swiftly on to the city of refuge. It is difficult to realize, that, of the mighty population of the plain of Siddim, but four human beings should have been brought out from its overthrow, and that even this small number was reduced by the presumptive disobedience of one; but so it. The sacred record of this incident is very simple and concise; it is comprised in one verse, "But Lot's wife looked back. and became a pillar of salt."

Whatever was her motive in thus disobeying the commands of God, whether actuated by affection, and anxiety for the friends she had left, or with the intention of returning to Sodom, which she may have thought was foolishly forsaken, she was equally guilty; and her heaven-daring sin met a just retribution. Most signal was her punishment. The life blood curdled in her veins, her heart ceased its pulsations, and her limbs grew rigid as marble, as she stood in her act of disobedience. "A pillar of salt" she remained for ages, and perhaps yet remains, a striking monument of God's righteous judgment upon the wicked, and an impressive lesson to those who are disposed to trifle with his commands and requirements.

The sun had risen upon the earth, when Lot, with his two daughters, fatigued and dusty with their travel, entered Zoar .--What imagination can picture, or what words adequately describe the horrors of the brief hour which intervened between the flight of the only righteous inhabitant of Sodom, and its fearful overthrow. As the cloud filled with the terrible elements employed in its destruction, came surging on, and settled over the plain, what must have been the feelings of the wicked Sodomites, and how must their hearts have quailed at the fearful sight! In the halls of revelry, the feet of the dancers no longer moved to the merry sound of the harp and the timbrel, for they were hushed, and instead was heard the despairing shrieks of men and women.-The wine cup fell untasted from the bloodless hand of the debauchee, and he grew suddenly sober in his terror, as he saw the awful sight. The gambler forgot his losses, or his gains, and the assassin his victim. The thief relinquished his booty. madman ceased his ravings, while the sane grew suddenly mad, all under the various influence of horror and fear. There were no uninterested spectators there-none to stand by to philosophize and speculate upon the agony of others—all were concerned.— Old age upon its staff,—manhood in his strength,—woman distracted, and shrieking—and tottling infancy, were all included in the threatened overthrow. The greatest wealth, or the highest rank, brought no exemption from the general danger. the king and the beggar were alike. Selfish and vain prayers for mercy, were uttered by lips long used to the words of scoffing and blasphemy. The affrighted herds, with heads erect, and

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nostrils snuffing the foeted air, ran bellowing fearfully along the streets, trampling under their feet the fainting forms of the inhabitants. The idols gazed mockingly down upon the kneeling devotee, who found too late what it was to trust in them. were the wicked of Sodom filled with fear and agony, when the last moment of their existence came. The rising sun poured its golden light upon the earth, bringing safety to the righteous, but destruction to the wicked. The impending cloud was riven, and its contents descended in a sulphurous shower upon the plain. It poured in streams of molten lava upon the roofs, and ran in boiling and sputtering rivulets down the streets. The wretched inhabitants sank, writhing and gasping, into graves of liquid fire and brimstone. Their dying agonies were dreadful, but brief; and the last choking wail was soon hushed in death. The flames fed upon the sumptuous pallaces, and abodes of the rich, and on the low hovels of the poor, laying them in ashes together; and when Abraham had reached the spot where he had communed with God the preceding night, nought but one vast scene of desolation met his anxious gaze. "The smoke of the plain went up as the smoke of a great furnace," and of all the proud cities situated there, Zoar alone remained, marking the sanctuary of Lot. Oh! how full of instruction, and warning, is this terrible history! What an example for all succeeding ages to profit by! may not be forgotten, or doubted, natural evidences of its truth exist to this day. The foul and silent waters of the "Dead Sea" cover the spot. Its waves, more bitter than wormwood, are bottled up by the curious traveller, and subjected to the analysis of science. The apple-like fruit of the Osheil, beautiful to the sight, but gall and ashes to the taste, is produced upon its sterile coasts. desolate aspect of the sea, its shores and overhanging mountains, have no attractions for any but the pilgrim, or the scientific explorer.

Let us not presume to question the justice of that Being who hath wrought this desolation. God had not kept himself hidden from the eyes of the inhabitants of the plain, and they had no excuse for their unbelief. They would have had none, had they no other evidences of his existence, and his goodness, than those with which their beautiful valley abounded; but these were not all that were given them—they had more. When God defeated

the confederate kings of Elim and of Shinar, and brought back the people and the spoil of Sodom, by the hand of his servant, he declared by the mouths of Abraham and of Melchizedek, the royal priest of Salem, before the whole assembled multitude, that He had done it; but they withheld their hearts from him, and he became to them a consuming fire. In improving this to our own good, may we not apply to ourselves the words of the Apostle Timothy to the Hebrews—"Of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath counted the blood of the covenant wherewith he was sanctified an unholy thing, and hath done despite unto the Spirit of Grace."

SING THE AIRS OF CHILDHOOD.

BY PARK MOODY.

Sister, sing the airs of childhood In their accents soft and low, Wake this old familiar wildwood With the notes of long ago.

Sing those airs we fondly cherished When the heart beat high and fast, And though childhood's hopes have perished, Wake the echoes of the past.

Early dreams have all been thwarted, Sister dear, since last we met, But the changes since we parted Have not taught me to forget.

Then, beloved, in the wildwood
We so cherished long ago,
Sing again the airs of childhood—
Let their accents sweetly flow.

FADED HOPES AND FADED FLOWERS.

BY E. OAKLEY.

"AFTER all my care in arranging those beautiful flowers, they will very soon wither and fade," thought Adelia Sommers, as she placed a vase of fragrant roses on the table in the parlor. "Truly there is a striking similarity between them and my own brief history." She stood in pensive mood, soliloquizing with herself, as her father, who was engaged in reading, heard the unsuppressed sigh that escaped her.

"What is it, my dear child, that distresses you? Are you ill, or has any thing unpleasant occurred?" most tenderly inquired the kind parent.

"Not any thing, sir; and my health is good," replied the agitated daughter, seemingly mortified at the thought of betraying her feelings unconsciously in the presence of her father.

"Ada, my daughter, I have observed of late that something more than ordinary was preying on your mind," continued Mr. Ada felt the truth of her father's remark: delicacy Sommers. and pride forbade her replying as her better judgment urged her to, and walking to a window that overlooked the 'deep blue sea,' she gave vent to her feelings in audible sobs that both pained and surprised her doating father. Ada was his only child, and he her only remaining parent: he, through a train of fortuitous circumstances, had become wealthy, and before the disastrous times of 1836 and '7 occurred, retired with a princely estate, and purchased an elegant country residence on Long Island, which was surrounded with every comfort as well as luxury. The spacious lawn in front of the house was adorned with shrubbery of every variety shade trees were interspersed, so as to render the air cool and inviting—the flower garden could vie with any other for its quality and quantity of rare and beautiful flowers, of every hue. The house was built in cottage style, and one of those which have an air of neatness as well as gentility combined, that is more apt to please and attract attention than those of more magnificent struc-It stood on an eminence which overlooked the ocean, not

far distant. The reader may, perhaps, wonder why a young lady, possessing so many sources of comfort and pleasure, should suffer her spirits to droop, and render her so very unhappy. But there was one dear to her, that was at that time far from her. Several packets had arrived, and not the least intelligence had she received from her absent lover. Egbert Sheldon was the son of a distinguished lawyer, residing in one of the Eastern States, and had but a short time previous finished his college course, as his father designed for him mercantile life; he gave him this opportunity of travelling before he entered into a business which must necessarily engross most part of his time. Young Sheldon was what may be called a finished scholar, of fine personal appearance, affable in his manners, dignified in his deportment, and beloved by all.

Ada was beautiful—her fine brown hair was parted upon her noble brow, and tastefully arranged around her head—her fine blue eyes were at this time swimming with tears. She was decidedly a perfect model of classic beauty; her mind was of a high order, yet modesty lent a charm to her graceful manners, which rendered her exceedingly interesting. She was tenderly beloved by all her friends, and her father's choicest treasure.

Mr. Sommers arose from his seat in a short time, and walked up and down the room in silence, hoping his daughter would throw off the restraint so unnecessary, and unburthen her heart to him, that he might in some measure, at least, alleviate her sorrow. And as the reminiscences of other and earlier days came floating over his mind, his own bosom heaved at the remembrance of her who was the mother of Ada, and he exclaimed—

"My daughter! my own dear Ada, why do you add new sorrow to my already bereaved heart?"

She then, as if aroused to a sense of duty, explained to him the cause of her disquietude, and of the extreme apprehension she was under concerning the fate of Egbert. Mr. Sommers well knew she had just cause for solicitude, and prompted as he was to urge her to dispel her gloomy thoughts, could only say—

"Do not distress yourself too much, my dear daughter; you will soon hear of his safe arrival in Europe, together with that of his friend who accompanied him."

The sound of carriage wheels at this moment attracted their

attention, and as it turned down the road leading to the house, they observed the father and sister of young Sheldon, accompanied by a young lady and gentleman, who were as yet strangers to them. A gleam of hope stole over the mind of Ada—it might be, perchance, that some intelligence from Egbert had been received by his family. She ran with eagerness to welcome them; but the first question after exchanging the usual civilities was—

"Have you received any news from my son, my dear Ada?"

A melancholy shake of the head was all the reply she could render the anxious father of her lover. Mr. Sommers, in order to relieve her mind, observed—

"We were in hopes, sir, you were the bearer of some intelligence from him."

Both families seemed equally anxious to learn something of the cause of Egbert's apparent neglect; and were as yet unable to gather the least information concerning him.

Caroline Sheldon introduced her young friends as Frederick Mason and his sister Henrietta, of New-York city. Young Mason was one of those selfish looking persons who seem always satisfied with themselves, and not exactly pleased with those around them. His sister was quite the reverse of her brother. There was something peculiarly pleasing in the appearance of Miss Mason. She was not beautiful, yet there was much to interest the beholder: there was a peculiar sweetness of expression in her countenance, joined to an accomplished mind, which rendered her extremely prepossessing.

"Miss Mason can truly sympathize with us, dear Ada. She has the very same anxiety as regards hearing from absent friends, that we are struggling with."

"Ah!" rejoined Mr. Sheldon, "this leaving home and friends for pleasure, after all is attended with uncertainty. Egbert seemed desirous of travelling for a few months, and I had ever been impressed with the thought of its proving advantageous to him both in cultivating his mind and rendering him better acquainted with the business and commerce of foreign countries. But, that which relieves my mind most is, he has a most invaluable friend and companion in Mr. Spencer, who accompanied him; but I must say, I almost dread the arrival of the next packet."

An ashy paleness overspread the countenance of Ada at this forcible remark of Mr. Sheldon.

"My dear father," added Miss Caroline, "do not despond too much. Brother will no doubt make up this deficiency by an over supply of letters soon."

"Why, really, ladies," said young Mason, with stoical indifference, "I see no good reason for all this alarm. The young gentlemen, no doubt, are at this time in good health, and enjoying themselves, while you are grieving and wasting your sighs for nought."

"Brother, do not trifle thus with the feelings of your friends," added his sister, weeping.

"Well, really, sister Henrietta, I should not object to a voyage across the Atlantic myself, provided I could have the consolation of leaving three such guardian spirits as they have to pray for me," returned the selfish brother.

The gentle girl felt quite chagrined at her brother's unkind Miss Sommers rallied her spirits, and proposed a walk in the garden, leaving the gentlemen to discuss matters most congenial to themselves. But Mr. Sheldon was much absorbed with anxiety for his son, and Mr. Sommers for Ada, causing the conversation to find no other channel for the next hour. The lovely sister of young Sheldon was a tall, fine formed young lady, with an intelligent countenance, her complexion a clear brown: her dark grey eyes gave additional lustre to her countenance. Young Mason was by no means indifferent to her charms. The young ladies, after rambling through the spacious garden for some time, retired to a delightful grove, on an eminence that overlooked the It was one of those beautiful mornings in June that we can remember enjoying in the country, which has been preceded by a copious shower during the night, and the clouds are dispelled by the rising sun, and the grass yet wet and glittering with drops as it were of liquid fire, which disappear rapidly as the sun makes its way to the meridian, and the zephyr breeze floats along murmuring gently through the foliage of the trees. Their resort was a favorite one of Mr. Sommers and his daughter, and it was there he often conversed with Ada of her mother, and would ever remind her of the many prayers that she had offered to God in her behalf. Those thoughts of her mother and counsels of her father had produced a lasting impression on her mind, and rendered the place hallowed to her. The young ladies seated themselves on a rustic couch near the entrance of the grove, that commanded a more extensive view of the sea, which was calm and unruffled as a peaceful lake; its rippling waves were quietly stealing over a bed of smooth sand; a few fishing boats were now and then seen gliding over its tranquil bosom; the white sails of a ship in the distance equally contrasted in the scene before them. The young ladies chatted on various subjects for some time, alternately watching the noble packet they saw when first entering the grove, which they now perceived was becalmed, and possibly had been for some hours. At length said Ada—

"Perhaps we are too impatient. Our letters may have been miscarried, and who knows but yonder ship may be the bearer of some welcome news to us."

"Oh! I do wish," said Miss Mason, "we could see those sails fill with wind, instead of hanging so carelessly from the yard-arm."

The usual vivacity of Ada returned, and she kindly condescended to point out to her friends the romantic and sublime scenery within their view. Miss Mason was a passionate admirer of nature, and the words 'sublime,' 'grand,' 'most magnificent,' would escape her as her eyes wandered from scene to scene, as they stood on the summit of an eminence that commanded a more extensive view of the surrounding country, and the vast expanse of water beneath them.

"But what do I hear?" said Ada. "It is a carriage I see in the windings of the road below."

In a few moments it was seen in the direction of Mr. Sommers' residence. The ladies simultaneously left for the house: the sound of wheels rapidly approached. In looking up they beheld in an open gig, Mr. Spencer. He passed without particularly observing them. What could it all mean, to return so unexpectedly and alone? Where, oh! where could Egbert be? were thoughts that passed rapidly through the minds of each. most serious apprehensions seemed possible with them, and they returned to the house in a state of great anxiety and suspense.— He arrived at the house a few moments in advance of them, the The ladies entered the parlor almost bearer of sad tidings indeed. as soon as himself, a heavy gloom overshadowing the brow of each. After paying the respect due to age and worth, the ladies next received his attention. As he grasped the hand of Ada, she exclaimed"Where, oh! where have you left Egbert? Do not torture me thus with suspense."

Caroline sunk in her father's arms, and it seemed as if one blight of sorrow had passed on all. He turned to Mr. Sheldon.

"I have returned unexpectedly, sir."

"I am most anxiously waiting an explanation," added Mr. Sheldon. "My son, is he alive?"

"Oh! could this mournful duty have been spared me. He is no more," replied Mr. Spencer.

Ada could bear up no longer, but swooned in the arms of Miss Mason, and both she and Caroline were borne senseless from the room. Mr. Spencer then gave, in concise a manner as possible, a detail of their voyage, and of Egbert's illness and death, which occurred in Scotland. They had the advantage of fine weather and good health in crossing the Atlantic, and every prospect seemed favorable, as they contemplated with delight their intended The day they landed at Liverpool, Egbert complained of great debility, with slight fever, which in a short time completely prostrated his strength. They deemed it prudent not to communicate their unpleasant situation to their friends, hoping soon to be able to write something that would cheer, instead of alarming them. But Egbert's disease daily assumed a more formidable appearance: his physician advised a change of scene and air, which, however, proved unavailing. Every effort failed, and death closed the scene, which was one of entire submission to the will of God, humbly relying on him for mercy through the blood of his dear Son. His friends in his illness were not forgotten-far To his parents and sister and Ada he imparted through his friend an affectionate farewell. The ship which contained his remains was becalmed some few miles from the city, and Mr. Spencer left in a pilot-boat for New-York, and there learning that Egbert's friends, together with some of his own, were at Mr. Sommers' country-seat, he took the most effectual means of arriving there speedily. The body of Mr. Sheldon had been embalmed. and placed in a leaden coffin. It was deemed advisable for the friends to leave for New-York, the same evening, to receive his remains. Perhaps the reader can better imagine the scene which ensued, than we can describe. Mr. Sheldon, his daughter, and Ada, seemed bowed to the earth with grief, as they left on their

mournful errand,—to look upon and deposite the remains of one they held so dear to the silent tomb. Mr. Sommers and daughter returned home in a few days, but to weep and mourn. Smitten indeed was the lovely flower that he had so fondly reared and dearly loved. She bowed her head like a lily drooping with its own weight, as she walked with her dear father once more to the garden.

"There," said she, pointing to the flowers as they were budding and putting forth in beauty—" you see a fit emblem of my own and Egbert's short history, and to-morrow you will find them too falling to the earth, faded, and all their fragrance lost." The father wept, and clasping her to his widowed heart, he exclaimed—

"My dear daughter! live for my sake. What will this world be to me without my Ada?"

But the heart of Ada was stricken, and all her hopes were crushed beneath this heavy blow. Mr. Sommers proposed travelling with her, which she kindly consented to for his sake. They remained from home during the summer in quest of health for Ada; but futile was every hope. She sunk gradually as with a slow disease, and ere the leaves of summer had fallen from their parent tree, the lovely daughter of Mr. Sommers was transplanted from the bosom of her doating father to the silent tomb, and her happy and sanctified spirit transplanted to heaven, to mingle her songs of praise with those she had loved on earth.

MY RETREAT.

BY WM. A. SLEEPER.

I love to seek that shady spot When weary toil is o'er,— There all my sorrows seem forgot, And tire my brain no more.

There Nature wears her beauteous hue, And all her smiles serene,— Nor'neath the sky's expanse of blue Is there a lovelier scene.

Beneath, the laughing ripples play—Above, the sparkling rill,
Breathing its sweet, melodious lay,
Glides down the rugged hill.

There, I can gaze on Nature's face, Her woods and landscapes green— The hand of her Creator trace In every changing scene.



Yellow Prose.

ELDORADO SKETCHES .-- No. II.

BY J. M. PLETCHER.

THE day was clear and beautiful—the sun, unobscured by a cloud, shone upon the parched hills, and was reflected in dazzling light from small particles of quartz rock scattered here and there over the surface, when, equipped for a fortnight's peregrinations among the mountains, the Colonel and myself, who had been deputized by the company for this enterprise, left Kelley's Bar, and proceeded up between the Middle and North Forks of the American river. Our object was to explore the canons and head waters of these Forks, and discover, if possible, dry diggings, the design of the company being to erect cabins, and locate during the rainy season if a desirable place could be found. We toiled up the hill which overlooks the river, occasionally resting our animals, and soon came to the beautiful vale, called by Mr. Williams, the first white settler there, Pleasant Valley. was mounted on a fine mule, a useful animal in that place, and which will thrive on what will not support life in a horse, while I bestrode an Indian pony-strong and muscular, and quite large for that country where the horses are all small. Our blankets were fastened behind our saddles, which were enormous things, with wooden frames and stirrups covered with raw-hide, and our other equipments—a set of light mining tools, rifles, pistols and the like-were attached to our saddle-bows. We carried also a small stewpan, which was the only cooking utensil we had, and expecting to kill some game, took only a small quantity of provisions, which we found to our cost was not done in wisdom, for, during the whole time we were absent, we killed nothing.— Our little dog Rosa, a half Coyote, followed us, expressing her delight in a variety of ways. She joined our company some months previous of her own accord, and became a general favorite. At first, she kept at a distance, following us for three days without once approaching; but at length, by repeated offers of food, she came to us and permitted us to stroke her silken sides, which were of a jet black. After that, nothing could induce her to leave

us, and she proved a valuable watch-dog, though quite small.—
Before she had been with us a week, we accidentally put her faithfulness to the test. In prospecting some of the cañons on the North Fork, we secreted our heavy baggage, which was difficult to carry, in a retired place, and covered it up with our Indiarubber ponchos. Sometime after we left it, little Rosa was missed, and we expected, as she had been with us so short a time, that she had deserted us; but what was our surprise when, coming back four days after, we saw her faithfully guarding the secreted goods, where she had remained during our absence without food. This proof of her service endeared her to us, and she became the pet of all.

The Colonel, who was now my travelling companion, was a thorough backwoods-man. There was no secret of forest life with which he was not acquainted. We soon came to heavy wooded land, and wound round the hills beneath the shade of giant pines, which rose, straight as an arrow, to a great height. came to a spring of good water, and picketed our animals near us in tolerable good feed. We ate our supper as the night shadows gathered round us, and spread our blankets beneath a branching oak, where during the night we slept soundly and undisturbed. The next day we had not proceeded far when we missed the trail, but this gave us no uneasiness, as it was not our intention to have followed it much further—we therefore travelled by compass and the range of the hills. We soon discovered traces of Indians, and passed several deserted wigwams. On several of the large pine trees we saw poles attached to the lower limbs to enable them to climb up with ease and gather the nuts which grow in the conical pine balls. We kept ourselves prepared for any danger as much as was in our power. Every morning we discharged our rifles, and reloaded, that they might be sure fire. We cared less for the Indians than the grizzly bears which infest that region. sight of a rifle would put a score of the former to flight, but the latter were not to be intimidated by the sight of firearms, or the smell of powder. It was always safest to give them the entire path. They will not always attack, but if once wounded, or incited to combat, a regiment of riflemen could not put one of them to flight. We repeatedly crossed their tracks, and sometimes travelled with an oak tree some distance ahead in view,

which it would be easy to climb in case one of these monsters should suddenly introduce himself.

At night we came to a deep canon, which we descended on foot, leaving our animals secured on the side of the hill, it being too steep to take them down. We dug into the side of the hill for a sleeping place, and built our fire at the bottom, that it might not be seen if Indians were prowling around. It was an exceedingly gloomy place. The hills rose abruptly on each side, and the lofty pines shut out entirely the blue sky from our view, swinging to and fro in the night wind with a mournful sound. Nevertheless we slept soundly, and without apprehension. In the morning, as the Colonel busied himself with breakfast, I climbed up the side of the hill to look after our animals. I found the mule safe, though looking the picture of affright, but my noble horse' beside him was dead. He probably became frightened in the night, and plunged down the hill with such velocity that it threw him when he reached the end of his rope, and broke his neck .-This was an unlooked for misfortune. I had come to love him almost like a being endowed with reason, and certainly, he deserved it all. His quick ear always detected the approach of danger, and with nostrils extended and ears pricked forward, he spoke as plainly as words could speak. His free limbs would never brook the shackles of harness, yet so gentle was he, I could guide him with a thread, and frequently rode him in dangerous places without bridle or halter. The report of a rifle under his very nostrils would not cause a fibre of his frame to shake, but a word from his rider would set every nerve in motion—in the chase his eyes shot sparks of fire.

I broke this news to the Colonel with a saddened look, but aceidents of this kind were familiar to him, and an expedient always ready. "We can ride my mule alternately," said he, "and get along very well, and if you are anxious to get a shot at a grizzly bear, they will no doubt come to feed on his carcase." I thought I should like to shoot any and everything which came to disturb the remains of my noble favorite, who, it seemed to me, deserved Christian burial, but the practicability of the thing was doubtful. We strapped our effects on the mule, and took turns in riding him. I cast one lingering look behind as I departed on General Scott, for such was the name of my poor horse. Others of the

company had given names no less illustrious to their animals; thus we had, besides, General Taylor and Santa Anna. Taylor to whip Santa Anna," said the owner of the former.— "That may be," was the reply, "but Santa Anna can't be beat for running." We crossed the canon a little further up, where it was less difficult, and soon after came to "dry diggings," which had been worked in secret. We examined every thing cautiously, thinking it possible the miners had secreted themselves, on our approach, to mislead us in regard to the diggings being profitable. but found nothing to indicate their actual presence. Tracks were indeed fresh, both of men and horses, and the bough huts seemed as if but just deserted—a pack of monte cards was strewn in the door-way of one of them, and fragments of camp furniture were strewn here and there, but nothing of value remained. amined the earth in the different excavations—the first panful we washed, yielded about one dollar, but the succeeding ones were nearly valueless. We thoroughly prospected the place before we left, which took us nearly the day, but without success. peared that a few of the ravines emptying into the canon were rich up to a certain distance, but these had all been worked out. Towards night we proceeded on our way, intending to make a circuit, and strike the canon again that we might not be without The tracks to the place we had just left had been disguised, that they might lead no one thither; we therefore had no trail and were guided by compass.

The country became more wild and mountainous as we penetrated farther in. We went into the cañon at night to sleep, and built a fire against a large stump about forty feet high, and spread our blankets near it. During the night it ignited, the fire having penetrated to the inside, which was hollow and dry, and the live coals rattled down upon our very heads before we were aware.—
It shortly broke out in one great sheet of blaze, lighting up the forest far and near. As we removed to a distance, and tried again to sleep, grim spectres of the wood danced between the leafy shades, assuming hideous shapes, caused by the unnatural glare. In the morning, as we discharged our firearms, there was an answer, which was again repeated, and again, till twelve shots were fired. The Colonel inferred from the number and rapid succession of the shots fired, that a party had slept out without water,

and were anxious to discover our whereabouts—whether foes or friends. We again fired, and were answered, the report being more distinct, and consequently nearer. This was kept up till two buckskin clad adventurers came in sight. They informed us they were out with a company of twelve—camped about half a mile distant—and from them the waste of ammunition had proceeded. They were not without water, and were out on the same errand as ourselves. We tried to get provisions of them, but could not, and after ascertaining as near as possible our position, left them, not wishing to travel in company.

Innumerable cañons and deep gulches presented themselves, as we pushed onward. Many of these we prospected, and in most of them found some gold, but not enough to induce us to remain. For three days from the time we left the scene of the conflagration, we kept steadily onward, going farther up into the mountains. I had great confidence in the Colonel as a shot, and when at length we fell in with deer, I waited to hear the report of his rifle before I fired. We both drew up together, and almost at the same moment the reports of both rifles echoed through the forest. The deer were a long way off, but we could not easily get nearer without disturbing them, and I thought it doubtful if either shot took effect, and so it proved. They went bounding off, apparently unhurt. At noon the next day, we entered a deserted wigwam. and rested ourselves for an hour. There was some water in a spring near by, but it was very poor. We scooped it out of the hollows in the rock, and mixed our last flour into a cake, which we fried with a little pork. We had now only a little hard bread remaining, and had not tasted fresh meat for many weeks-the opportunities for getting it were not so good, even, on the Bar where we had recently been employed, as in the woods.

We were still in hopes of procuring game, and determined not to go directly back, but take a circuitous route round. We were, we knew not what distance, from any camp of whites where supplies could be obtained, but kept our spirits up nevertheless.—There were resources, should game fail us, which would support life. We proceeded from thence up a steep hill, which soon after we descended on the other side, and entered a beautiful valley, through which ran a clear stream of water. It was surrounded on all sides by high hills, and the green underwood, which clus-

tered on the banks of the rivulet, made it appear a little Eden.— The mule was turned loose to nibble the green grass, but with his pack on, however, as we did not deem it expedient to tarry long, even in that beautiful place. We let no opportunity slip of prospecting a favorable place, and as we took our pick and pan to do so here, we thought how delightful this valley would be, compared with the surrounding country, for winter quarters! We washed a panful of the earth in the ravine, and it produced a beautiful round piece of gold, weighing two or three penny weights. This made us sanguine of success. If this heavy gold was on the surface, surely it must yield well deeper down. With sleeves rolled up, and eager for the prize, we excavated deeper and deeper, but what was our disappointment, as we tried panful after panful of earth, to find that it yielded nothing, not even when we reached the slate formation beneath. We tried other places near with no better success. This was sadly disheartening to us, and the examination of our store of provisions was not likely to raise our spirits in the least. At this moment, a gray squirrel emerged from the underwood, near the water, and ascended a large pine tree.— I seized my rifle, which was standing near, just before the squirrel had reached the lower limbs, which were about fifty feet from the ground, and fired. The shot took effect on his hind legs, and carried them both away, but with the tenacity of a last struggle for life, he slowly drew himself up with his fore-claws, as a sailor climbs a rope, and settled himself on a limb, where he probably expired. From the time the shot took effect, till he reached the limb, I watched him with intense interest, expecting every moment to see him fall; but when finally I saw him beyond my reach, I turned away, not knowing before that a squirrel possessed so much value. It was a large one, however, he seemed to me, with his tail spread over his back, as large as a rabbit, and I have not forgotten yet how he would have tasted at that time made into a stew.

We took a south-easterly direction, intending to strike the Middle Fork, with some hope of falling in with parties, if any were ascending. The next day at noon, we came to a stream of running water, beautifully shaded by overhanging trees, beneath which we sat down and ate the last of our provisions, throwing a little to the dog, and drinking the cool water which flowed at our

feet. It was a delicious meal, though the rich man in his dining-room would have spurned it as unfit for dogs; and we pressed on invigorated, and with spirits buoyant as when first we started.—
Where the next was to come from we knew not.

. The Colonel's eyes wandered to little Rosa, as she frolicked round us, as if it was an unsettled question whether the dog or the mule should fall a sacrifice, but this alternative was spared us. Before night, we fell in with a solitary horseman, who informed us that his comrades were close at hand. They had penetrated thus far up, in their tireless search for gold, but by no means were as scantly provisioned as ourselves. As we came to their camp. a fine buck was exhibited, and soon after one of the party came. in with two more, which were a complete load for his horse.— Thus, unexpectedly, we obtained all that was necessary, and if our hearts were clouded by fears, they were all dispelled by the good cheer which awaited us. We learned from our kind entertainers, that the Indians were banded together, and occupied a cañon some distance above. This was the reason we had not met any of them, though we had passed through the heart of their country. We were now near the Middle Fork, and the following morning turned homeward, bidding adieu to our friends. As we proceeded down, we met other parties coming up, induced by exaggerated reports of dry diggings worked in secret, of canons high up, known only to the Indians, and a few adventurous whites, where the gold was inexhaustible, and fortunes could be scraped from the crevices of the rocks. The parties themselves were not willing to allow that they had been deceived, and stories gained credence which misled the unwary, and caused suffering to a fearful extent. It was almost impossible for the river miners to hear these reports, indefinite as they were, without packing up their all, and pushing onward, they knew not where, as if, when securely making their ounce a day, they had not reached the Eldorado. In this way time was lost, and the gain of months exhausted. It is true they were not always unsuccessful. deposits were sometimes found, which richly paid the pioneers of these enterprises, but oftener they were total failures.

There was hardly a ravine, or canon, in that wide extent of country, which had not been explored. It seemed incredible that human foot had ever trod those wild and desolate places; but, as

the adventurous gold-seeker is about to congratulate himself that he has discovered the promised treasure-ground, his eye falls upon a footmark in the soil—a booted heel-print—and therefore it cannot be an Indian's, and, beside, it is an excavation, made by another pick than his, and he asks himself in astonishment, "Have others been before me?"

I have descended step by step, a precipice more dangerous than the roof of a slated building, now swinging over a chasm where the water dashed a hundred feet below—now creeping, snail-like, round a jutting point, till at length the ravine below is reached—only to find the camp-fire of some prior adventurer, who came and went like a passing breath in his search for gold, smouldering at the water's edge.

A DEATH SONG.

BY PARK MOODY.

My spirit plumes her wings for flight, I can no longer see the light— Kind friends around my pillow stay, Nor grieve that I should pass away.

The earth is fair, yet fairer still
The life beyond its ev'ry ill,—
And sweet the joys of earthly love,
But sweeter are the joys above.

My soul no longer clings to earth, Exulting in a higher birth; In rapture now it breaks away— Farewell, I can no longer stay.

She spake, and all was still—a smile
Was on her lifeless brow the while;
Her spirit sought its high abode—
Thus sang the pure—thus died the good.

HANNAH.

BY TIRZAH F. M. CURRY.

FAR away, amid the sheltered hills of Palestine, dwelt a pious mother, whose whole earthly affections were entwined around one tenderly loved object—an infant son, whose lips had not yet learned to lisp the infant's prayer, or breathe the name of mother. Hitherto, her pathway had been strewed with a series of trials and crosses, unknown to us, who are wont to enjoy the undivided possessions of our husbands' hearts and homes. A rival, in some respects, more fortunate than herself, wearied this sorrowful woman with reproaches, on account of her want of offspring-a want which, in eastern countries, at that period, was considered a great Instead of becoming angry at this unkind treatment. the gentle Hannah betook herself to the true source of consolation. and humbly besought the Lord to look upon her affliction. son was given her, which, in accordance with a vow previously made, she dedicated to the temple service, and named him Samuel, signifying, "I have received him of the Lord."

The sacred historian gives us no further account of the haughty Pennina or her children, and but little is said of Samuel during his infancy. The little that is recorded goes to show that Hannah was not unmindful of her vow. It is at this period, in the quiet of her home, and in the discharge of her domestic duties. that we love to contemplate the wife of Elkanah. How happy beyond expression she must have been, as she ministered to the wants of her infant son, listened to all his childish blandishments. and saw the rose of health deepening on his cheek as he played around the cottage door. Ah! were there then no withdrawings of heart from the performance of that rash vow? Did not the mother sometimes triumph over the dutiful child of God, and wist to hide in her own bosom that precious treasure which had been given in answer to prayer? No. On the contrary she seem to have hastened the fulfillment of her promise, and even sooner than our erring judgment would recommend, she carries the little Samuel up to Jerusalem to "present him to the Lord." It is simply said by the historian, that the "child was young," at

the time of this public dedication, and according to Jewish tradition, he was about three years old—a tender age at which to be separated from the maternal bosom, and cousigned to the care of strangers. Probably the tender hearted mother feared that if she retained him longer, her constancy would be shaken, and the trial of parting with him increased. To the arms of good old Eli she yields him, not with willingness only, but with a song of triumph, which, for beauty and sublimity, has few parallels in sacred history. Having performed her vow, and torn from her breast the tender nursling, Hannah returns with her pious husband to their peaceful home. The void in their affections, which, perhaps, to them appeared irreparable, was soon filled, for we are told that Eli blessed Elkanah and his wife, and said, "The Lord give thee seed of this woman for the loan that is lent to the Lord."

The increased domestic cares, occasioned by the birth of other sons and daughters, did not cause this faithful woman to forget her first-born. Although she had lent him to the Lord during life. she still felt that affection for him which had prompted her to cherish with such increasing care the first years of his existence. In proof of this, we are told, that "she made him a little coat every year, and brought it up to him when she came to the yearly sacrifice." Now this act may to some appear trifling and scarcely worthy of being recorded; but to our mind it has ever been full of interest. On Hannah's part, it was unnecessary; for having entered upon the temple service, it was expected that all his wants would be supplied from the public treasury, without further expense to his parents. Still it was a source of pleasure to the mother's heart, and in the breast of the little Samuel, it served to keep alive that filial attachment and regard, which might otherwise have faded from his mind.

We who are mothers, well know with what interest the winter coats for our flaxen haired boys are prepared, while they are sporting around our firesides, or with willing footsteps hasting to do our bidding. What then must have been the emotions which thrilled in Hannah's bosom, as she busily plied her needle, to prepare a garment for the loved and absent one, whose tread was heard only in temple courts, and whose childish glee, instead of being fostered by the approving smiles of a kind mother, we may well suppose was restrained by the venerable appearance and

solemn tones of the pious Eli. Of the fashion and texture of this garment we are ignorant. Fine linen, wool, and goat's hair were all used, in the manufacture of clothing at this period, but which of these composed Samuel's "little coat" we are not told.

From the brief history of Hannah, our sex may learn an impor-In the sacred writings, woman is presented to us in various attitudes and characters. At one time, we contemplate Deborah in the act of judging Israel, and even assisting Barak in leading the hosts of the Lord to battle. In the same grouping we see Jael the Kenite, putting to death the haughty Sisera, and in both cases we admire the bravery that prompted them to perform such wonderful deeds. In the sorrowing Rizpah we admire the faithful devotion to her kindred which led her to expose herself to the scorching heat of the summer sun, in order that the decaying bodies of her sons and relatives might not be torn by beasts and birds of prey. Abigail presents to the mind, in a pre-eminent degree, the picture of a prudent and faithful wife, who, notwithstanding she was united to a mean and churlish man, yet managed his affairs with so much discretion, that she secured for him the forbearance, if not the favor of the enraged David. But when we contemplate the gentle and lovely Hannah, we scarcely know which trait in her character to admire most. Her patience under provocation should teach us to avoid domestic discord and strife. Her constant attendance on the services of the sanctuary, should admonish us to be more diligent in the use of the means of grace which we enjoy. Her prudent regard for the opinions of her husband, and her attachment to him, are worthy our imitation. Her self-denying care of her infant, and promptness in resuming her visits to the temple as soon as he was weaned, are evidences that she "preferred Jerusalem above her chief joy."

Soon, too soon, alas! the curtain drops, and we hear no more of the mother of the prophet Samuel. We know not whether she was gathered to her rest, among her kindred, in a good old age, or whether the hills of Epraim echoed the wailings of her helpless orphans, deprived of her guardian care, in the spring time of their existence. Ah! it matters not how, or when, or where, the summons of death comes, to one who has so faithfully served her generation, and who had, by her consistent piety, erected so lasting a minument to her worth.

Grand View, Ohio.

FAREWELL LINES,

ADDRESSED TO A MOTHER ON LEAVING HOME.

BY MRS. OLIVER CRAME.**

FAREWELL! my dear mother, farewell!

On earth I shall see thee no more;
I go among heathen to dwell,

To die on a far distant shore.

But, mother, when far, far away,
Though wide rolling oceans divide,
In dreams I shall visit thee still—
At night I shall rest by thy side.

While nature is wrapt in repose,
When all is so tranquil and mild,
I know you will think of me then—
Oh, mother! then pray for your child.

But ask not for ease or for fame,
Or aught that the world can bestow—
But Jesus may still prove my friend,
His presence still cheer where I go:

That I may his Spirit possess—
That spirit of kindness and love,
Which prompted His visit to earth,
Though reigning in glory above.

Like Him I would hasten away,
And joyfully bid you adieu;
The daughters of Asia still cry,
And I have their rescue in view.

Detain me not here for a day,
For this is no longer my home,—
I've heard the sad cry from afar,
And the Spirit still beckons me on.

Dear mother! then dry up your tears,
All feelings of sadness dispel;
'Tis the Saviour who calls me away—
Farewell! dearest mother, farewell!

^{&#}x27;Missionary to the Armenians of Turkey

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

Among the many thousands who will read these pages, there must be many sons and daughters growing up to that most interesting period of life which is expected to connect the destiny of the two sexes. We say expected, for none at the present day doubt the blessings of the institution, whatever may be the peculiarity of their own circumstances. The marriage relation is an ordinance of Providence. And vet, it is not one of those positive and unexceptionable ordinances which must be obeved. We are left free to choose. Perhaps in youth the great mass of either party are contemplating this event sooner or later. It is said that marriage, "whatever it be to man, is that from which woman expects to derive her chief happiness." And one of the strongest arguments in its favor, we think, is derived from the fact that while the married life brings many sorrows, the single life has no joys. Those of our readers who have read Tennyson will find this thought expressed in most beautiful language in the following stanzas:

"This truth came borne with bier and pall,
I felt it when I sorrowed most;
"Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all."

Yes, the marriage relation has its sorrows. Sickness, disease, and even death, will enter the family group. How it breaks the heart to part with its dearest object on earth! What strong cords, which are woven around the heart of the parent by the child, are to be broken, when death compels the parent to lay it in the grave! And yet, "better to have loved and lost." These afflictions bind the family group together, and strengthen the cords that remain. They also make heaven more attractive. For no member of the pious family is lost, and that friendship commenced here on earth will be strengthening forever above.

But he who remains alone has no joys. What can he know about those domestic ties which bind the family together? The

plans and prospects which enter so deeply into the hearts, and call forth so much activity and self-denial for those whose lives are bound up in the parents, are unknown to the isolated heart. These very efforts and self-denials contribute to a parent's joys. And they are most happy when sharing most of their joys and of their emoluments together. The family circlé illustrates the truth forcibly, that the heart is made most happy by expansion. True happiness of the heart consists in a great measure in making And the more broadcast this seed is sown the others happy. richer the harvest. We remember to have seen the remark of a man who had accumulated great wealth for his children, who when told they would spend it, gratified himself with the remark that if they took as much pleasure in spending as he did in accumulating for them, he should be fully satisfied. But we are wandering from our subject. It was not our object to draw a comparison between the married and single life, but to suggest some thoughts which might be of use in preparing the youth for the active spheres of life.

Courtship and marriage, are always subjects of merriment and sport in the circle of the young, and often in the family circle are introduced without attributing to them the importance which they demand. No subjects pertaining to the world are of greater consequence or deserve more careful attention. The inculcation of right principles in the choice of a companion should begin early with the parents. We do not say that they should commence with their formal lectures on the subject of courtship or marriage in the early days of childhood. But they should inculcate those principles, and clearly draw out those lines of demarkation which are the necessary ingredients of true and lasting companionship. And this should commence in early life, and be followed up to its practical result. They should be so deeply impressed upon the mind, that no temptation of external show could reverse the decision.

We begin with courtship. There is such a thing as courtship. That is of one party winning the affections of the other. —This may commence accidentally, or merely in a pleasing appearance. The society of the party may be sought, and the affections cultivated, until they become mutual. There is something which, perhaps, neither party may be able to define, that binds them together in their affections, and mutual choice of each other. Whatever others may think, or in whatever estimation they may be held by the community around, is of small consequence to them. They are all the world to each other. The breaking of this cord, breaks the heart. And whenever one party suspects this affection to exist in the heart of the other, he or she is bound by all that is sacred to form a decision in the shortest possible time, and to make no advances, and suffer none to be made, which are not seriously intended to be sustained. Any other course should sacrifice the character of the untrue, as it breaks the heart of the faithful. On this point there cannot be too much circumspection.

What, then, are the necessary ingredients which should enter into the choice of true and lasting companionship? We mention piety first, because though there may be companionship where it does not exist, yet there is no safety without it, and it is essentially necessary to strengthen and perfect the ties of affection.— It will often be called into vigorous exercise through all their journey of life. They cannot do without it in the parting hour of death. No professed Christian should dream for a moment that he, or she, can take a companion for life who is not hopefully pious. It will not avail to refer us to the many happy instances of the unconverted becoming true disciples after marriage. many have visited the deadly coast of Africa, and escaped with their life; but ten chances to one, if the bones of him who goes there are not left with the thousands before him, to bleach on its sands. Piety is the crowning ornament, especially to female character-it sweetens all the domestic ties, helps bear up under all the afflictions and trials incident to the domestic relation, and gives the only hope of a reunion after death. What anxiety and distress must attend the journey of life when either party is without it! Whatever allurements the world may hold out to happiness, depend on it, it cannot compensate for the want of this, nor allow his joys to be unsullied who feels that God does not smile upon the choice of his affections. It is, and must ever be felt to be, a defect in the sum total of the happiness of the conjugal relation.

Another essential ingredient which should enter into the choice of a companion for life, is a heart-felt esteem for the character of the person to be chosen. This cannot be founded on external circumstances. Beauty and wealth are, perhaps, the two great temptations which lead the youth astray, and make shipwreck of the happiness of the married life. They present themselves in so fair a garb, and make so much display that we are apt to regard them as really connected with the character of the person, instead of mere appendages, which when separated from the person, leave the character which we so much esteemed anything but desirable. The sentiment of esteem must necessarily be founded on the intrinsic merits of the character which can be affected by no external changes or vicissitudes. And while this is true of piety and of the cultivation of the heart and intellect, it is not true of beauty or wealth. These remarks are most strikingly illustrated by the daily occurrences in the married life. Who, and what are the parties who are petitioning for bills of separation before our civil courts? The one has married a beauty—the other a millionaire. Either has got the object of his choice, and should be resigned to their folly. But neither have found happiness, for who would be wedded to a box of paint, or a lump of gold? On the other hand. we believe observation will show that the most sincere and lasting affection has been found to exist between those whose external appearance at first sight has been the most ugly and forbidding. It is the heart, in all its loveliness, and cultivation. seen and felt, without these external trappings which calls forth the lasting esteem and admiration of the truly wise. And when this conviction forms the basis of a companionship, it will remain as firm as the "everlasting hills." No vicissitudes of life will shake it, and even the very afflictions and adversities which abate that affection which is founded on the attendant circumstances of the choice, seem to cement and strengthen the former.

Another important consideration in this choice, is a similarity of circumstances, or condition in life. It is by no means necessary that the rich should marry the rich, or the poor the poor, in order to secure happiness, but there should be a similarity of taste and education. A lady of refined taste and education should never be induced by any circumstances to connect herself with a family of the opposite character. It will prove a source of mortification through all her life, and even the very effort to conceal the fact will only show how unequally the yoke bears. This is equally true with regard to either party, and is one of the most productive

sources of wretchedness in the married life. It is neither poverty nor riches which produces this misery, but the want of a similarity of life, or of circumstances which create a common sympathy and fellow-feeling. Time was when female education was esteemed of little value—when on the whole it was thought better to bring up our daughters in ignorance, and teach them how to save money, rather than to expand their minds by giving them a superior education, and qualifying them for the higher enjoyments of life.— But these times have changed. Many have discovered that mind is superior to matter, and however large the fortune, unless accompanied by intellectual strength, all the external display will be felt to be a poor substitute. Hence the age demands intellectual culture. And where either party has the advantage of the other in this respect, the community will at once detect it. rich marry the rich, and each pride themselves upon their riches, they stand, as to similarity of taste and circumstances, precisely on the same ground as when the poor marry the poor, only we think as to the prospect of true happiness the poor have the advan-The poor by a change of circumstances may rise in the But woe be to the rich when, by a change of circumworld. stances, it shall appear that all that gave them their consequence in their own eyes, and in the eyes of others, was their wealth, their splendid mansions and costly furniture, which have disappeared. It is well, then, in the choice of a companion, to make some provision against such reverses. How lovely does that woman appear, who, in the reverse of fortune, is seen with the placid brow and the gentle smile, cheerfully laying aside the tinsel trappings which may have ornamented her in the hour of prosperity, and betaking herself to the honest and praiseworthy employment of assisting her companion in restoring their ruined fortune. No man can be ruined who has such a wife-whatever else may be taken, he has a fortune left, and be assured he will never regret his choice.

We might go on to enumerate other important items which are desirable to make the choice complete, such as the proper age and equality of age, but the limited space must compel us to bring our remarks to a close.

THE ACCOUNTANT.

BY LOSS M. SHAW.

"SHALL you be at home early this evening?" asked Mrs. E., while she was assisting her son in putting on his muffler as he was preparing to go out to his business in the morning.

"I fear not, mother," he replied, "as the European steamer leaves to-morrow, and there is much writing to be done before she sails. I believe that I am growing indolent, for I go to my business lately like a school-boy to his tasks; often lingering till the latest moment, and then going reluctantly. Your dear society, however, the attractions of my pet sis, and this pleasant parlor, are sufficient to induce me to indulge in feelings of idleness occasionally."

"I acknowledge the affectionate gallantry of your compliment. George," said Mrs. E., smiling-" and I would say in return that nothing would afford me more gratification, than to enjoy your society to-day, except that which I should derive from seeing you once more in the possession of your accustomed health. you call indolence, I know to be debility, brought on by unremitting labor; and I cannot endure to see you thus destroying your health, which is so precious to me as well as yourself. would again entreat you, as I have often before done, to resign your present situation, and seek one less arduous, or one at least in which you will not be confined to the desk through the night as well as day. Your salary now is small for the duties required. yet I should be infinitely happier to have it still lessened, and your leisure increased: I am, as I have often told you, willing to do all in my power to assist you, and to make any sacrifice for your comfort. And I still think that, by economy and the aid of my industry and skill, that we might be supported very comfortably, should you seek a less arduous and lucrative situation:— Try the experiment for a time, at least, George, until your health becomes re-established, for my sake, if not your own, for wealth is nothing to me in comparison with your life."

"Oh, mother, you must not be so discouraged about me. It is true that I have not been quite as well as usual these few weeks

past, but the warm weather will soon come, when my cough will leave me, and then I shall regain my health. It is not probable that business will continue so pressing as now-consequently, I shall have more leisure, which I confess will be pleasant. As to resigning my present situation for another, that is impossible.— My salary now, with all that you do, which is all that you are able to do, affords us but the comforts of life. And then there is my sister—it is my wish to educate, and fit her to be an ornament to the circle in which I intend to place her. She must never taste the bitterness of poverty while I live. And besides this, you know it is my hope, at some not distant day, to bestow upon my dear mother the same affluence which she once possessed: and then to our beautiful home a gentle being will come to add brightness to my happiness. Ah! what care I for present deprivations, if they but ultimately reward me with the blessings I seek. employers are honorable, upright men, and they will do me justice, so that in a short time I shall be in circumstances of inde-Therefore hinder me not, mother, for the prize I must pendence. win."

"Ah, my son! I pray that you may have strength to run the race upon which you have entered, and reach the goal joyfully; yet I fear you will faint by the way if you run so rapidly at the onset. The gentlemen whom you are with, may be honorable and upright, but kind-hearted they certainly are not, else they would pay more regard to your comfort. I cannot imagine how they can rest quietly, while they know that you, with many others, are wasting yourselves away in the hours of night, to add to their wordly store, which is already abundant."

"They certainly are unlike my dear father," replied George, in this respect, for he made it his study to lighten the duties of those in his service, as much as possible; watching over them with considerate kindness, and often in some delicate way so as not to offend pride, relieving some one whom he thought suffering from weariness, by taking if necessary the duties upon himself. Yet we will not reproach those who are not thus thoughtful; as without doubt, it is owing rather to neglect, than a want of kindness. This has been an unusual season for business, making late hours or more assistance necessary; and as the latter has not been provided, the former is imperative. They do not

know my circumstances, and they doubtless think that as I accepted the situation they offered, and continue to remain in it, discharging my duties to their satisfaction, that my strength is sufficient, and in the excitement attendant upon the extensive operations which they carry on, they would not be likely to notice if my cheek was a shade paler than usual, as you do, my careful and loving mother. I think, however, that if they did but know the fatigue consequent upon such continued exertions, they would not thus task us; for I am not the only one who thus suffers.— But, I repeat, that it is a pleasure even thus to toil, since in this way I am to be raised to affluence, and enabled to give happiness to those I love. But I must not stay and talk longer. however, return as early as possible, and often through the day I shall wish for the time to come when I shall again be seated by this cheerful fire, chatting with you and supping my favorite cup of coffee, which I know will be waiting for me. I would rather not have you set up for me, if I do not come early; but I suppose it is useless to ask you to retire before seeing me."

Mrs. E. with moistened eye and sinking heart, watched her son as he feebly wended his way to his place of business, who had left her with a bright smile and light step, which she knew was only feigned, to relieve her from anxiety; for she felt that his days were already numbered.

A heavy burden was that laid upon young Elloway by adversity; yet he could have borne this, for his spirit was mighty, but the means used to relieve him from this weight, prostrated his fragile physical energies, and crushed him to the earth. the son of a wealthy merchant, in one of the West India islands. His childhood and early youth were spent in luxury and ease; though he was not allowed to become enervated by indolence, but was judiciously trained for the emergencies of life. Having early evinced a preference for mercantile pursuits, his education was such as would best fit him for the attainment of honor in them; while the accomplishments necessary for his station in society were not neglected. And it was well that he was thus prepared to act upon the stage of life, as fortune, always fickle, soon ceased to lavish favors upon him. Through the deception and intrigue of a partner, his father became involved in pecuniary embarrassments, from which he could not extricate himself; and the anxiety incident to such a calamity, induced disease, which speedily teaminated his existence. In his dying moments blessing his son, he besought him to protect his mother with filial piety, and watch over his sister with a brother's love. Thus at the early age of seventeen, care settled down upon him, which only belongs to maturer years; and with it came the wisdom required, as if that of the father had rested upon the son. His attention was drawn to the United States as the country where his desires would most surely be realized, and his exertions rewarded. With the approbation, therefore, of friends, and the consent of his mother to accompany him, he resolved to leave the land of his nativity and seek this. Not without many struggles, however, did he come to this decision; for while duty urged him to go, inclination in a thousand forms drew him back.

The lovely isle which had been to him a home, was the scene of all his joys; and to leave it, seemed, in one respect, to exceed in misery the flight from Eden; inasmuch as he was to leave his paradise without his Eve. There was one, whom from his infancy had been his playmate, companion, and love. So kindred were they in spirit, their hearts were so blended in one, that no vows were needed for their betrothal, and they thought of none. To part with this dear being was to him a trial known only to those who as truly love, and whom fate has saddened. Honora L-, the only daughter of an affluent planter, was the object of his affections. And the parents of both blessed this union of hearts, the power of adversity having failed to place a barrier between them. This separation was Honora's first great grief.-Sorrow was a stranger to her heart, except that which the afflictions of her friend had caused; and she was unconsolable, until Hope came, with its smiles and cheer. On the evening previous to his departure. George in sadness sought his loved one, to say farewell to her, perhaps for years-Hope forced him to think it would not be forever. She met him as she was wont to do, and together they entered their favorite trysting place-a vine-clad piazza. The cool breeze of evening came, ladened with the perfumed breath of sleeping flowers, as if to offer incense to beauty and to love. The moon and stars looked down indulgently, as if claiming to be guardians of the good and lovely. And all nature seemed silent, in sympathy with those sorrowing ones.--

Long they communed of their love, their hopes and fears, and all too soon came the dreaded moment when they were to savadieu. In uncontrollable emotion the last fond words were spoken—the last token of affection given; and leaving the idol of his heart in her mother's arms, George went forth to secure the object of his exile or to die in the attempt. The next morning at an early hour he took leave of the, to him, one dear spot on earth: but not before sending another parting token of remembrance to the friend of his soul—a little branch of the bay-tree—the sentiment of which proved in after time to have been but a prophecy. Buoyed up with bright anticipation and noble desires, he thought he descried happiness in the future, which would outweigh all present sorrow, and he was enabled to impart cheerful courage to his mother, who was almost bowed down with grief; and to divert the attention of his little sister, from the loss of her birds and flowers, and all the bright things of her sunny home. long and monotonous passage, they arrived in safety at New-York. that city, so vast in happiness and misery, wealth and poverty. virtue and vice. And "a vearning anguish was their lot." as they stood, strangers upon this strange soil; contrasting it with what they had left, and comparing the present with the past.-And looking forward to the unknown future with fear and trembling, they were constantly reminded that henceforth they were to deal with the stern realities of life. They endeavored, however, to dispel, as much as possible, that sadness which brooded over their spirits; for by it, life was made dark and dreary, almost beyond endurance. They soon rented a neat house in a quiet part of the city, comparatively speaking, which though wearing an air of comfort when ready for use, was entirely destitute of that magnificence to which they had been accustomed: and little Alice grieved sadly for her beautiful birds, shedding many tears because the garden was so small, and nothing would grow in it but one uncouth grape-vine. Through the letters of introduction which had been furnished by his friends, George obtained an eligible situation in the counting-room of a merchant engaged in the West India trade. His salary—which, though small the first year, was to be increased afterwards—with the remains of their fortune, afforded a comfortable support; though deprived of many things which they once deemed essential. And daily they were

made to taste something of the bitterness of poverty. For a year all things were as pleasing an aspect as could be expected, and time had began to glide away quite smoothly, cheered as it was by the society of a small circle of acquaintances they had formed, and the fond tidings frequently received from those they had left. But clouds will often obscure the brightest sky-and their horizon was suddenly darkened by the bankruptcy of the house in which George was employed, depriving him of his situation. The prospect now seemed almost rayless, for his funds were all expended. He had, it was true, authority to draw largely on the father of Honora, but his pride forbade him to take advantage of this generous kindness, except in the most urgent necessity. And, if ever, this was the time for despair to take possession of his soul. circumstances similar to these, many a noble spirit has been led into temptation, crime, and misery,—yet he rose superior to the force which would draw him down, and looking upward, he could ever say, "In thee, oh God, do I put my trust," and he faltered not.

After a few weeks of trial to his faith and patience, a vacancy in a large mercantile house was offered to him, in which his services were required as a bookkeeper. With gratitude to God, he accepted the situation without hesitation. With zeal and ardor he entered upon his duties, feeling that honor and wealth were his, if he but performed them faithfully. Yet he was not selfish in his aims, for the interests of his employers were as his own—the honor of the house was his honor, and it was his pride to aid in causing this great mercantile machinery to move in perfect order. while his spirit was thus willing, the flesh was too weak for the onerous or rather ceaseless duties required. It was night-Alice had cried herself to sleep because she could not see her brother. refusing to be comforted even with the promise of seeing him in the morning. Mrs. Elloway sat plying her needle, and with nervous anxiety listened for the footsteps of her son, but not until long after midnight did she hear the welcome sound, and when heard, they caused her to sigh, so feeble and weak did they seem. He came chilled with the cold air of night, and wearied to excess. Falling languidly into the arm chair which stood ready for him. he was a fit subject for all the tender care which a mother so well knows how to bestow; yet with all that care, two hours passed; away before he could obtain repose; and then, his slumbers were

disturbed and unquiet. Such scenes had long been of constant occurrence. But nature could not always thus endure.

One day he came home ere the sun had gone to rest. His sister, overjoyed, sprang to meet him, but started back in childish alarm, exclaiming, "Dear brother, what ails you? How pale and sad you are!" Without replying, he gently kissed her, and in a tone never to be forgotten, so full was it of meaning, he sadly mid. "Mother, my work is done." Mrs. E. felt that it was even so, and her heart throbbed with the wildest anguish as the fearful truth burst upon her in all its reality. Yet conscious that this was the time for the fulfilment of a woman's mission, she controlled her emotion with a powerful effort of the mind, and with cheerful words she endeavored to raise the sinking spirits of her Physicians were called, but they brought no doomed one. encouragement; as, requested by the sufferer, they told the whole truth, that life was ebbing slowly yet surely, and that it was beyond their power to stay its tide. This was to him the knell of his earthly hopes and happiness; but he listened calmly, though not yet could he say, "Father, not my will, but thine be done." ▲ brief yet agonizing struggle was that which his soul was to endure, while endeavoring to loosen the fetters which bound him so strongly to earth, that he might soar to joys on high. The victory was however won. In faith and hope he vielded up the pleasures of time. for the engagements of eternity; and he could henceforth calmly view the glittering things of earth pass by, for the promises of heaven were his. He mourned only for those he was to leave, as he knew that sorrow would fall on their hearts with a blighting power; but this anxiety was checked when he thought God was to be their protector, father, and friend. yet. Honora was unconscious of his situation, as he had not in this letters spoken of his declining health; and he now felt the bitterness of death in thus rending her heart by the information of his illness, and taking a final leave of her. He wrote long and much, and wrote with all the emotion of one who was permitted to say but a few words, ere his life should be sealed by death.

In one part of his letter he thus writes: "Beloved, my strength fails me; I can say but little more at present, and though these may be my last words, my thoughts of thee will not cease, till

memory fail. Oh! happy thought—I shall remember thee in the world to which I go. I had fondly dreamed that in a few brief months we should meet and enjoy happiness as pure as earth could afford: but I now know that we shall soon meet to part no more forever, when bliss will be ours without alloy. Had I thought that my days were to be so soon ended, I should have hastened to thee; that the close of life might be made bright by thy dear presence; but it is now too late. I may not see thee on earth, and I must die with one wish ungratified,-that of seeing thee, my own, my loved one. That you will ever love, and remember me, I know; and the thought makes me happy beyond expression. Yet, beloved, mourn not hopelessly at my departure -think of me as waiting for thee in the land to which I hastenas often being with thee in spirit-think too that I may be permitted to minister to thee in thy loneliness, pouring balm of consolution into thy sorrowing heart. Ah! can it be that I must now say farewell? that I never shall again greet thee on earthnever tread with thee the loved haunts of our childhood? Yes, it is even so. I must leave thee for a time, yet in heaven we shall soon be reunited. Methinks my happiness could not be perfect even in that pure and bright abode unless thou also wert there, my dear one. Life is fleeting, love; therefore despair not, since we are joined in a spiritual covenant, which is eternal in its nature."

This letter had hardly left his hands, before one was received from Honora, in which she says: "Do you believe, dearest, that tokens are ever sent to warn us of any danger that may be lurking around those we love? If not, you will smile, perhaps, at what you may consider superstition, though I know you would not ridicule my fears. I have, it is true, but slight occasion for apprehension; yet I have fearful forebodings that all is not well with you, and they have been increased by the fact, that the little token of affection that you sent just as you sailed, and which I planted to be to me an omen for good or evil concerning you, has began to fade, and all my care fails to restore it. I should grieve to see it thus wither, viewed only as a gift from you, but its decay brings the conviction that some evil has befallen you, and my distress at the thought is agony. Besides this, a lone turtle-dove has come twice to our loved retreat, and poured forth such plain-

tive moans that it seemed but a messenger of woe, making me faint with fear—fear for thee, beloved. My parents, while they endeavor to dissipate these fears, request me to say, that if there is the least truth in them, you must not hesitate a moment in letting us know all, whether the evil presents itself in the form of adversity in business, or sickness: perhaps the clime of your new home may not have proved congenial to your health,—if so, they would urge you to come to us immediately, where, amid the scenes of your youth, you may become invigorated. Do come, dearest, to the home and hearts of those who love you."

Thus, in the most tender language, did the ardent Honora pour forth her love and anxiety. George had thought that he was immediately to be removed from earth. Daily he expected the summons, and though apparently fully prepared for his departure. for some wise though hidden purpose death tarried; and he was made yet longer to suffer the discipline of life. Wearisome days and nights were appointed him; pain and debility were his portion: yet unmurmuringly he endured all God's holy will. All. however, that could cheer his passage to the tomb was his; friends were around him-friends whom his own worth had raised from among strangers, vieing with each other in acts of attention.-And they, too, in whose service he had too quickly spent his energies, appreciating his worth, were to him like brothers in their kindness; which, though a gratifying mark of esteem, failed to repair that ruin which their want of care had accomplished.-Summer came and went, bringing the melancholy autumn: still he lingered. One bright clear morning he felt unwonted strength. such vigor as is often experienced by those from whom life is about to depart. The door of his apartment was open to admit the fresh air, and as he drank it in, life seemed to course more joyously in his veins. Seated in his arm chair, which for many weeks previous had been vacated, he conversed cheerfully with his mother, and chatted with his sister. At this moment the hall door opened. A voice reached his ear, awaking all the emotions of his soul, and he exclaimed, "Honora! My God, I thank thee!" And in this he was not deceived, for in a few moments she was in his arms. Language would fail to describe the varying extacies of joy and sorrow in that meeting. On receiving tidings of the illness of George, Mr. L --- made immediate preparations to

visit him, with his wife and daughter; intending, if possible, to remove him to a warmer climate, that his life might be prolonged. if he could not be entirely restored. But he found it was too late. that death had claimed him for his own. Yet Honora could not believe that it was so: unused to disease, she looked upon the sparkling eye, the glowing cheek now radiant with happiness, as evidences of returning health, and she talked to him in hope's own glowing language, of the joy which would be theirs, when again in their native home-while he gently checked her false expectations, by reminding her of the time when they should meet in heaven, and the bliss of that happy place. The day passed in fond and holy communings. The twilight came, and, alas! with it came the angel of death. The sufferer felt his approach—a chill and darkness was upon him-and with a parting word-a convulsive embrace with his loved ones—a sigh—and he departed with his guide to the spirit world. With the fading leaf, the falling flower, he passed away. That dark messenger from the hidden world, in his upward flight with that pure soul, set his seal also upon the brow of the devoted Honora. Her spirit acknowledged the sign, and from that moment she drooped like some tender plant touched by the early frost. Ere twelve months had flown, her grave was made beside that of her friend, in an orange bower, which graces

"A land of delight, which rests Far off in the breezy main;"

and her spirit had found a home with her beloved in the skies. Mrs. Elloway and her daughter make their dwelling with those friends who are equal sharers with her in grief; and in her prayers she remembers such, as, goaded by adversity and allured by ambition, are bowed to the earth by labor. And her petitions arise, that sympathetic kindness may fill the hearts of those requiring the services of these care-worn, toiling ones.

People who make a point of pleasing every body, seldom have a heart for any one. The love of self is the secret of their desire to please, and their temper is generally fickle and insincere.

REFORM.

A METRICAL DIALOGUE FOR TWO VOICES.

BY J. M. FLETCHER.

FIRST VOICE.

SEE you star above us, throwing
O'er the world its softened light—
Far and near beneath its glowing,
Sink the spectral shades of night.

SECOND VOICE.

Sister, 'tis the silent breaking Of a new and glorious day; Earth, and sea, and air are waking To the grandeur of its ray.

PIRST VOICE.

Bright upon you mount 'tis falling,
Lighting up the ruin'd pile—
And a voice of hope is calling
Through the dim and cloistered aisle.

RECOND VOICE.

Lo! in triumph hath it risen
On the prayer, and thought, and deed,
On the workshop and the prison,
On the old familiar creed.

BOTH VOICES.

Lo! in triumph hath it risen, Glorious in its place above,— With an angel's smile of glory Cometh it to hearts of love.

It is not enough that we know the truths of religion; we must feed on them, as insects on a leaf, till the whole heart be colored by them.



FALCONRY.

BER BNORAVIES

A VERY picturesque, romantic scene the painter has "bodied forth" in this illustration; one that carries the observer back to olden times, when even the more timid sex indulged in robust exercises, and had their recompense in well-developed forms, vigorous health and buoyant animal spirits. Falconry was the favorite field sport of the middle ages, among the kings, princes, and nobles of England. It was revived in that country a few years ago, we believe, by the Duke of St. Albans, but is not followed to any considerable extent. A train of well-mounted ladies and gentlemen, riding forth on a clear bright morning, from some of the ancient homes of England's nobility, bent upon enjoying the sport, attended by their falconers, each with his hawk upon his wrist, must be a goodly sight.

The training of falcons was at one time a very important business, and more laborious, perhaps, than the reader would imagine. The falcon family were alone employed for the purposes of sport, they being the only birds of prey that possessed the requisite docility. Of these the falcon proper and the ger-falcon were in highest request of the long-winged, and the gos-hawk and sparrow-hawk of the short-winged kinds. Species called the hobby, the kestral, the marlin and the buzzard, were next in request. The female bird was alone employed. We need not here explain the manner of training these birds, as the reader will find full information upon that subject in almost any book of English sports.

As our hawking party are "at rest," it is somewhat difficult to decide upon which branch of the sport they have been engaged. From the fact of their having dogs with them, and apparently too of the "pointer" breed, it is probable that partridge-hawking has been their employment, though the ground is scarcely favorable for such sport, and would suggest "brook-hawking." Heronhawking is generally esteemed the finest sport and most exciting. In the first of these one hawk only is "cast off;" in brook-hawking one or more, according to the nature of the game; but in heron-hawking three are always cast off as soon as the quarry is

seen. When the heron perceives its foes, it immediately disgorges any fish it may have secured, and strives to rise above the hawks. In this it rarely succeeds, and the hawks getting the upper station, one of them makes its stoop. Sometimes the heron receives the first on its sharp bill, and the second is evaded by a sudden change of position. This, however, only prolongs the conflict; they all rise higher and higher in the air; finally the successful stoop is made, and the heron becomes the prey of its pursuers.

When the gentlemen of the party are "gallant cavaliers," other pleasures doubtless wait upon the party than merely that afforded by the chase; and in that respect the engraving is perhaps slightly defective.

w.

Literary Notices.

"CRUMES FIOR THE LAND O'CARES."—By John Knex. pp. 192. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1861.

An interesting little volume, with its quaint and felicitous title, simple and graphic in its descriptions, and replete with love for "Caledonia stern and wild." Though the writer says modestly in his preface, that "authorship is a profession to which he makes no pretensions," yet the "trifle," as he is pleased to designate the volume, is not destitute of some touches of enthusiasm and imagination.

After commencing its perusal, it will be found difficult to lay it aside till the last word is achieved, especially if the reader shall happen to have been a visitant of its chosen localities. The few scenes in England and France that are brought forward, are well depicted. In the selections from lions in London, St. Paul's is particularly well described in a few sentences. But the strength and life of the book is, of course, reserved for Scotland. The doctrines of the author are distinctly apparent, as might be expected from his sobriquet of "John Knos," but a good and earnest spirit of piety, as well as of patriotism, pervades the whole.

"THIRTY-SECOND ANNUAL REPORT of the Controller of the Public Schools of the City and County of Philadelphia. pp. 243. Octavo. Cressy & Markley, Minor st., Philadelphia.

In these days, when education is left to be pre-eminently the safe-guard of the nation, a publication of this nature assumes ten-fo-d importance. It affords convincing testimony that the schools for the people in the beautiful city of Brotherly Love and its vicinity, are methodically organized and liberally sustained.

But the essence of the volume is the Report of the Central High School, consisting of more than 100 pages, replete with practical details and the results of experience. This Institution comprises more than 500 boys, under the care of twelve Professors and assistants. Its examination of candidates for admission, its established discipline, and thorough course of study attest the superiority of the system. Its salutary influence seems also to extend far beyond its own precincts.

"The privileges of the High School are held forth to the pupil as the reward of successful exertion in the lower schools. They are kept constantly and distinctly in his view, and operate as a constant and abiding stimulus to exertion, through all the successive stages of promotion, from the lowest division of the Primary, to the highest class in the Grammar School."

According to its established routine, the responsibilities of the Principal are unusually arduous. His requisitions might seem almost to surpass the limits of finite effort. Yet, by the present principal, not only are these faithfully discharged, but those incidental to the Editorship of one of our most prominent monthly serials, as well as an exquisite annual, and the composition of many articles of a high literary standard. We should like ourselves to become the scholars of Professor John S. Hart in the occult and divine science of numbering hours, and applying them to wisdom.

We recommend this document to the perusal of all who realize the importance of training the young mind, who believe a right education of more value to this model republic than the Californian mines, and consider those who conduct it, wisely, as benefactors of the human race.

THE VAUDOIS WIFE.*

FROM THE ORATORIO OF "THE WALDENSES."





- 2 Thou seest mine eye grow dim, beloved!
 Thou seest my life-blood flow;
 Bow to the Chastener silently,
 And calmiy let me go!
 A little while between our hearts
 The shadowy gulf must lie;
 Yet have we for communion sweet
 A long eternity.
- 3 Then hear and hear thee on, my kove,
 Aye, joyously endure;
 Our mountains must be altars yet,
 Inviolate and pure.
 Here must our God be worshiped still,
 With the worship of the free:
 Farewell! there's but one pang in death,
 One only—leaving thee.

PERSONALITIES AND PREJUDGMENTS.

BY W. A. SLEEPER.

"James, what kind of a change has come over you? When you lived here you was considered one of the gayest among the gay, but now you maintain such a constant seriousness that one who did not know you would think that you never smiled; especially is that the case in company, and I have heard many of your old friends complain of your reserve at the social gathering the other evening!"

This inquiry was addressed by Mrs. Semple to her husband's brother, who was visiting her and the place where he had formerly resided.

"I was not aware, Helen," he replied, "that I merited the character for gravity which you have ascribed to me, and if I look as sober as you have represented, I assure you I do not feel so, but I admit that I have changed some, and I hope for the better."

"I do not know about that—vivacity and cheerfulness do a great deal towards promoting human happiness."

"Certainly, and no one likes a lively disposition better than myself, but there is a wide difference between that and a vein of humor which consists principally in improper personalities, or a liveliness which consists mostly in the hasty and dogmatical expression of opinions upon subjects of which people are almost wholly ignorant."

"In other words, my worthy brother James would say, 'people laugh at each other too much, therefore I will not laugh at all, and people pass too many hasty judgments, therefore I will say nothing.'"

"You have expressed a part admirably, but your conclusions are too strong; still I think it better to remain silent and inactive than to be a mere participant in such a mode of social intercourse."

"Well, to be serious, I admit there is much truth in what you say, but are not these almost wholly the faults of those who are quite young and comparatively ignorant of life?"

"As far as my observation and experience extend, I regret to say that they are not—why, one can scarcely go into any company

without hearing some old gentleman whose reading extends perhaps to a weekly chapter in the Bible, and an occasional perusal of a party paper and his almanac, dispose in a very few minutes of all the important political and national questions of the day—questions which the intellects of our wisest and best statesmen have been unable to solve satisfactorily. And in another group, an old lady, while arranging her cap string, will consign all moral philosophy and scientific deductions to oblivion, and with the ease of an off-hand penman, cast the severest stigmas upon some of the fairest characters, simply because all of their actions do not harmonize with her limited moral perceptions."

"I do not know what kind of society you have been placed in to witness such foolish exhibitions of ignorance, and such a want of propriety; but I am certain you could not have seen any thing of the kind the other evening, for every one whom I have heard speak of it has called it one of the pleasantest gatherings of the season, and I have regretted that I was unable to attend."

"Your conclusion is a wrong one, for I did see much of it there, and, though publicly the occasion has been highly spoken of, you may rely upon it that in private there have been a great many bitter feelings harbored which were engendered by some sarcastic remark made then, and which are being nursed into a fit condition to make as keen a retort on the first opportunity; and if the truth could be known, not a few domestic bickerings have occurred since, the origin of which could be traced to injudicious railery displayed there."

"Well, as your descriptive powers are good, please give me an account of your observations."

"If you would like to hear them I will do so, and as you are quite fond of having things in order, I will commence with the first thing which I noticed; and that was a little scene in which Mrs. Western was the principal actor. Her husband was a little late, and when he entered the room where his wife was, she was surrounded by a company of merry companions, one of whom rallied him on his tardiness: he immediately apologised, and said the reason of his being detained was to congratulate a bride, an old acquaintance of his. 'And, pray, how was she dressed?' eagerly enquired Mrs. Western. 'Well, really; I do not know,' he replied, 'I paid but little attention to that, but I believe her

dress was silk, and that she had on a straw bonnet with some kind of light trimming.' 'Ha! ha! ha!' exclaimed Mrs. Western, 'described just like any man—I knew you would make a bungling piece of it, and that was what I asked you for.' Mr. Western is a very sensitive man, and though he said nothing, his countenance plainly indicated that his happiness was destroyed for a part of the evening at least."

"A very wrong course, certainly; but go on."

"I stood conversing with Mr. and Mrs. Taft, and several others. respecting the different dispositions of children, when he spoke up loud enough for all to hear, 'Well, our little Fred has temper enough for two or three children, but how he came by it I do not see, for his mother has not lost any of hers.' Mrs. Taft, you are aware, has an almost uncontrollable disposition, and the effect of such a withering sarcasm at such a time, can be better imagined than described. Another little affair, comparatively triffing in itself, still under the circumstances wrong, was an attempt on the part of Mrs. Center to be witty. The subject of gold digging was mentioned, and some one asked Mr. Center why he did not try his fortune at it, but before he had time to reply his wife exclaimed. 'I have been trying my best for a long time to have him go. but he has not courage enough, so I suppose I shall always have to keep him by my apron-string.' And she looked around upon the company with an air of complacency which seemed to sav. 'I have said a very smart thing.' Mr. Center is very easily excited, and nothing disturbs him more than ridicule; how then must he have felt, knowing too that she would not have him go for the world!"

"Proceed, I am all attention, though the subject is an unpleasant one."

"There was one young man there who was too conspicuous to escape observation. The ladies showed him a great deal of favor, and in many things seemed to regard him as a kind of oracle, and not without some apparent reason, for he gave his opinion respecting passing events with such a readiness and so much positiveness, that I presume many had begun to think that he had an intuitive perception of what it takes others some time to reason out, when unfortunately for him he mentioned the increase of foreign travel, and with a condescending air remarked, 'I shall

take a tour myself soon—I shall go to Europe first, and from there proceed to France!

"Are you not getting tired of my descriptions of the party which you have heard praised so much?"

"No, no, if you heard anything more tell it to me, do."

"In the course of the evening, a little group got to discussing the basis of congressional representation, and among them was the same Mrs. Western, who had taken so much pains in the early part of the evening to show her husband's ignorance about a trifling matter; well. in time the debate became a little warm, and she participating in it, in answer to a remark made by a gentleman, earnestly exclaimed, 'What, the little State of Rhode Island send as many senators to the House of Representatives as New-York sends I that is very unjust, and I do not believe that the next governor of New-York will allow it!' When the refreshments were being served, a lady chanced to express a preference for some kinds of food in the morning which are usually served at night. At the mention of such a choice nearly every one who heard it dropping the knife, exclaimed, 'Why, how can you? I never heard of such a thing before in my life! Now a little better sense of propriety and less hastiness of judgment would have saved that lady many unpleasant feelings, for of course such exclamations must annoy her, but the reason of her peculiarity, if it ought to be called that, was ill health. In another part of the room a gentleman let a knife slip while removing the peel of an apple, and made a slight wound in his finger—at the sight of the blood which flowed, a beautiful young lady, who was sitting near him. manifested the liveliest sympathy and readily offered to bind it up for him, during which she frequently enquired if it pained him. and bestowed upon him all of those little attentions which a weman only can bestow—well, in less than ten minutes after that. on his saying that the old style of pointed toed boots bid fair to be worn again soon, (and being himself engaged in the boot business he ought to know,) she gave him a look of mingled contempt and ridicule, and replied, 'Oh, fiddle de dee! it is no such thing, it can't be possible I know!' There was a nice distinction between that lady's sympathy for a sore finger, and her respect for a man's feelings, which I am unable to appreciate."

.. "Well, go on."

"There was a little incident in which Mrs. Ladd appeared somewhat conspicuous. Mr. Ladd is of a grave, sedate cast of mind, a man with whom people never feel like trifling or being too familiar. He was giving a description of a place which they had visited, and made a mistake in regard to a certain locality. when she interrupted him with an air and a tone which every one could see was intended to show that she was not afraid to trifle with him—' Do let me describe that, for your blunders will drive off half of your listeners, and your prosiness the other half. if you talk much longer!' And yet that same lady, whose abilities are of such a superior character, before they left their seats. enquired of her husband if the Indians did not raise the saffron which we have! I saw one woman whose advantages ought to have placed her far above any thing of the kind, direct attention to a very modest and amiable young lady, and remark, 'I wonder how it is that she is able to wear such nice silks.—She certainly does not earn any more than many others who I know cannot afford to dress so.' And there was a curl of her lip which conveyed an impression any thing but favorable. The truth of the matter was, the dress was presented to her by her brother. other occurrence, perhaps worth mentioning, was an amusing blunder made by Mr. Kemp. He is always ready to give his opinion as soon as he can get an opportunity, fearing that the world will lose the benefit of his sage reflections. A well-informed and courteous gentleman, who had been speaking of the advantages of our republican institutions, observed that some had considered them almost in danger, on account of the shock which the federal government had received. 'Good enough for them,' warmly exclaimed Mr. Kemp, 'the Federalists have no business with the government in any way, and every man ought to unite to put them down.'

"There, Helen, I have told you enough about the party, and I will stop with the hope that by others' faults you and I may correct our own; and always have respect enough for others and ourselves, not to laugh at every little error which may be committed, and not to pass a final judgment upon a subject till we are sufficiently informed about it, and at least to converse respectably. Public ridicule is almost ever the resort of small and narrow minds, because they find it so much easier to laugh a thing

down than to reason about it; and many a reputation as pure as was ever sustained, has been for a time sadly tarnished in the eyes of some, because an individual who chanced to have some influence, viewing it only ou one side, passed a fiat of condemnation against it."

I WOULD NOT BE A CHILD.

BY MARY SCOTT.

I would not be again a child,
Life's rugged path anew begin;
Retrace my steps through dangers wild,
Or lingar at the fount of sin.

I would not dare again to brave
The fearful storms of early years;
To stand beside the open grave,
And bathe the earth with scalding tears.

While father, brother, sister, all
Like forest trees have passed away;
And know that we who watched their fall
Are hasting to a sure decay.

I would not see my mother weep
As she has wept, in days gone by,
Her spirit wrung with anguish deep,
Till e'en the fount of grief was dry.

I would not see a cherished dream Vanish, like castle built in air Upon the bank of life's dark stream, To leave a trace of ruin there.

This heart would fear again to brook
The withering scorn of fortune's heir—
The cruel slight, the hanghty look,
"Tis hard in life's young morn to bear.

Tis hard to learn the bitter trath,
That nought of earth is worth our care-Rech pleasure transient as our youth,
And dark the sky that promised fair.

Mendham, Jan. 1851.

FRATERNAL AFFECTION.

FROM THE FRENCH OF A. G. D'ARTIGUES.

BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

Toward the close of the month of January, 1828, a numerous band of men of all classes, and dressed in every variety of costume, were assembled in a large kitchen of a farm house, which stood about two leagues from Carhaix, in Brittany. The day had not yet dawned; the apartment, lighted only by a slender candle of yellow wax, which was fastened to a hook against the wall, was illuminated, from time to time, with a sudden glare, when one of their number stirred the turf, which lay smouldering on the hearth. This gloomy and flickering light fell upon a strange medley of forms and faces—visages embrowned by toil and exposure, contrasted with the fair and delicate features of the youths from the neighboring cities; vestments of goat-skins, mingled with the fashions of Paris, and the weapons of the peasantry of the province, piled up with the most elegant and highly finished fowling pieces.

Most certainly, had a stranger entered this apartment, he would have been greatly perplexed in forming an opinion of so singular an assemblage; he might as readily have imagined that he had fallen amid a band of Chouans, as amid a company of joyous guests, invited to a wolf hunt. All were eating, drinking or smoking, and still, without resigning the charms of these delightful occupations, each one found means to shout louder than his neighbor; accordingly, the din was like that of Babel; the fine coats tried to comprehend the dialect of the goat-skins; the latter took, laughing, and without ceremony, from the stores of tobacco brought by the city gentry, and when the fingers of a rude peasant lighted upon a sigar, he crammed it into his mouth, like a quid, and chewed it with as much delight as a child would devour a piece of sugar candy.

In the mean while the snow fell in dense flakes, so as to prevent the rays of the sun from piercing the obscurity which still

lay upon the wretched roads of the neighborhood. The vast desert which surrounded the farm house, was undisturbed by the slightest sound; nature seemed to repose in death-like slumber, from which the faint light that rose upon the horizon was unable to arouse her. In the midst of this gloomy solitude, where every living creature was silent, a practised eye could have discovered, far off, upon a hollow path, two foot passengers, toiling onward in the direction of the farm. It was evident from their costume that they were two poor sons of ancient Armorica; the difference in their height, and their strong resemblance in all other respects, together with the affectionate glances which the taller of the two east upon his young companion, at every obstacle in their path, indicated, with sufficient clearness, the fraternal tie which united them, and which is so sacred in these wretched districts.

"Wherefore," said the elder, "wherefore not leave me now, brother? You are already wearied. Come, return to our mother, and tell Jeanne to recite an ave for every wolf's head that she wishes me to bring home."

"Listen, Pierre!" replied the lad, to whom these words were addressed, and who appeared to be about fifteen years of age—"listen," he said, with an air of resolution, "I will not deceive you any longer; you might as well know it at once—there is no help for it—I will not leave you this day."

"How? During the hunt---"

"During the hunt I will be at your side with my hedging bill. Look, how sharp it is!" And the lad drew from beneath his coat of skins, the weapon which he had thus far kept carefully concealed.

"Why, boy, would you have me miss the hunt?" replied the elder, startled at his brother's determination; "how can I strike down the wolves, if I have to busy myself with taking care of you? I might as well have brought Jeanne with me."

"Let me follow you, Pierre, and I tell you the day's work will be good."

"Follow me! If you take a step farther, I will give up wolves, Jeanne, and all, and as long as you live you will have to reproach yourself for having prevented me from purchasing a substitute. You will see me set out for the regiment, leaving Jeanne and mother in despair; and one day you will hear that I have died

in some hospital. Come then, Rene, my little fellow, leave me here, and think no more of the matter."

"Pierre, you do not understand the business; listen to me!—Alone by yourself, you will be very lucky if you bring home two heads; while with me you will get three. Then, you will receive ninety francs from his worship the mayor, and with a little more, which we will easily get together, you will make up the hundred, which are necessary to purchase a substitute. That is the reason why I wish to accompany you to the hunt; I love you too dearly to let you go for a soldier—do you hear? and then, who will take care of mother when you are away? Father is old and sickly, and Jeanne, the poor thing, is no richer than we are. So, it is all settled, I will go to the hunt with you."

Pierre tried in vain to dissuade Rene from his project; the little fellow had settled it in his head and in his heart, that he would aid his brother, and the proverb "obstinate as a Breton" proved true in his case. Stubborn as the independent animal in whose skin he was clothed, he threatened to go alone to the hunt, and the latter had no hope, but in the idea of having him shut up in the farm house, which they reached when the hunters were upon the point of setting out.

The new comers were received with acclamations which spoke very favorably for Pierre's courage, but several voices were raised against his brother's participation in dangers which grown men alone had the strength and the coolness to encounter. Pierre, delighted by this support, begged the hunters to assist him in confining Rene in the farm house, taking them to witness that it would be downright murder to permit a lad in no wise practised in the hunt to participate in its perils. Still; an old wolf hunter. whose youthful remembrances had been aroused by the lad's courage, declared that he was a brave little fellow, and that they must take him with them, notwithstanding his inexperience; whereupon he related how he had slain his first wolf at the age of fourteen years; but this rash counsel was overruled. Rene was confined in a hay loft, where they left him at liberty to make a warm nest for himself, and to sleep away the time until the return of the band.

When each one had armed himself with his musket or his pitchfork, the older huntsmen gave the signal for their departure.

Their first steps in the snow were accompanied by various ludicrous accidents, which provoked the loud laughter of the peasants at the expense of the city novices; but, after an hour's march, they all grew more serious, as the guides declared that, to judge from the recent and numerous tracks imprinted upon the snow, the wolves were in strength in the forest. They divined, with great sagacity, that their enemies must be united in a single band, an occurrence which happened only when they were pressed by devouring hunger, and pushed, by a sort of madness, to the most desperate enterprises. The old wolf hunter, whose words exer cised a legitimate authority over his comrades, in consequence of numerous conflicts with these animals, in which he had been the hero, discovered, as he advanced, so many infallible signs of the dangers to which they would be exposed, that it was thought necessary to halt, in order to settle upon a plan of battle. short and energetic address, he gave the city gentry very clearly to understand, that the affair had ceased to be a party of pleasure; that he and his comrades were resolved, at all hazards, to destroy the wolves, because they were paid for them by the head, and, besides, because their droves of horses were sadly thinned by these rapacious enemies; but that the people from the city would do much better, in his opinion, to return and keep warm at the farm house, or, at least, to obey his directions strictly, otherwise they must make up their minds to leave some shreds of their hides in the forest.

We cannot affirm that the courage of some of the party was not shaken by these interesting admonitions; this is certain, however, no one turned back, but all gave the utmost attention to the wolf hunter's directions. Of about forty hunters, the neighboring mansions had furnished a score of young men, well equipped and armed with muskets, and furnished with bayonets. The peasants, about twenty in number, expecting that they would have to deal with adversaries, who, at this season, would not fly, had disdained the use of fire arms, and had provided themselves with pitchforks or pikes, to which they had added, as a measure of precaution, their terrible hedging bills, an instrument of great weight, rather short, and slightly curved at the point.

"We must separate here," cried the general of this little army, "we must surround the forest as well as we can; you will ad-



vance, two by two only, for if you are men of heart, two of you can defend yourselves against four wolves. Besides, it is not likely that you will have to deal with so many enemies at once, because by arriving from all sides at the same time, we shall give them employment. If you would not bring the whole troop upon you, do not utter a word above your breath, and do not fire until you are sure of your aim; lastly, let each one who is provided with a pike or pitchfork, take a musketeer for a companion, and all will go well."

The hunters paired themselves in haste and at random, and they advanced noiselessly toward the little forest in which the wolves had taken refuge. Pierre had a young fashionable from a neighboring city for his companion; our young Breton, however, occupied as he was, with the idea of carrying home a rich booty, did not bestow much attention upon him; but any other in his place, would have been struck by the elegance of his attire and equipments; he was dressed in a hunting suit, trimmed with costly furs, and his fowling piece, inlaid with silver, was of the most exquisite workmanship. Pierre led the way at a quick pace, scarcely answering the repeated questions which his companion addressed to him. They were soon interrupted by a prolonged and discordant howl, which seemed to produce a very different impression upon the stranger from that which was manifested in the ardent glances of the young peasant. They advanced, however, with more rapidity; but the silence was now troubled only by the forest echoes, which replied in the distance, like well arranged signals.

"Faster, my friend!" said Pierre, at last, with considerable im patience. "We shall have much work to do, I think, and the days are short. 'So, let us lose no time."

"Why, my young lad, you talk quite at your ease! But there is no use in being in such a hurry."

At this moment they reached the border of the forest: the howlings now grew more frightful, and seemed to be concentrated in a single spot. At intervals, a prolonged cry, which rose loud above all the rest, reechoed in so wild a tone, that it seemed impossible that the sound could come from the throat of a terrestrial creature; but Pierre's practised ear knew, at once, that it proceeded from some horses surrounded by wolves, and that the latter de-

ferred their attack until their numbers should give them the certainty of victory.

It is not uncommon in Brittany, in those districts which are thinly inhabited, to hear at a distance the sounds of these furious combats. The breeders of horses are in the habit of turning loose the numerous droves which they are unable to stable in their too scanty out-houses; in the market season they drive them into an enclosed field, and by certain marks each proprietor recognizes those which he turned loose, the number generally augmented by several foals, and often also diminished by the victims which have been unable to escape the rapacity of the wolves.

All the hunters had heard the cries of alarm uttered by the horses, and coming up from twenty different directions, they had reached a narrow clearing, where a most strange and fearful spectacle awaited them. Pierre, retarded by the hesitating progress of his companion, was among the last to reach the spot, and stood, like the rest, motionless, until all were in readiness for the attack.

Let the reader picture to himself, in the centre of the open glade. a dozen mares with their colts, crowded close together, and displaying every sign of the most deadly terror. In a circle around them, and as near as possible, an equal number of noble horses. whose glaring eyes and bristling mane gave evidence of the fear which had seized them. Backed against the group in their midst. their fore legs rigid as bars of iron, they awaited, uttering melancholy cries, the attack of the wolves, which hemmed them in on every side. The latter, with angry growls, and displaying their long white teeth, at times crept towards them sideways, then stopped suddenly, held in awe by the horses, whose feet were quickly raised to strike the aggressors. Already one wolf, more impatient than the rest, had made a leap at the breast of an aged horse, which with a single stroke from his hoof had dashed his head in pieces. The carcase, stretched motionless at the feet of the vanquisher, seemed to warn the assailants that the victory would cost them dear.

The oldest and most practised hunters were at a loss how to bring aid to the drove; to rush upon the wolves would throw the horses into disorder, and these were indebted for their safety solely to their determined attitude. A discharge of musketry was as likely to destroy as many horses as wolves. In this embarrassing situation, Pierre made a sign to his companions that he was about to begin the engagement; a general howl was suddenly heard, and before they had time to look around after the cause, three huntsmen were hurled to the ground by the headlong passage of a reinforcement of eight or ten wolves, which, without pausing, dashed with a single bound into the midst of the group of terrified animals. From this moment the combat became a horrible slaughter, in which the horses quickly lost the advantage. Soon they began to disperse, and the fugitives, dashing on in all directions at once, scarcely gave the hunters time to glide behind the trees, to avoid being trampled under their feet.

As may be imagined, those of the city gentry, who were present for the first time at such a spectacle, had judged it prudent, some to retake the road to the farm house, others to clamber up the trees, and to remain passive spectators of the combat; but the sole thought of the peasants was to profit by the chances of the battle, and to their great joy, the greater part of their enemies had remained in the glade, busied in despatching a few colts, which had fallen at the first onset. The old wolf hunter now advanced coolly toward the centre of the glade, calling out to the hunters from the city to approach, and fire at as close a distance as possible. Pierre turned to repeat this advice to his companion, but far as his eye could reach, he saw no signs of him, except a velvet cap suspended from a bush.

So eager were the wolves in devouring their prey, that they were not diverted from it until they had received a dozen musket shots, aimed with considerable accuracy. Attacked at the same moment by the pikes and bills of the peasants, they turned furiously upon their assailants, and forced them to retire as far as the trees, which the latter had severally selected as a protection for their backs. Thus the strife was continued in separate groups, each man defending himself against two or three adversaries.—Pierre had just plunged his weapon into the breast of the wolf nearest him, and was preparing to renew the attack, when, suddenly, he felt the teeth of another enter his left shoulder; he tried to grasp his hedging bill with his right hand, but his arm was seized by a second enemy, which he vainly endeavored to shake off.

"Help, my comrades!" he cried, in accents of despair, "help!"

"Hold firm for a moment," replied the old wolf hunter, in a voice of thunder—"there, that fellow is finished!"

The old wolf hunter, in truth, had just despatched his third victim, but he could not come up in time to his assistance; the terrible shocks which Pierre, in vain, endeavored to resist, exhausted his strength; he fell upon one knee, and seized by the throat by the wolf which had lacerated his shoulder, he panted breathless, beneath the strong jaws which throttled him. "Jeanne! my mother!" murmured the poor fellow, as a shock more terrible than the preceding ones, hurled him roughly to the ground. But to his great surprise, his enemy relaxed his hold; Pierre unclosed his eyes, and beheld his ferocious adversary stretched at his feet, his head split asunder, while at the same moment, the one which had fastened upon his arm, loosened his grasp, and fled, howling fearfully.

Pierre needed but a second to recognize his preserver, and fell into his arms. "Rene, my lad!" he cried, and then sank into a swoon, while the blood poured in streams from his neck.

Three hours after, the spot where this fearful scene had occurred showed not a trace of any uncommon event. The snow had fallen so fast that the footprints of the combatants and the stains of blood were entirely concealed, and the headless carcases of the wolves were fast disappearing beneath its flakes. A gloomy silence had succeeded to the clamors of the morning; the branches of the trees were motionless, and the wild forest seemed to have been abandoned by bird and beast as a place of horror. Nothing is so painful, at times, as the insensibility of nature in the face of events that rack the heart of man. Who has not reproached the flowers of the garden, or the still smiling fields, for their tranquil and unruffled vegetation, when, the evening before, we have interred a beloved friend; all passes on the morrow as it passed even before the birth of the friend whom we have lost, and now that he is no more, it seems as if he had never been.

Although the wolves had been driven from the district by this memorable hunt, and although there was nothing likely for some time to attract a peasant into the glade, yet about noon on the very day of this expedition, a young lad advanced along a difficult path, with every sign of lassitude and despair. His face was bathed in tears, his garments were rent and bloody, and notwith-

standing his efforts to run onward for a few steps, he was forced. at every instant, to resume his ordinary pace. He at last reached the edge of the wood, and then collecting himself for a moment, he glanced around for a particular spot in the clearing. As soon as he had discovered it, he ran thitherward, and having stirred up the snow with his feet, he commenced an active search, the object of which, doubtless, was of great importance to him, for, from time to time, he uttered exclamations and groans, apparently caused by the ill success of his efforts. Suddenly the sight of two wolves, lying headless, side by side, excited a burst of savage rage in the bosom of the young peasant; he grasped his bill, and hacked them furiously, although they were no longer to be feared; but soon this anger ceased, as if by enchantment, when pushing aside one of the two carcases, he perceived a spotted handkerchief, folded in the form of a cravat. To seize it, to raise it in the air, to cry "here it is!" as if some one were near to hear him, was the work of a moment, then retracing his steps with fresh vigor, he soon disappeared in the depths of the forest.

What then had passed since morning, and why had Rene, for it was he, notwithstanding the fatigues of the day, made a second excursion to the forest, merely to find this spotted handkerchief?

The reader will remember that Pierre had confined his brother in a hay loft, persuaded that he had placed him beyond the reach of the dangers of the hunt; but Rene had not given up his purpose. After having allowed the band of hunters to depart to such a distance from the farm, that he no longer feared to be disturbed in his projects, he hastily plaited a cord of straw of sufficient strength to support a weight double his own. By this means he reached the court-yard, the gate of which was never closed, and walking briskly onward, he had reached the glade in time to bring aid to his brother, whose enemies he had destroyed at the moment when they were upon the point of devouring him.

Unfortunately, the wound which Pierre had received in his throat, and which immediate care might have rendered less dangerous, had been merely bandaged, on their way to the farm house, and when there, it was evident that nothing short of a miracle could save the life of the courageous peasant. The wolf's teeth had penetrated so deeply that the bones of the back part of the head were almost crushed. The wounded man had been

seized with delirium, a violent fever had ensued, and no one at the farm possessed either the skill or the remedies requisite in such an emergency.

Amid all his pain, Pierre was disturbed by a single thought, which tormented him far more than his physical suffering. On starting for the hunt, he had wound about his neck a handker-chief which had been given to him by his betrothed. It was the only present which he had ever received from her, and feeling that he was about to die, without embracing his beloved Jeanne, the poor fellow asked with tears, for the handkerchief as a last consolation. Every one about him had attributed this request to his delirium, but when Rene, who had gone to seek the pastor of the nearest village, returned, he comprehended his brother's desire; he did not hesitate for a moment, although he was already overcome with fatigue, but departed and returned, weeping all the way, with the pledge of Jeanne's love.

It was time. Pierre had scarcely strength left to press his lips to the cherished handkerchief; he sank backward, making a sign to Rene to pass it about his neck, murmured a few words in his brother's ear, then a stream of blood gushed from his mouth and nostrils, and he expired!

Five years afterward, Rene had grown to manhood. A child of nature, like the trees of the forest, like the flowers and birds of the fields, he accomplished his destiny upon the earth, while Pierre and his memory lay buried in the tomb. Jeanne, the orphan girl, had come to live with the mother of the young lad, to soothe her grief, and to assist her in the labors of the household; she was an excellent girl, pretty, healthy and active as a young fawn; she had reached her twenty-second year. As for Rene, he had grown to be one of the bravest and comeliest lads in the country. Exempted, by his father's death, from the terrible conscription, he could devote his life to the support of the only beings who were dear to him, Jeanne and his aged mother. He carned for them their daily bread, and received in exchange the sweetest caresses, the most fervent blessings. He, at last, began to look upon Jeanne with emotions different from those of a brother, and in course of time he begged the pastor to speak to the young girl, and ask her hand for him in marriage.

Pierre's betrothed confessed that she would be very happy as

Rene's wife, but that she durst not break the vows of her first love. Rene, who, with his ear placed against the door, listened to her reply, then made his appearance, and declared that his brother's last words had been the following: "My little Rene, do not forsake Jeanne, and if the time should ever come when you love her, take her for a wife,"

"The time has come," said the pastor, "has it not, Rene?"
They were soon joined in marriage, and God blessed them with such happiness that they often reproached themselves when they called to mind how seldom they thought of a brother whom both had loved with an affection almost without bounds,

ON THE DEATH OF MY SISTER.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

Spera ! through many a long and lingering year
A path of constant pain was by thee trod,—
But now are ended all thy sufferings here,
Thy soul has risen on high, to dwell with God.
Thy frame inanimate, beneath the sod
Shall rest, disturbed by nought of human woes,
In peaceful slumber rest, until each clod
Shall yield its precious charge, when at the close
Of time, the archangel's trump shall break their long repose.

Oh, how each angry word, each act unkind,
Though long forgotten, rises now to view,—
How dire remorse, with tortures racks my mind,
As faithful memory, with her pencil true,
Paints every action—gives to each its due
Degree of space, shades careful every part,
E'en to that last heart-rending long adieu,
With tints so vivid that they make me start,
And the whole picture seems engraven on my heart.

If thy pure spirit in those realms of love,

Can know our thoughts below, as some believe,

Oh, then look down upon me from above,

Forgive those acts for which I often grieve.

Oh, how such knowledge would my mind relieve.

And may we one and all, who heaved the sigh

And shed the tear when death did us bereave

Of our dear parent, meet him in the sky,

And there together spend a blessed eternity:

AMERICAN WOODBINE.

SEE ENGRAVING.

THE beautiful colored engraving that embellishes our present number, represents the Azalea nudiflora. In common language. it is called by different names, as Pink Azalea, American Woodbine. Early Honeysuckle, and Pinxter Blomachee. Other species are called Swamp Pink, White Honeysuckle, Fragrant Honeysuckle, &c., in reference to some circumstance relative to the flower or situation of the shrub. This class of shrubs is rather difficult of cultivation, owing, probably, to the peculiarity of the soil it chooses for nourishment; but when the florist is successful, he is richly rewarded for all his efforts. The soil proper for most of the species is decayed wood and leaves, mixed with a small portion of sand. Although some of them grow in the midst of swamps, even there it will almost invariably be found that they spring up from a dry knoll, or perhaps from a decayed stump of a tree. It is met with in some parts of Asia, is common in North and South America, and also in Europe.

MRS. OTIS.

SEE PORTRAIT

BY MRS. FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

THEY told me beauty, o'er thy face, Had breathed her rarest, richest spell, And lightly twined an airy grace In every curl that round it fell.

{Hast thou, within thy bosom, hid ... The charmed flower from Erin's shore, Which some fond fairy found amid Her blooming fields, and hither bore?

We met-and 'neath the veil of light And bloom that beauty round thee flung I found a charm of holier might, For love had tuned thy silver tongue.

Ah, no! within those dark blue eyes, Those graceful words, that winning smile. A deeply sweet enchantment lies Beyond the spell from Erin's isle!

'Tis said in Erin's sunny isle, 'I'is said in Erin's sunny isle, Thou dost not need the charmed fit.

That they who wear the shamrock leaf, Thou dost not need the fairy's a A blessing bring where'er they smile, In feeting dwells thy magic power. That lights and warms the wildest grief. The leaf of love is in thy heart?

Thou dost not need the charmed flower, Thou dost not need the fairy's art;





American Woodbine.

THE WIDOW'S SON.

BY PARK MOODY.

In a seaport town in one of the New England States, lived a widow, the relict of a coasting skipper, who was lost with his vessel in one of those December gales which leave widows and orphans to mourn the wreck of hopes and property. Besides his vessel he had nothing, and the loss of this, uninsured, left his widow and only son penniless. The son, Henry, at this time was eight years of age, too young to take his father's loss much at heart, but his mother was inconsolable. She had married under adverse circumstances, and together they had struggled through trials and adversity, till at length the sun of prosperity dawned. and the brightness of the future bid fair to compensate for the past. The happiness of a secure and independent home, with the means of educating her child, and the unabated attachment of him with whom she had exchanged her early vows, were hers, when this unexpected blow checked the current of her hopes, and shrouded Time had not tempered this severe affliction, ere the encroachments of poverty became apparent, and, as if more was wanted to add to the severity of her reverses, her child was taken sick with a fever, which only her unwearied attentions saved from the grave. On his recovery, he became her sole care and constant thought, and for him she plied the needle when others slept, or tilled her little garden with wearied limbs when others would have rested. The mother's love was not lost upon Morning and night would he set by her, listening to instruction from her lips, or follow her with bounding step when necessity called her to the village. It was her delight to have him always near, and with a mother's watchfulness she guarded the influences to which he became exposed, and led him gently in the paths of peace and wisdom. It was remarked by the villagers with what respect and love he yielded his mother obedience. In one instance, when insulted for the poverty of his garb, his forbearance rose to heroism.

As he grew older, their reduced circumstances became apparent to him, and with tears he besought her to find something for him to do which would lighten her burdens. She could only direct him to be industrious with his little spade in the plot of ground from which came most of their subsistence. He sometimes went to the sea-side, and obtained a basket of clams, and in one of these excursions he assisted some fishermen to mend their nets. and spread them to dry in the sun, for which he received a half dollar. But this could not supply their growing necessities. The cold and long winter nights came on, and the snow blew in clouds around their cottage, burying the walls and fences under it, as well as the little supply of wood which had hitherto kept them warm. With trembling hands they searched out the scattered sticks, lest each one drawn from beneath the snow should be the . last. Henry was now twelve years old. He had been taught to read and write, and when the kindness of a neighbor procured them an interesting book, or when the eye of the son followed the mother's pencil as she explained to him some difficult sum in arithmetic, he seemed perfectly happy. But soon their poverty presented itself in appalling colors. There was but one way in which it seemed possible for him to remedy it, and that was to go to sea. But how could he break this subject to his mother? He would encourage her with a hundred ways in which he meant to supply their wants, but uppermost in his thoughts was the idea of shipping as cabin-boy. What could he do in the village to earn money? It was a community of sea-farers, depending entirely upon commerce for support, and what other places presented he knew not, for he had never been ten miles beyond the limits of his native town. He had seen other boys of his own age return from sea, not rich to be sure, but with enough to add materially to the comforts of their homes, and in the mean time he would be no burden to his mother, and would be growing older and better able to earn more. These were his thoughts, and though he wished his mother might become acquainted with them, he could not break them to her. At first he hinted vaguely the thoughts which swelled his heart, but to these the widow shook her head, for they awoke unpleasant memories. She would suffer any privation rather than her son should meet the fate of his father. But the winter came on more severe; want overshadowed

them by day, and kept them chill by night. It became necessary that something should be done, and in this emergency, Henry pressed boldly his plans. It was a trying time for both; the means of sustaining life were nearly exhausted. The arguments of Henry were backed by graphic pictures of the happiness they would enjoy on his return, which would be in a few months. The thought of his leaving home, and at that season too, the most dangerous, filled her with anguish, as well it might. But the necessity seemed imperative. Rather than to beg she would give her consent.

Previous to dismissing him to his comfortless attic on the evening of these reflections, she gave him permission to enquire at the village the next day concerning the brig Antonia, which was getting ready to sail. This vessel was commanded by an old friend of her husband's, and was reported the safest that went from that port. In this she thought her son would be better cared for than with strangers, and if, after conversing with Capt. Norcross. he should take an interest in the son of his old friend, she decided to let him go. Henry reported the next day that the Antonia would sail the last of the month, and that the voyage would not be a long one. Capt. Norcross had none of the widow's fears, and in his interview with her partly dispelled hers. Henry was shipped, and parted from his mother with a hopeful heart, though his eves were full of tears. With her head bowed, she wended her way back to the cottage, now more lonely and comfortless than ever before, but in the belief that her son was well cared for, she bore her own troubles without a murmur. The spring-time soon came round, the time when she might expect some tidings from him. She enquired at the village, but the vessel had not been spoken. The weather had become warm, and by untiring industry she saw her prospects brightening. How would her son rejoice to find her well, and the cottage once more cheerful now that it was summer. The time had arrived when she might expect him, and though her fears were never idle, she could not believe but his smiling face would soon gladden her home. She had fixed the very day of his arrival, and determined to have some delicacy in store for him. There were anxious eyes besides hers watching for the arrival of the brig Antonia. Every white speck in the distance was regarded with intense interest, but the Antonia came

The week of her anticipated arrival had passed, but no not. Henry came. The longest possible time allotted for a safe vovage had elapsed, and the fears of the timorous were communicated to all. At length a sail was seen on the distant waves. It gave hope. Nearer and nearer it approached, discovering at last to the eager spectators the long-looked-for Antonia. The widow flew to the water-side, as did the other villagers, and saluted the first boat's crew which landed with innumerable questions. Relative met relative as they stepped upon the beach; the heartfelt welcome was extended, and all were joyous-all save the widow, for among them all she saw not her son. Another boat was seen to leave the vessel, and towards this her eves were directed. excitement attending the first landing, her questions were evaded or unanswered, and with trembling, she awaited the arrival of the other boat. Her heart misgave her, as nearer and nearer it drew. and among those who filled it she saw not her son. It landed. and one after another stepped upon the beach, but he was not there. In an agony of grief she sprang towards the captain, and implored him to tell her of her son-to say that he was well, and that no accident had befallen him. His evasive replies, and unconcealed look of sorrow were an answer. She entreated him to tell her all, and in his blunt way he related how, on their passage out, they experienced rough weather, and he was lost overboard. As might be anticipated, this filled her cup of sorrow to overflowing. She was borne to her cottage helpless as a child, and from the severe stroke never recovered. The dreary winter came roundagain, but the assistance of neighbors kept her from want, and once more the summer spread its mantle of green upon the hillside and along the flowing streams, but when the leaves became withered by the autumn frosts, they fell upon the widow's grave.

TRUE greatness beams from a lowly lot all the more nobly.— The reason of this is, that in our vulgar thoughts we art so apt to associate it with certain external advantages. Hence the surprise and pleasure we feel on seeing it where we had not been accustomed to look for it.

HOPE.

BY REV. S. D. LOUGHERN

This is a sweet word, so considered by all, but particularly so to the Christian. It is said to be made up of expectation and desire, and is therefore the awakening of an expectation in the mind of a future good, with a desire for its attainment. Hope spreads its dove-like wings over the cradle of the infant, and gladdens the mother's heart in anticipation of the future. It plays about the path of the child, and dances his heart with joy as he approaches manhood; it is the constant attendant of his riper years, whether at home or abroad, asleep or awake. Hope dwells in the habitation of prosperity, and is found in the abode of adversity; it spreads the rich fields of wealth before the view of the ambitious, and fills the imagination of the pursuer of pleasure with scenes of indescribable delight.

Hope animated the patriarchs' hearts under the darker dispensation, as they looked into the future. It cheered the souls of prophets, while from Zion's walls they heralded the coming of Messiah. It pointed them through the vista of succeeding ages to the star which would rise on Bethlehem, and for a short space sit on Calvary, but the lustre of which would not in the least diminish till eternity should lose itself in its own vastness.

Hope cheered the desponding disciples while their Lord slept in the tomb, and strengthened their expectation of his triumph over death. It saw the first opening in the veil of eternity as the light of immortality fresh from the throne broke the gloom surrounding the sepulchre.

Hope sojourned with the apostles and martyrs during their exiles, imprisonments, banishments; it lit up their gloomy dungeons, quenched the violence of the kindling fagot, and sat in the language of holy triumph on their lips as the curling flames chased their spirits up to God.

Hope is the Christian's solace under the trying circumstances peculiar to his passage through the world; it hushes the din of worldly commotion, and 'calms the waves of life's rough sea'

about his bark. It is a soother of sorrows, a comforter in trouble, a friend to all in every rank and condition. It shows equal respect to savage and civilized, rich and poor, beggar and king.—
It strews many flowers along the pathway of human life, and cheers the Christian traveler in view of death. It guides the rising youth, and supports declining old age. It lingers about the bed of sickness, nor deserts its subject till the body drops into the tomb. Thus, it is indescribable in value while living, and if sanctified, anchors the soul when loosing itself from mortality; sheds around it a clear, constant light as it approaches and passes the dark valley; conducts it safely through its dangers and gloom, and ascending the shining pathway, introduces it among the enraptured company of saints and angels.

THE CHILD AND THE FLOWER.

BY MRS. L. M. SIGOURNEY.

A BABE, who like some opening bud,
Grew fairer every day,
Made friendship with the simple flowers
That grew beside his way,—
And though full many a gorgeous plant
Allur'd his infant sight,
Yet with the meek Forget me-Not,
He took his chief delight.

From mantel-vase, or rich bouquet,
He cull'd this favorite gem,
Well pleas'd its lowly lips to kiss,
Or lightly clasp its stem;
So, when in dreamless rest he sank,
For soon he was to fade,
That darling friend, Forget-me-Not,
In his white shroud was laid.

And when beside the mother's couch
Who weepeth for his sake,
Some vision of his heavenly joy
Doth midnight darkness break,
He cometh with a cherub smile,
In garments of the blest,
And weareth a Forget-me-Not
Upon his sinless breast.

THE WONDERFUL PHIALS,

OR IDLENESS CURED.

FROM THE FRENCH .-- BY ANNA

ALINE was about ten years old; she possessed many excellent traits of character, but she testified an insurmountable aversion for study.

- "Ah!" she exclaimed one day to her mother, "I wish I had lived in the time of fairies, and had had one of them for a god-mother."
 - "Why, my child?" replied Madame Saint Hilaire, smiling.
- "Why, mamma? Because she could with a slight touch of her wand make me know every thing without my taking the least trouble to learn it."
- "You would not be so happy, my dear child. How would you manage to pass the day, if you did not spend some portion of it in studying your lessons?"
- "I would find it very difficult indeed!" replied her daughter, bursting into a loud and merry-laugh. "Why, mamma, I would play, I would walk; in fact I would amuse myself in a thousand different ways."
- "You are mistaken, Aline. If your recreations give you so much pleasure, it is only because they follow after labor. By ceasing to occupy yourself usefully, the plays that you enjoy the most now, would, after a while, become exceedingly tiresome to you. You would soon begin to suffer from *ennusi*, that most unpleasant of all feelings."
- "And do I not suffer from it every time when I am yawning over that awful grammar?"
- "No, my child, you only experience a little feeling of idleness, and if you would but conquer that weakness, the effort would give you the sweetest satisfaction. I mean to say, you would be contented with yourself; then, little by little, you would succeed in entirely overcoming those bad inclinations to which we are all more or less subject, and which can only be eradicated during

childhood; in a word, you would become, one day, the pride of your parents."

The respect that Aline felt for her mother, restrained her from opposing her farther, but Madame Saint Hilaire perceived with sorrow that her daughter was not convinced of the truth of her remarks.

"I regret, my child," she continued, "that I have not succeeded in persuading you to view the matter in its true light. However, if you persist in the wish of acquiring instruction without taking any trouble, there is a way by which to accomplish it, although we do not live in the time of fairies."

"Ah, dearest mother!" exclaimed the astonished and delighted Aline, "can that be possible?"

"Yes, my child, there are learned men who work these wonders every day. If you desire it, I will conduct you to-morrow to the dwelling of a certain physician whose wonderful powers every body praises."

"Dear, dear mamma, take me to him to-day."

"No, no! to-morrow morning will be quite soon enough."

It was with the greatest impatience that Aline awaited the arrival of the following day. She arose very early, quite contrary to her ordinary custom, dressed herself, and entered her mother's apartment just as the latter awoke.

"What, up and dressed already?" exclaimed Madame Saint Hilaire.

Yielding to her daughter's impatience, as soon as they had finished their breakfast, Madame Saint Hilaire and Aline entered a carriage, and drove to the residence of the physician before alluded to. His venerable aspect, his white beard, long robe, and grave deportment, quite intimidated our poor Aline. As soon as she had been presented by her mother to the old man, the latter scanned her attentively, and then said—

"My child, I can read your wish in your features. You have come to demand of me the gift of knowledge. But do you know the price by which alone it can be obtained? Many have asked for it, but as yet, not one has had courage sufficient to persevere until the end was gained."

"What is necessary to be done?" replied Aline, greatly astonished.

- "What is necessary to be done? Why, nothing, nothing at all," said the old man and Madame Saint Hilaire in one voice.
- "But I do not understand you, sir," continued the little girl in the utmost surprise.
- "Yes, nothing, absolutely nothing. You see," he added, "this small chest: it contains fifteen phials. Pour out, daily, the contents of each of them, according as they are numbered, and, in the meanwhile, you must entirely abstain from all study. I forbid you to draw, to practice your piano, or even to read; in a word, all that I can permit you to do, is to partake of the exercise of walking, and to amuse yourself."
- "Ah, the delightful command!" murmured Aline in a low voice, who would not be happy in obeying it? What a pleasure!"

Then the old man smiled and added-

"Perhaps, my child, you may become fatigued of this pleasure sooner than you think; but, in any case, at the end of fifteen days, visit me again, bringing with you the chest."

"Yes, sir," replied Aline, "and be assured that I shall not weary of play. If mamma will permit me, I will commence this very day, and I assure you that I will follow your directions in every respect."

Madame Saint Hilaire readily assented to her daughter's request. Then the old man placed the little chest in Aline's hands, who seized it with an expression of delight. She then renewed the promise that she had just made; and with a light and happy heart, followed her mother into the carriage.

The first and second day all passed off well. Aline played from morning till night without becoming in the least tired. The third day she enjoyed herself a little less; the fourth her toys and doll scarcely afforded her any amusement; the fifth, owing to a walk which she had taken the evening before, and which seemed to her long and fatiguing, she was sick from a slight fever, which confined her to the house for the day.

Madame Saint Hilaire therefore invited some of her daughter's young friends to spend the afternoon with her, and in consequence this day passed quite happily. But on the sixth it was another thing. Aline, tired and weary, one moment would yawn, the next she would imagine that she was hungry, and ask for something to eat, then, on being told that it was not yet luncheon time, she would become impatient, and speak in a cross and angry tone.

The following day Aline's little friends came again to see her. but she was, if possible, still more out of humor than on the previous one. She fretted, she wept, she became vexed at trifles, while her young companions could not account for the change in her disposition. But especially when they spoke of their music lessons, of their embroidery, and of their numerous studies, in which they seemed deeply interested, all prohibited pleasures to our poor Aline, it was too much for her, and she gave way to such a burst of passionate emotion, that her young visiters gazed at her in astonishment, and looked in vain for their once good and amiable Aline.

But the eighth day it was still worse. Being no longer able to bear the task which had been imposed upon her, she ran to her mother, and with tears in her eyes, entreated her to accompany her at once to the abode of the physician, that she might request permission to resume her studies, and at the same time return him his chest.

"The hateful phials!" she exclaimed. "I should die if I had to pass such another week as the last."

On hearing her daughter speak thus earnestly, Madame Saint Hilaire's face brightened; she arose, ordered the carriage, and in a short time Aline found herself in the presence of the old man. As soon as he perceived her, he exclaimed—"Ah, my little girl, what brings you here so soon?"

Our poor Aline burst into tears, but unable to reply, she extended the chest towards him. The aged man took it, opened it, and taking up each phial, held them towards the light, and examined them carefully. When he had reached the ninth, he turned and exclaimed— "Why, my child, have you wearied of play already?"

"Oh, yes!" replied Aline, "I am tired to death of it! Formerly, if I sometimes became fatigued with my lessons, I always enjoyed play afterwards. I am cured of my idleness. Only let me resume my studies, and I will never again complain of the difficulty of acquiring them!"

"You have learned a useful lesson, dear Aline," said the physician, with a kind smile, "and remember always that we enjoy true pleasure in accomplishing our duties, and, above all, that we can only obtain useful information by the aid of patience and persevering industry."

THE LAST VISIT.

TO THE MEMORY OF AN ESTREMED YOUNG LADY.

THERE is, perhaps, nothing so beautiful and true as those figures in the Bible which set forth the brevity and uncertainty of human life. In one place we read, "As for man, his days are as grass, as a flower of the field so he flourisheth: the wind passeth over him and he is gone, and the place thereof shall know him no more." And in the unexpected illness and sudden decease of the lady we now chronicle for the Wreath, we have the fearful truth declared in this portion of holy Scripture forcibly illustrated.

There are but few who have left the circle of cherished friends for the lonely regions of the dead, more lamented than the youthful and esteemed Miss Catherine B——, and but for the blessed consolation that she sleeps in Jesus, this dispensation of divine providence would have been too intolerable to be borne.

Being blessed with pious parents, the most judicious measures were adopted, and that too at an early period, to qualify their daughter for any sphere in which she might be called to move, and especially to impress her young heart, ere it should be hardened by a long course of sinning, favorably toward the religion of the blessed Jesus. Nor were their endeavors in vain—for although the parents had not the satisfaction of seeing their daughter publicly profess an interest in Christ, and a hope of eternal life, before she was so suddenly brought down upon a sick bed, still they had that kind of satisfaction which arises from a development of those graces which so greatly adorn, and are so peculiarly distinguishing to the female character.

Miss Catherine was naturally amiable in her disposition—her sweetness of spirit, and agreeable demeanor, was observed by all who mingled in her society—and what contributed in a great measure to elevate her in the estimation of all, was the respect she always manifested towards religion and its professors, and especially the deep interest she manifested in behalf of the Sabbath school. Here she appeared at home, and nothing delighted

her more than to meet her class of smiling girls, regularly as the Sabbath morning dawned. As a teacher she was held in high estimation, not only by those who were benefitted by her instructions, but by all the officers of the school. But notwithstanding all her accomplishments, her sweetness of spirit, her respect for religion, her love for the Sabbath school, and the high estimation in which she was held—still, "she passed away"—away from the home of her youth, and the circle of her family—away from probationary life and the scenes peculiar thereto—away to that bourne from whence the traveler ne'er returns. The circumstances of her illness and death were peculiar.

Toward the latter part of the summer of 1850, while the fields remained clad in their summer robes, and the trees were still adorned in their loveliest attire—for several days in succession. as the morning dawned and departed, there was one all activity in preparing for a visit among her friends in the city of H---. At length arrangements were effected, and the time of leaving appointed—the mother and sister kindly assisting in the adjust ment of every article of clothing she might need during her absence. And how high were the anticipations of the fair girl-how redolent flew her winged hours away-how lightly did care hang upon that fond young maiden heart—and how little did she ima gine that this her anticipated visit would be her last! She called upon some of her friends before leaving: the writer was among the number, and I can still see the pleasant smile she gave us, when she said "good bye"—and then the lively manner in which she tript away, evidencing the absence of every thing like care from her mind. The rose of health seemed to blush upon her cheek-her heart beat with sprightliness and vigor, and there seemed an overflowing of the spirit and buoyancy of youth.— The time of leaving arrived. 'Twas morning, fair and cloudless. She took her leave of home, and reached her friends in safety. But the lapse of only a few days brought back sad intelligence to The fair one is seized with a serious and dangerous illness. The parents without delay hasten to the place, and as they enter the house, they are informed that Catherine is very low. They are conducted to her room-but, alas! how changed, and that too in a few days. Still they hope there will soon be an alteration for the better. They cannot allow themselves to think

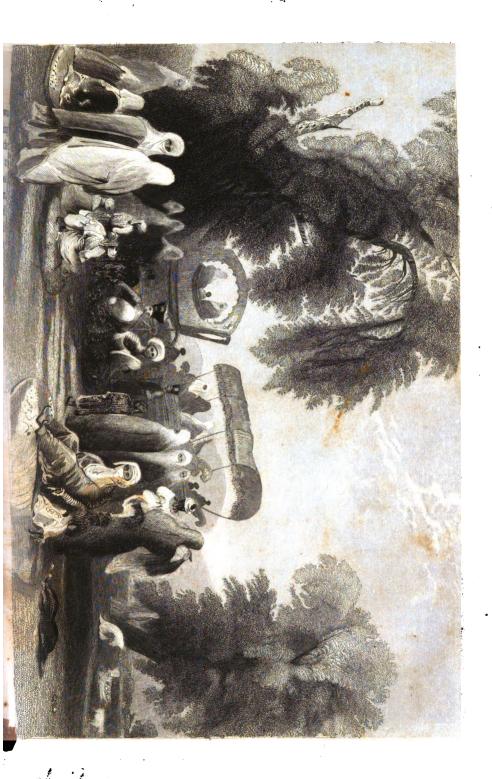
otherwise. The hours fly away, but there is no abatement of the disease. The best medical skill, and the unceasing kindness and attention of friends is all unavailing. There is no alteration for the better discoverable, but on the other hand a gradual sinking. At length the symptoms of the disease become of such a character. that all are forced to the conclusion that Catherine cannot recover. But how hard the thought—how can it be endured! It is common for wrinkled brows and hoary locks to go down to the grave; but when vouthful loveliness is made the prev of disease, and is doomed to waste in the tomb, how reluctantly we give our assent. The father, now satisfied that his daughter is to depart, feels anxious to know the state of her mind. Oh! 'twas a solemn hour—that immortal spirit was soon to appear in the presence of its God, and yet unprepared—unfit for heaven. The father, with suppressed feelings, inquires-" Catherine, how do you feel in view of dying?" "Oh!" said she, "I cannot die, because I am unprepared. How I wish I had my life to live over again-I would pursue a different course." "But as that cannot be." added the father, "try and compose your mind, and ask the Lord to prepare you for your change." "Oh, father !" she replied, "I cannot die because I am unhappy." Those portions of scripture which were appropriate were breathed in the ear of the dying girl, and applied by the Spirit to her heart-she wept-she prayed. The father knelt by her bed, and as he had often done before, he now offered his child upon the arms of faith and prayer to God,—and prayer prevailed in Catherine's behalf, for while she sought she The Saviour in great mercy appeared to her heart—an in a moment lamentation was changed to praise. "Now, father," said she, "I can die: the Lord has blessed me-he has pardoned all my sins." She then added, "I wish I could but live about six weeks to go back home and be useful—to persuade my young associates to seek the Lord, and be faithful in the Sabbath school." Shortly after this her articulation failed, and for over half an hour she lay without any appearance of life. She then revived again, and conversed sweetly of Jesus and heaven. Jesus was the source of all her joys-her "fairest among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely"-and of heaven, its enjoyments, employments and society, she conversed in a most astonishing manner. Death had lost its sting, and the grave was robbed of its victory.

Her sun was now rapidly sinking to rest. The silver chord was fast breaking—the world was receding, and eternity dawning upon the vision of her spirit—and while thus evidently on the margin of the invisible world, she looks back for a last time to earth and weeping friends. She called all to her bed-side, took the parting hand, imprinted the farewell kiss, and obtained from each the promise to meet her in heaven; and then added, "Tell all my young associates not to delay seeking the Lord until brought down to a bed of sickness and death. Tell them that my dying request to all is-meet me in heaven." She then lost sight of earth and weeping friends, while the realities of a blissful eternity caught her view. The angel convoy were in waitingtheir rapturous strains fall upon her ear-she saw, she heard the . same. She exclaims with uplifted eye, and hand and faltering tongue—"Father, don't vou see them! Don't vou hear them sing! They are coming nearer, and they say they have come for me." So saying, she closed her eyes, and bade the scenes of earth a long adieu. "Twas true—she was now gone—forever gone. She left us, not after the frosts of successive winters had whitened her fair brow for the grave: 'twas in the morning of youthful loveliness. But she's gone to bloom in immortal youth, with all the holy and good before the throne.

This dispensation of divine providence, which has resulted in the removal of this youthful lady, is not without design. Gentle reader, regard this as a call from the spirit world, to "Be it also ready." Have you health? so had she. Have you flattering spects for life? so had she. Are your youthful associated numerous? so were hers. Have you kind parents and affection ate brothers and sisters? so had she. Have you the good of world at your command? so had she. But all availed her not ing—all was lost sight of, and forgotten, when eternity was a pearing—and be assured there is nothing but an interest in Chaptant will prepare you for death, for the judgment, or invest you with a meetness for heaven.

Ramapa Vally, Jan. 1851.

Constant activity to make others happy is one of the surest ways of making ourselves so.





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THE BALL ROOM:

OR, A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

BY TIRZAH F. M. CURRY.

It was a cold evening in December. The shutters were closed, and warm fires were lighted on every hearth in the stately mansion of Mr. Wentworth, in the busy, bustling city of D——. The old town clock had just struck six, and in an upper room of the mansion just referred to, with her chair drawn close to the blazing grate, sat the young and gifted Rose Somers. Her head rested on her hand, and her brows were knit, as if in deep thought. On a sofa beside her was outspread a new and elegant ball-dress, which had been prepared for a grand entertainment to be given that evening, in honor of the birthday of one of her "particular friends."

Thoughts, deep, strong and moving, were agitating her bosom. She thought of her destiny as a rational and immortal being-she thought of "the gay, the light, the changeful scenes," through which she had passed, during the last three years of her life-she thought of the future, when she should be called to lay down the gilded trappings of youth, and pass into the "sere and yellow leaf" of old age—she thought of eternity—and here she paused. Her fancy refused to sketch the portrait of a gay and thoughtless inmate of a ball-room, surprised by the messenger of death, and summoned into eternity. Suddenly her brow lost its compression, a smile lighted up her face, and springing to her feet, she said with energy-"No! I cannot go to this ball. Hereafter I will try to live as a candidate for an immortal existence." She fell upon her knees, and in the fullness of her heart, she supplicated a throne of grace, for strength to keep her resolution, which she feared would meet with much opposition.

Rose Somers was not a native of the gay city in which she now resided. About fifty miles distant, in a quiet secluded valley, was the snug little cottage in which her parents had lived and loved, until she was six years old. At that period, Mr. Somers was prostrated by disease, and in a fortnight after his attack his wife was called to follow him to the grave. Mrs. Somers was possess-

ed of a mind in the highest degree energetic and decisive. This fatal blow to her earthly happiness, however, for a time quite overcame her. Not only the kind guardian of her person, but the sweet counselor, in whose society she had enjoyed so long a period of almost uninterrupted happiness, was gone. She was not, however, left alone to buffet with the storms of an unfriendly world. Her unassuming manners, her gentle disposition, and unaffected piety, had won for her many friends even among strangers.

She had a sister living in fashionable style in the city of D-, but since her own marriage, she had not seen her. Contented with possessing the affections of a man of intelligence and worth, her life had been one smooth stream, and the mere competence which had been earned by the labor of their hands, was to her sweeter far than the hoarded wealth of the thousands who, in cities' crowded mart, toil for riches and a name. At the head of the valley in which they lived, stood a neat white church, surrounded with oaks and maples, which threw over the building, and the adjacent burying-ground, a still and solemn shadow.-Thither this little family had for years regularly gone to perform their yows, and in a sheltered corner of the church-yard, under a spreading crab-apple, in the month of blossoms, had Mr. Somers been laid to rest. No wonder then that the scene with its associations were dear to the hearts of his wife and daughter, and that here they chose to remain, rather than to seek an asylum among their relatives. To the training of little Rose, the mother now devoted herself with unwearied diligence. She opened a small school for girls, and in this way not only rendered herself useful to those around her, but also obtained a comfortable subsistence. Sometimes, when the weather was pleasant, she would take her pupils out to some shady spot, and when they had recited their lessons, watch their innocent gambols on the green turf, and by thus unbending her mind to their juvenile sports, she secured for herself a high, almost a mother's place, in their affections.

Thus passed away several years, until one morning, when the little group assembled as usual, they did not meet the pleasant smile of their kind teacher. Little Rose met them at the gate, and told them that her mother was sick in bed—that she had a burning fever, and would not be able to attend to their lessons that day. They dispersed with sad hearts, and the following morning

they again sought the house; but the shutters were closed, and even little Rose was not to be seen. One of their number ascended the steps, and knocked at the door. It was opened by a strange lady, who, with tears in her eyes, told them that their dear friend was fast passing away, and that there was now no hope of her recovery. They begged to be permitted to see her, a request which could not be denied. She extended to each her already wasted hand, and committed them to the care of the "children's friend." They then, one by one, drowned in tears, silently kissed her feverish brow, and withdrew from the room.

The strange lady was Mrs. Wentworth-Mrs. Somers' sisterwho has already been spoken of as residing in the city of D---. She had accidentally arrived at her sister's on the first day of her illness, and to the mind of Mrs. Somers her arrival gave great relief. She had now one with her, to whom she could commit her child, without anxiety. She lingered a few days, and then without a fear, she quietly passed to "the land of the blest." It was a pleasant afternoon, early in the month of May, when they committed her body to the earth. Many and sincere were the mourners, for there were few hearts in the community, in which the gentle and lovely widow Somers had not a place. The sun was descending in the west, when Mrs. Wentworth led little Rose out of the church-yard, and the gentle breeze that scarcely disturbed the branches of the tall oaks and maples, seemed to nestle in the lowly crab-apple, and strewed the newly-made grave with a garniture of its fading blossoms.

In a few days, every thing was settled for the departure to the city of the little orphan and her kind aunt, to whom she seemed to cling with intuitive fondness. She was now twelve years of age, a period at which impressions, and especially those of a melancholy nature, are not very permanent. The youthful mind is apt to gild the future with bright images and fancied joys, and the past, however painful, is soon forgotten. There was, however, aside from this, another important reason why Bose Somers did not brood in sorrow over the death of her dear parent. This was the calm and cheerful manner in which the latter had been wont to converse with her daughter on the subject of her anticipated removal from the world. She had even spoken of it as a pleasant release, from the pains and ills of life, a joyful entrance into ever-

lasting habitations, and a happy reunion with the partner of her joys and sorrows. Oh! could Christians, always, thus divest death of its gloom, what pleasant memories would linger around their names, and with what fond delight would their children stand around the grassy mound which conceals only the perishable part of those who, in life, were so dear—and as the eye of faith, directed far beyond this changing scene, would view their nobler part in the possession of immortal joys, every regret would be changed to rejoicing.

Mr. Wentworth, whom we have already introduced to our readers, was a man of note in his native city; and being possessed of an ample fortune, he had it in his power to gratify every wish of his wife, who, although a kind and amiable friend, was very fond of splendor and fashion. When Rose Somers first took a survey of her new home, she was lost in wonder at the number and elegance of the apartments, and the richness of the furniture. And tears filled her eyes when she thought of her mother's little cottage, with its trellissed front, its simple furniture, and its neat little garden filled with vegetables. Her two cousins, Charles and Ellen, were already grown up. The former assisted his father in the counting-house, and the latter was married a few weeks after Rose took up her residence in D---. Our little heroine consequently became the sole companion of her aunt. Her winning manners and amiable disposition soon caused her to be quite a favorite in the family. Winter was approaching, and Mrs. Wentworth, in the joy and pride of her heart, contemplated sending the beautiful little Rose to a dancing school, in order that she might acquire that polish which would render her an ornament to the clevated circle in which, as her niece, she would be called to move. She had already secured for her teachers in the more solid departments, and she wished to leave nothing undone which could in any wise contribute to render her accomplished and lovely.-When the proposition to attend dancing school was made to her, she modestly hung her head, and said-

"Do you think my mother would approve of such a course, if she were alive? I remember, she used to tell me how much more profitably my time was spent, when assisting her in her domestic labors, or mending my own clothing, or working in the little garden, than if I were indulging in the frivolous amusements of the fashionable and wealthy."

Mrs. W. smiled, and said, "My dear child, your mother would have felt very differently if she had lived in the midst of fashionable society. Difference of circumstances, brings us under different obligations;" and with these and other arguments, she so calmed the mind of the innocent girl, that she entered with spirit upon her new exercise. Every succeeding winter brought a return of the same employment, until she entered her seventeenth year, when it was thought by her aunt that it was time for her to make her debut into society. This she was able to do with more than ordinary applause; for to a personal appearance in every way agreeable, if not beautiful, were added the charms of a well cultivated mind. It matters not that we should tell our readers whether her eves were blue or black or hazel, whether her hair was brown or chestnut or fair, or whether her stature was above or below mediocrity. This belongs not to our present purpose.— Certain it is, that she was gifted with a noble and aspiring genius, and that the long hours spent in acquiring an education, had been to her an intellectual feast—a banquet, in which the various powers of her mind had reveled. Aye! and there were times too when the overflowings of her young and innocent heart found vent in song, and when the rich tones of her voice, gushing forth in some wild melody which she had herself composed, held the listener enraptured, and when "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" welled up in her bosom, and found utterance in language which her kind aunt, with a shake of the head, pronounced "far beyond her years."

But the scene changed, and soon amid the splendors of the ball room or the gay cotillion party, Rose Somers became a changed being. Little wonder, if the admiration of all, and the adulatory praise lavished upon her by the other sex, should, in a short time, cause her to forget the lessons of her early childhood, and to be-lieve that in fashionable amusements there was indeed a secret charm. Intellectual pursuits lost their former relish, and frivolous romances were resorted to during the hours not occupied in the society of her gay companions. Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth contemplated her brilliant career with parental fondness. Strangers to that religion which would have taught them to care for the spiritual welfare of their niece, they thought only of seeing her the centre, around which fond admirers would love to linger and pay tribute to her grace and loveliness.

There were times, however, when Rose Somers was not the gay happy creature which she appeared to be. Often when the triumph of her beauty seemed complete, and when the spell by which she held the gay throng in mute admiration was deepest, a mother's restraining hand was laid upon her arm, and a mother's sainted voice whispered in her ear, "What doest thou here, my daughter?" Oh! at such a time, how sweet it would have been to have sought the stillness of her own chamber, and held communion with that angel spirit which was still permitted to watch over her erring steps.

Ah! there is a secret influence at work in the mind of the child of a pious mother, which is irresistible. Despair not, fond parent! The seeds which you are now sowing, may long lie buried ere they are called into life. Your own head may be laid low in the silent tomb, and other and distant scenes may witness the first dawnings of repentance in the heart of your child—but rest assured your labor is not in vain.

For three years did Rose Somers alternately listen to and disregard the kind remonstrances of conscience. At the close of this period, she attended a series of balls and social parties, given by the gay inhabitants of D——, to welcome the approach of winter. Morning after morning, she had sought her pillow for repose, just as day was kindling in the east, instead of being then ready, with a grateful heart, to leave her couch, and engage in the duties of devotion. For more than a fortnight she had not once murmured a prayer to her heavenly Father, and although crimson blushes, and gentle cmiles, still held their dominion on her fair face, yet her heart was not at peace with itself. To her aunt she dared not to unburden her bosom, for there, she feared, she would meet with no sympathy.

The evening on which our story commences, found her alone, struggling with feelings too painful to be communicated to any one. Her resolution has already been told. At eight o'clock, a postillion reined up before Mr. Wentworth's mansion, but Miss Somers was not in readiness. Mrs. W. hastened up to her apartment, to learn what could possibly have detained her. Rose received her with one of her sweetest smiles, and invited her to be seated near the fire.

"But what do you mean, child? Mrs. G's. carriage is at the door, and you are not ready!"

"Be so kind, my good aunt, as to dismiss the postillion, and then come up here, and I will tell you all about it."

Mrs. W., lost in wonder, obeyed, and again sought her niece.

"Do be quick, and tell me what has happened, for really I amvery much puzzled."

"In the first place, aunt, and to come to the point at once, I am resolved to attend no more balls, which, without rendering any equivalent, waste precious time, ruin health, poison the mind, and unfit the immortal spirit to hold communion with its great Author."

"But you do not mean," said her aunt, attempting to conceal her displeasure, "that these consequences follow the course which I have laid out for you? And beside, is it not ungrateful in you to take your present course, after all the pains and expense we have lavished upon you, in order that you might be qualified to adorn the society in which you move? What will cheer my home? What will render my house an agreeable resort, when it is known that Miss Somers is no longer the star of my domestic circle?"

This last appeal to her better feelings deeply affected Rose, though it did not for a moment cause her to waver in her determination.

"My dear aunt, I hope you will not think me ungrateful, for I acknowledge your mistaken kindness in devoting much pains and expense to my perfection in an art, which has well nigh proved my ruin. And, oh! when I think of the three past years of my life, that have been not a blank—but a blot on the brief page of my life, I tremble, and I trust I feel grateful that I have not been cut off in the midst of my sinful course! Oh, aunt!" and her voice trembled as she said it, "I had a mother once, who taught my infant heart to pray, who laid me to rest at night, murmuring blessings on my head, and who, in faith, gave me away to her Saviour. 'She has passed away to a brighter world, but her spirit still lingers near, and whispers of pardon and peace, if I will yet Do not fear that your home will be rendered less joyous than it has been, or that the evening of your days will be clouded with gloom or neglect. To minister to the happiness of my nearest earthly friends, will now be my only care, and, by my kind attentions to them, I hope to repay, at least in some measure, their early care for me."

She ended, and for a time there was a struggle in Mrs. Wentworth's bosom. She thought of the sister who had shared her early home, to whose gentle bosom she had been wont to confide all her joys and sorrows. Then she thought of her last sad interview with that beloved one, when, with confiding tenderness, she had committed her darling child to her care, with the simple and trusting words, "Watch over her." Conscience told her that her lessons had not been of that healthful restraining nature, with those that the sweet child would have received from her own parent. A new world of feeling seemed to open upon her. She folded her niece to her breast, and as the warm tears fell from her eyes, she murmured—

"My own, my sweet Rose! may Heaven bless you, and make the years to come more happy than those that are past. Forgive my ill-directed affection for you, and hereafter let one feeling actuate us in our conduct—love to each other, and love to God."

That hitherto splendid and fashionable mansion, now became the abode of solid happiness and peace, and when two years afterwards, Mrs. Wentworth sank in the arms of death, her head was pillowed on the gentle bosom of the lovely Rose Somers, and the bereaved husband found in his affectionate niece a staff for his declining footsteps.

There is a chapter in the annals of the Wentworth family which tells of a clergyman's home, far away in the west, which is cheered by the presence of a refined and cultivated woman—of a cottage, over whose white front the sweet brier and jasmine are carefully trained—of the soft tones of a piano and guitar, which are wont to greet the passer-by in the still evening time—and of the busy hum of children's voices which arise from the grassy yard in the rear of the cottage. There then has Rose Somers found a home, and there in the employments of peaceful industry and virtue, her life passes serenely away. "Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

Grand View, Ohio.

Ir society made it a point to take no notice of those who make it a point to attract notice, pretenders would be as rare as the virtues they lay claim to.

AGE.

BY CELIA.

Dread is the creeping chill that overspreads
The brow at thy approach, thou wintry Age!
And the dark shadow of thy coming sheds
A fearful gloom upon the closing page
Of man's brief volume—when uncheered by bright
And heavenly-pencilled light!

Lo! how the spirits that have bowed to earth
With rigid earnestness and strange devotion,
Through all the blessed years since Manhood's birth
Unsealed the heart's deep fountains of emotion,
Cower at thy slow advance, and seek to fiee
From thy dread mastery!

Pale grows the quivering lip, and darkness fills

The eye that gloated on the world's frail treasure—
And vacant agony the bosom thrills,

That sought its only hope and lasting pleasure
Among the gorgeous gems, and glittering toys

Of sublunary joys;—

Grim Terror spreads apace his heavy pall
O'er all the Future—once so brightly wooing—
And messengers of Memory gather all
The secrets direful of the soul's undoing,
And bring them forth—a ghastly pale display
In strangely dread array!

He sees the deeds, and trembles as he sees—
That blackened all his soul in years gone by—
He hears his own inhuman mockeries
Of orphan's helpless woe, and widow's sigh—
All the derision stern of mad Oppression,
Athirst for wide Possession!

He sees the fragrant buddings of his heart
By fire terrific of Ambition seared;
It bade each kindly feeling of his soul depart,
And in their genial occupancy reared
The gilded images of Wealth and Fame,
Of reverential name.

Lo! how the weight of iron years has crushed
With tread malignant, all the flowers of life!
And now his summons to the Tomb has hushed
And quelled for aye his soul's ignoble strife—
In powerless terror and dark rage he cries,
Then, deeply shuddering, dies!

Turn we with sickening heart from scenes so fearful—Alas! that such our beauteous earth should mar!
Alas! that Age should bring a pale and tearful
Summons to a wrathful Judge's bar!
Is there no hope beyond the Tomb, for those
Who linger at Life's close?

Age comes not ever with a dark revealing,
Clouding the spirit with its awful gloom—
But, as a smiling angel, comes, unsealing,
With gentle hand, the portals of the Tomb—
Leading the weary feet of mortals frail
Adown the shadowy vale.

Behold the Christian father's hallowed peace,
As the white angel lays his hand upon
His scattered locks, and whispers sweet release
From all the earthly suffering he has known,
And opens to his vision glad, the dawning
Of new and glorious Morning!

Oh! sweetly to his heart does Memory bring
Her treasured flowers of the eventful Past!
Their fragrance, like the balminess of Spring,
Revives his fainting spirit—and the fast
Flowing of his joyful tears is given
In gratitude to Heaven!

He sees the kindly Hand that ever led him
Safely on through every dangerous way—
The ever bounteous Providence that fed him
Through his long pilgrimage—his day
Of mingled shadow and screnest light—
Now setting calm and bright.

He hears again the loved familiar voices,
Whose echoes long ago had died away
In Death's deep silence—and his heart rejoices
As their glad music tells him of the Day
To which he hastens—where farewells shall sever
The heart no more forever!

Yet brighter beams the heaven of his eye,
As earthly visions vanish from his sight—
And his rapt ear is filled with minetrelsy
Of spirit-land—and in their vestments bright
Fair messengers, with peace and mercy shod,
Conduct him home to God!

Oh! should we linger here 'till frosty Age
Has blasted all the beauty of our Youth;
May still upon our keart's unwithered page
Be writ the language of Eternal Truth—
And our glad spirits hail the flitting even
That wafts the soul to Heaven!

TO A BABE, FOUR MONTHS OLD.

BY MRS. D. W. HOLT.

Swear bud of innocence! thy tiny form Awakes emotions in my bosom warm Of melting tenderness, while from thine eye Beams forth the light of helpless infancy.

Slowly, thy intellectual leaves unfold, And every month new features I behold; Thy lamp of life burns brighter, and the grow Of health is clearer on thine infant brow.

Thy mind expands—the vacant look is gone—And animation sparkles from its throne!
Reflecting light on objects all around,
Waking thine eye to form, thine ear to sound.

I love to see thy smile—it charms away Moments of sadness in a wintry day; Thou hast no sorrow in thy heart concealed, The present only is to thee revealed.

Should years their changeful breezes o'er thee roll, And happy culture elevate thy soul, May every germ implanted in thy breast, Spring forth with Purity and Truth impress'd.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

BY D. W. BARTLETT.

THERE is no place in the world more joyful and quiet than a farmer's home. Talk not of palaces built and inhabited by merchant princes, nor of rich men's country-seats, for they will not compare with the old homestead, for gentle joys and peaceful comforts! In the one, you may tread on finer carpets, and gaze into more splendid mirrors, or listen to more fashionable music from costly pianos; but in the other you can hear the sweet voice of the farmer's daughter singing happy songs, artless but beautiful; and there are springs of water, clear as chrystal, over which, when you bend down in their chaste depths, you can see your face.—And then, while too often in the rich man's house there are jeal-ousies and heart-burnings, in the farm-house there is happiness and content.

How foolish are they that pine for wealth and grandeur!—Neither bring happiness, nor love, nor contentment. Money will not purchase a single worthy heart, nor all the grandeur in the world secure true friendship or love. If you would be happy, do right—be content with a home full of simple joys and loves—never struggle for great wealth or fame: chase not such meteors, such false stars—oh, never, if you would live a life of peace and joy!

There was once, in the little village of S——, a farmer's home, which was one of the happiest in the world. The village lay a few miles from the beautiful Connecticut river, in a valley of great beauty. Ranges of lofty mountains stretched far away to the north and south on either hand, while in the valley there ran a beautiful stream, called by the Indians years before the Tunxis. Squire Neil, the owner of the farm, was a true type of the New England farmer. He was generous and yet careful, heartily attached to his church and religion, but not uncourteous to those belonging to other sects; independent as a lord, but plain and kind. He was himself a hard working man, and had received only a common-school education; yet from careful observation and a studious turn of mind, he had stored his mind with a great

deal of useful knowledge, so that with his strong native powers, notwithstanding his sun-burnt complexion and his hard, rough hands, he was better fitted to take his seat among strong-minded men of intellect than many a man who has received all the education to be got at schools and colleges.

His farm was not a very large one, but was well-tilled, and looked very beautiful in the summer time. There were acres of old woods on it, where the drum of the partridge was heard and the chirp of the squirrel and songs of many birds. There were acres too of corn and oats and rye waving in the wind, and fields of unmown grass—could any thing be more beautiful?

His wife was all kindness and gentleness, and was blessed by all those who were in distress for miles around. She had two children—Edward who was twenty, and Alice who was eighteen. And my pen falters when I try to describe the farmer's daughter—gentle Alice Neil. Her form was slight and very graceful, her face was the very picture of quiet love, and her eyes, though blue as the sky over her head, would sometimes sparkle so and look so full of glee, gentle and slight and tenderly fair as she was, that a stranger would say that she had wit and strong intellect as well as gentle-heartedness. And she had, but her kindness and love were stronger than any thing else. Her heart was even stronger than her head.

It was a Sunday in the last week of June, and the bells of the village church were ringing pleasantly, holily out upon the summer air. The morning was hot, but the odor of roses and flowers was in the air, and the mountain sides were green with the leaves of the trees, and the grass was ready to be mowed in the fields, and the grain looked yellow as gold, while the corn-leaves trembled in the soft south wind. The farmer lived not far from church, and set out with his family on foot to attend upon the worship of God. Never did Alice Neil look sweeter than when, on a pleasant Sabbath morning, dressed in simple white, and with her little hymn-book in her hand, she walked to church. She always sang in the choir, and any one could see that when the old Squire looked up at her from his seat down in the body of the house, his eyes seemed to moisten with love and tenderness.

The minister who preached that day was a young man, with less heart than his old pastor had, (he had died a few months before,) but with many graces of oratory. He was not so plain as the old minister, but he used finer language and made better ges tures, though he did not with all his rhetoric touch the hearts of his hearers. But the old pastor, with his gray hairs and tremulous voice, was eloquent, and often caused the tears to flow from the eyes of those around him. When he spoke of the grave, there was a touching tenderness and awe in his voice as if he felt that it was soon to be his own home; and when he talked of heaven it was with such tears of joy that the audience wept, too, like children.

The old pastor foved Alice Neil, for he had baptized her and led her gently along into the arms of the church, and it seemed to him a sight of wondrous beauty—to see so fair and sweet a girl offer up her life to be devoted to God. But death had stricken the old man, and his wife and child were left without money or lands. The house they lived in was their own, and that was all that Mrs. Parsons and her daughter Ellen possessed, and the mother lay very ill.

But if the villagers mourned the old pastor as they listened to the sermon of the new one, (who was only preaching "on probation") there was one family, that of Mr. Withers, which was pleased. He was a wealthy retired merchant, from New-York, where he had made his money rapidly in speculations, and had come back to his native town, built himself a splendid house, bought many acres of land, and set up for a proud gentleman.—His two daughters, Miss Sarah and Miss Anne, were well pleased with the young Rev. Mr. Applegate, and liked his polite bows better than the humble demeanor of the old Mr. Parsons.

In their slip at church they had a stranger to-day, and they seemed very proud of his acquaintance. He was indeed a noble-looking young man, with dark hair and eyes, and a brow of great beauty, and a figure such as is not often met. And any one could see that he was a real gentleman, for he was modest, and seemed to respect the simple villagers around him as much as he would the richest man in the world. He was the son of an old family in New-York, and of great wealth, but that family was not one devoted to fashion merely, for it prized goodness above all things. Charles Davenport was the only son of parents who loved him, and his mother had given him pious counsels, and he

had profited by them. 'He had come to spend a few weeks in the little village of S——, at the earnest request of Henry Withers, who had once saved his life in New-York, and whom he had ever after loved, though he was in many things unworthy of his love. The Misses Withers were of course in ecstacies over his arrival, and were very proud to think that the wealthy Charles Davenport was their guest.

When the meeting was over, and they had returned to their fine mansion, they discussed, as was their custom, the merits of the new pastor, and lauded him highly. Charles heard them in silence, for he was not pleased with the cold sentences of the preacher, but ventured to ask "who that young lady was who sung in the choir, with auburn hair and blue eyes."

"Oh," replied Anne Withers, "it was Alice Neil—the daughter of old farmer Neil. They have a small farm a little to the other side of the village."

"And she is the prettiest girl in town," added Henry Withers, who delighted in vexing his proud sisters.

"I am sure she is not beautiful," replied Anne, "and if she were, her ignorance and vulgar manners would not allow her to go into good society."

"Alice Neil ignorant and vulgar!" said Henry. "Has she not been always at school, and is she not as graceful as beautiful?"

Charles Davenport heard in silence all that was said, and excusing himself, went up to his chamber to see the sun set, and to witness the close of the holy day alone and away from the conversation of the sisters. The sun went slowly down behind the western range of mountains, and the clouds in the west grew crimson and golden and gorgeous, and then the tints faded slowly, and at last the evening star came out. The next day was as fair and glorious a one as the Sabbath had been, only it was not so quiet and still and holy.

Mrs. Parsons lay ill, very ill, upon her couch, and it seemed to her at times almost as if God had deserted the family,—for her husband was dead, and they were poor, and now she was sick—if she should die, what would become of Ellen? There was the old and ever faithful servant Betsey, who clung to them in their serrow and poverty, but she could not support her gentle girl. As she thought of all this, the tears ran down her pale cheeks and while she was weeping, Ellen entered.

"Dear mother! why do you weep?"

"Do not ask, my child. I am not so strong now as I used to be, and I weep almost without cause."

"But you are in pain, mother. I know that you suffer—let me do something for you!"

She was only fourteen years of age, and there was upon her young face a sorrowfulness which many said betokened an early grave. But she was exquisitely beautiful, too fair and gentle and sweet to live where there is sorrow and trouble. Her hair was light, her face very pale, and her eyes of soft blue. The tears started to them at once when she saw her mother weep, and she put her soft arms about her neck and said—

"Do not weep, mother—why should you be unhappy? Is not father in heaven, and should we wish him back here?"

It seemed strange that so young a girl should speak words of consolation to her mother, and the stricken woman looked up at her at first as if she thought it was an angel comforting her instead of her Ellen.

"No," said she, "I do not wish him back—but if—Ellen if—I should die——"

"You—you will not die, mother!" replied the young girl, bursting into tears as the thought struck her that it might be true.

"Yes, my child—it is that—I do not fear death, but what will become of you—where will you go?" and she sobbed upon her pillow with Ellen's arm around her neck. For a moment Ellen was overcome with sorrow, but shortly dried her tears, and said, with a sweet calmness—"God will take care of me, mother."

Just then there was a slight knock at the chamber-door, and the faithful nurse entered and said—" Alice Neil has come," and Ellen sprung up and was soon in the arms of her dear friend.

"How kind of you, Alice, to come so often, and to bring so many things; and mother loves you I do believe as well as me—come and comfort her, for she is sad to-day!"

And the farmer's daughter sat down by the sick bed, and unfolded the delicacies she had brought for the old pastor's wife; and as she pressed them upon her, she talked to her so gently and kindly and with such cheerfulness, that the sick woman's tears dried away. For days she had come and sat there, until her voice and presence seemed necessary to the poor widow, and

she wept with Ellen and then made her smile—it might have been a sorrowful smile, but it was one of resignation. She was an angel to both—both loved her, and one leaned upon her.— Ellen left the sick room a little while, and then Mrs. Parsons said:

"Alice, I feel that it is very doubtful if I ever get well, and if I do not, what will become of my poor child?"

"Do not talk so," replied Alice. "You will live yet for a long time to gladden us all—but if ——" She could not speak the words—it seemed too dreadful for her to talk of her death.

"If I should die," said the widow, as if in supplication-

"Then be sure as long as Alice Neil has a home, Ellen shall share it. She shall share my joys, and I will love her like a sister. I have no other in the world."

"Bless you for those words—God bless you!" cried Mrs. Parsons.
When Alice left the room, Ellen followed her out into the yard and said softly—

"Alice, do you think that mother—," the tears gushed from her eyes, but she continued, "do you think she must—must die?" and when she had uttered the words she laid her head upon Alice's bosom, and cried as if her heart would break. It was some time before Alice spoke, but Ellen raised her eyes to hers so mournfully that she answered, "I hope not, Ellen," but the look that accompanied the words said more—her gentle heart was stricken with the truth, and she whispered, "Good bye, Alice—when she is gone you will love me—will you not—good bye!" and she ran back to her mother's side.

Alice had not walked far before she met the stranger whom she had seen the day before. He stopped and said—

"Will you excuse my rudeness, Miss Neil?"

At first she was going to run away, but he looked so earnest and kind, and his whole bearing was so gentlemanly, that she stopped and raised her eyes to his, but blushed and quickly dropped them again.

"If you will pardon me for stopping a stranger," said he in soft tones, "I want to ask about the widow at the parsonage. I have heard all about her and her sorrows, and—and your kindness to them."

"She is very ill, sir," replied Alice tremblingly.

"And she is very poor—is she not?" he asked.



"She is—but she has friends who love her and will never see her suffer," replied Alice, moving on.

"Stay a moment, Miss Neil," he said. "You would think more kindly of me if you knew my heart towards the poor woman. I am rich—here, take her this money—give it to the sick woman, and say to her that ten times this is hers whenever she wants it, and that it comes from a stranger who will never let her or hers suffer."

In a moment he was gone—she looked at the bills he had forced into her little basket—they amounted to fifty dollars. She wept for joy, for she knew it would cheer the heart of the sick widow, and that night, as she lay upon her pillow, for the first time her rest was broken and her dreams were feverish. It was not strange, for few young men possess the attractions that Charles Davenport possessed, and he was good as well as fair, and there is a fascination in a noble spirit for the gentle and loving. Alice could not forget his fair face and noble brow, nor his generous spirit—but had a person told her she was in love, she would have sincerely denied it.

The next morning Alice rose early, and while the dew yet sparkled on the grass, went to the old parsonage. She asked the nurse as she entered the house how was Mrs. Parsons, and was pained to learn that she had passed a bad night. In a few moments she entered the sick room. Mrs. Parsons did indeed look worse—her face had almost the hue of death, and there was a look in her eyes which was unearthly. Ellen was bending over her mother like an angel of patience, and it was difficult to say which face was palest—the mother's or the daughter's. It was evident that she had not slept any that night, and there was a sorrow on her young face which it was sad to look upon. When Alice entered, she sprang up and put her arms around her neck, and kissed her, and then took her place again at the bedside without speaking. Her heart was too full of sorrow to speak.

"God bless you for coming here!" said the sick woman, "the sight of your face does me good."

"Ellen should go and rest," said Alice kindly: "let me take her place awhile."

"No! no! dear mother—let me stay here—I could not sleep were I away."

"But you will be ill too if you do not," urged Alice. "Go, that you may have renewed strength to nurse your mother."

At length she consented to leave the room, and when she was gone, Alice gave the money to Mrs. Parsons which Charles Davenport had crowded into her little basket, and told her all that he had said. The tears ran down the poor, sick woman's cheeks as she said—

"For Ellen's sake I take it—and tell him, Alice, that God will bless him for his kindness."

Alice staid awhile, and promising to return shortly and spend the whole day, walked back to her home. What was her surprise to find Henry Withers and Charles Davenport there. The former introduced the latter, and Alice blushed beautifully as he took her hand. Pretty soon old farmer Neil came in, and said—

- ." Well, Ally, how did you find Mrs. Parsons?"
- "Very badly, father. I fear she will not live long."
- "Poor woman!" said the farmer with a sigh: "and there is little Ellen—'twill kill the gentle thing."
- "She watched by her mother's side all last night," said Alice, and she looks pale and sick already—and I promised to go right back as soon as I had told you and mother."
- "Just like you, Ally. Your mother was just saying she should watch with her to-night; so go as quick as you can back again."
- "Here is a carriage at the door," said Charles Davenport: "I will walk back to Mr. Withers, and Henry shall drive you to the parsonage."
 - "Oh, no!" replied Alice, "I can walk."
- "You have walked there and back already," said her father, and you had better accept the offer."
- "She shall do so," said Henry Withers, "only I will walk home and Charles shall drive her to Mrs. Parsons'."

Charles made no objections, nor did Alice, and soon they were riding towards the cottage. She told him all that the sick woman had said about his kind-hearted gift, and he asked—

"Would she let me come once to her bedside as you have done? I would like to tell her with my own lips never to fear that herself or her daughter shall come to want."

"I will ask her," replied Alice. The rest of the way neither spoke: Alice was too modest, and Charles from some cause was

milent. The carriage stopped before the door, he helped her out, and she ran in. After he had tied his horse, he entered the little and pretty sitting-room, and as no one was there, drew himself a chair and sat down. In a few minutes Alice came out from the sick room. It seemed to him that he had never seen such beauty before, and her kindness and grace were touching. As she entered a slight blush crimsoned her cheek, and she said—

"Mrs. Parsons will see you now-she wishes it."

She held out her hand to him, as if to lead him gently to the boom, involuntarily, and he took it respectfully, but his heat beat faster than before when he felt her soft trembling hand within his. As he approached the bedside, the widow held out her hand to him, and thanked him with a naivete which started the tears from his eyes.

"You are very kind and noble," she said, "and Alice too—God bless you both!"

A thrill ran through his heart as she said, 'God bless you both! And he told her that she should never suffer—that Ellen should not while he had a dollar, and that he had wealth, and what was wealth good for if not to help the deserving! As he said this Ellen entered the room. She had been trying to sleep, but looked sadder than ever.

"And this is Ellen," said Charles softly and respectfully. "She shall with yourself always have friends and happiness."

She looked up sadly at him, as if to say—"No! no more happiness." Her pathetic face almost startled him, and he bade them all adieu, for tears were running down his cheeks. When he had entered the parlor at Mr. Withers', the Misses Anne and Sarah accosted him as to his ride and the state of Mrs. Parsons.

"She is very ill—poor woman," he replied, and that was all. He did not feel in the mood for idle talk.

"And Alice Neil—how did you fancy her?" asked Anne with a slight tone of sarcasm.

"She is very good to Mrs. Parsons and Ellen," he replied.

"Some people make a great show of doing good for the name of the thing," replied Anne.

"And other folks," said Heary Withers, just entering the room, and other folks neither make the show nor the reality—never do any good nor pretend to do so P

It was in vain that Anne and Sarah questioned Charles—he had the good sense not to betray the state of his heart to them. Almost every day he met Alice, either at the parsonage or at her father's, and gradually he discovered the wealth of pure love that lay in her heart. Gradually they became intimate, and learned to love each other, but not a word had been spoken of love, nor was there a person in the village of S—— who thought them lovers—nor did they think themselves so.

One beautiful July morning, as Charles came down into the breakfast room at Mr. Withers', Henry said:

" Mrs. Parsons is dead, Charles."

"Dead!" he replied with sorrow and astonishment, "dead !--when did she die?"

"Last night, at about midnight."

"Alas, for poor, poor Ellen!" he said, and the tears ran fast from his eyes.

"She has no money, nor friends—where will she go?" said Anne.

"She is rich in friends," said Charles, indignantly; "and as for money, I will share mine with her before she shall suffer!"

The proud Anne was discomfitted to hear him talk so, for she had set her heart upon winning the elegant, wealthy and noble Charles Davenport, and at once softened her heart towards the, orphan-child of the old pastor.

After breakfast, Charles rode over to the house of death. It was a fair still, beautiful morning, yet the very birds were silent. The parsonage, as he stopped before it, seemed deserted. He entered the drawing-room: no one was there, but in a moment Alice came in with her face pale and anxious, and tears standing in her sweet blue eyes.

"Dead!" he said with sorrow as he rose and took her hand: "and poor Ellen!"

There is something in sorrow which makes young hearts yearn to love each other stronger than before; and Alice trembled, but did not start away when he kissed her forehead and said:

"It shall be ours to love Ellen and to cheer her stricken heart! And where is she?" he asked.

"She is asleep, poor thing! I thought it would kill her to see her mother die—it did almost. You know how for nights she has not slept, and now all is over, from mere exhaustion she is in a deep, almost too deep, sleep."

"And do you think she will survive her mother long? Does she not already look as if she must soon die?"

"I fear so, at times," replied Alice; "but she is young and—perhaps you will think me an egotist, but I think she loves me very much, and if I love her like a sister and watch over her, she may live and be happy yet."

Two days after, and the whole village followed the remains of the old pastor's widow to the grave. Every body had loved her while alive, and mourned her now that she was dead.

There is always something peculiarly touching about a country-funeral, where all the neighbors gather together and follow the corpse to its final home, while the solemn village bell tolls mournfully, but this scene was sadder than any the villagers had witnessed since the old pastor's death.

It was the custom then and is now in that place to open the coffin-lid at the grave, and let all present take a last look, and last of all the relations gaze upon the face of the departed, and the dearest friend of the deceased folds down the muslin over the dead face, and shuts it away from human sight forever. The custom is a strange, almost cruel one, but is still a custom in many parts of New England. When the coffin rested beside the open grave, the lid was raised, and one by one the villagers looked upon the widow's face, some with tears and sobs, some with sighs, and some without any visible emotion, though they were few.

Charles Davenport stood not far from Ellen, who was leaning upon Alice in a state of wild sorrow. He walked up to the coffin with Anne Withers upon his arm; she gazed down upon that placid face, for through all the sorrow of the countenance there gleamed a look of holy happiness, without a tear. But Charles burst into a flood of tears as he looked upon the touchingly beautiful face before him, and thought of her suffering and Ellen's bitter sorrow.

Ellen came last, leaning upon the farmer's daughter, kind Alice, who would not let her go up alone to take the last—last look. Her face was very pale and sorrowful, and as she reached the coffin-side, she sank upon her knees. There was a look of agony intense and bitter upon her face, and the tears ran down like rain from her eyes. She kissed the white forehead, and stretched out her trembling hand to replace the muslin over her mother's face.

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It was more than she could bear, for throwing herself into Alice's arms and whispering, "I cannot! I cannot!" she fainted away. Charles was at her side in an instant, and covering up that sorrowful yet sweet dead face, bore Ellen away to fresh air and cool water. The hid was shut, and the coffin lowered into the grave; a few remarks, which sounded strangely cold, were made by the fashionable young clergyman, and the people turned away to their homes.

It was in vain that Anne Withers waited for Charles: he and Alice had borne Ellen to the farmer's home, and were doing all that they could to soften her agonizing sorrow. In the evening he came back to Mr. Withers', but started the next day for New-York, promising to return again, however, in a few days. He told his father and mother all that had happened while he was gone, and with all the enthusiasm of his nature pictured Alice Neil to them, with her beauty and grace and education too, and more than all her love and kindness.

"And you love, Alice, Charles?" said his mother. He said nothing, but blushed scarlet.

"Go and win her if you can," said his father: "we shall love her for her gentle virtues and herself, as well as for your sake. She may be humbly born, but she is nobler and far more worthy than those rich and fashionable women who live but to ride in their carriages and look coldly down upon the virtuous poor!"

When Charles was again in the village of S—, he went at once to farmer Neils. Alice and Ellen were together in the parlor, the former looking sweetly beautiful, and the latter, though sad, yet more cheerful than he had ever seen her. As if guessing the object of his visit, Ellen arose in a little while to go out. The color crimsoned the cheeks of Alice as she tried but tried in vain to detain her—and they were alone.

I will not describe what followed. A half hour afterwards, Charles left the farm house the happiest fellow in S—; and Alice, with her cheeks very red and her eyes full of happy tears, entered the kitchen in search of Ellen.

"What is the matter, Ally?" asked her father. "Has young Davenport been making love to you? He should have better manners than to try to rob me of my bird!"

Her cheeks flushed redder than ever, and she looked almost

pained. Ellen sprang to her side, and looked beseechingly up

"Ally, I am joking—you may love whom you please, and I shall never complain."

"But, father—if—if—I loved him?" said Alice, softly and tremblingly.

"Why, you would love a noble fellow—and if he loved you, the world would say you had married very high; but good and abble as he is, Ally, you are worthy of him!

The next day Charles explained all to the farmer.

Months passed away, and they were married; and now Alice is the mistress of a beautiful home which she graces more beautifully than ever Anne or Sarah Withers could do. She is loved by old Mr. and Mis. Davenport. She and Charles spend the warm dog-days always with her father in S——, and all are happy. And Ellen is with them like a sister, growing daily more beautiful, though there is a sadness in her blue eyes, at times, which only makes her beauty the more touching to see. She is a favorite with many wealthy people, but her gentleness makes her also loved by the poor. She remembers the kindness of friends when she was peor—old Mr. Davenport has made her wealthy, and is kind always to those who are as she once was.

EVENING. - A SONNET.

Om! give me this—the tranquil vesper hour,
And let me study Nature's changeful face;
Her teachings learn, and feel her holiest power,
And in each charm my Father's finger trace.
As sinks to quiet rest the faithful sun,
Bo, sweeter my repose when duty's done.
As gently fades the light of heaven away,
I learn that soon will close life's transient day.
While dimmer grows the vision on my sight,
So earthly joys should cease to tempt my soul;
And the bright orbs, that o'er me nightly roll,
Promise a fairer world, which knows no night.
How sweet if, when life's toilsome journey's o'er,
Mine is the sleep from which I wake to weep no mote.

CLARA AND LUCY,

OR ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN

(CONCLUDED.)

THREE months passed away, and still Mrs. Edmonds came not. Gladly would the sweet sisters have exchanged the gaieties of the city and the circle of admiring friends of which they formed the centre, for a place by the sick-bed of that beloved mother in their island home, but it might not be. It was her own earnest wish to rejoin them in B., and to this hope she clung with a tenacity that seemed to resist the encroachments of disease and death, itself. Every letter spoke of bright anticipations and foud hopes, to those cherished ones for whom alone she wished to live, but they saw not the death-like exhaustion that followed these efforts of maternal love, or the tears that fell like raindrops, as the conviction forced itself upon her, that they must soon be left to the guardian care of others. All was gay and smiling about them, and no presentiment of coming evil had as yet cast its shadow across their way.

Often as I met the sisters with their inseparable companion. Raymond St. John, in general society, and still more frequently in the privacy of home, I could never ascertain to my own satisfaction where the dart of the mischievous little god had actually been planted. It was evident that the young Englishman was chained to their side by some irresistible fascination; and in the face of our guileless Lucy, a whole volume of bright and happy thoughts might be traced, of whose source she was utterly unconscious.— Her yielding, trusting nature and her truly feminine loveliness. seemed just fitted to inspire affection in one like Raymond—proud. and self-centered, yet withal, ardent and impulsive, but just as I had reached the comfortable conclusion that therefore he must love the elder sister, my conjectures would be all overthrown by the development of some noble trait in my favorite Clara, whose character seemed so nearly akin to that of the young man, that I thought such congenial natures must surely mingle into one.

But Clara herself—our arch, mischief-loving, generous, darling Clara, what was the state of her heart all this while? If indeed she were not still "fancy free," not a look or word betrayed the secret, unless it might be read in the unwonted gravity that sometimes shaded her brow, the subdued tone that had taken the place of her ringing, bird-like laugh, or the timidity with which her downcast eyes sought the shelter of their deeply fringed lids, when his glance was casually bent upon her. Mrs. Wharton,

engrossed with the numberless duties and cares of a large establishment, failed to interpret these signs aright, and in my inexperience, I too translated them amiss, but an incident served effec-

tually to dispel all doubt on the subject.

The time for my return home had arrived, and on the day previous; an equestrian party was planned, to visit a beautiful lake in the vicinity of B. It was in the merry spring time, and one of those bright and balmy days when the denizens of air and earth seem alike revelling in the consciousness of a renewed existence, and the heart bounds joyously without caring to analyze or understand its own sensations. Lucy Edmonds looked so exquisitely lovely in her closely fitting blue habit, and the long plume that drooped over her damask cheek, and partially shaded her laughing eye, that I did not wonder at the lingering look of admiration and tenderness bestowed upon her by Raymond as he placed her in the saddle, carefully examining her equipments to see that all was safe ere he turned to assist the younger sister. Unlike the rest of the party, and quite unlike her former self, Clara alone was serious, almost sad, on that pleasant morning, and when playfully rallied on her changed manner, referred almost petulantly to the illness of her mother as a sufficient cause for her The color instantly deepened on the fair cheek of Lucy, and her tearful eye and quivering lip spoke the ready sympathy with which her heart responded to Clara's allusion, but I felt it to be ill timed, and silently wondered what had thus transformed the fair sisters.

Our pic-nic was a delightful one—the wooded shores of the lake were quite as romantic as we could desire, and we had rambled and chatted to our heart's content, when, as we were about to return to the city, Raymond St. John left us to explore a dark ravine, which looked like a fitting abode for the fairies and dryads of the olden time. He had been during the day so constantly by the side of Lucy Edmonds, so devoted to her in word and look. that my enigma seemed at length fairly solved—and I was whispering my congratulations into the ear of the blushing girl, when a loud shriek from one of the party attracted our attention. hastily turned and saw the horse of the young Englishman madly dashing by, without his rider, the stirrup broken, and the bridle hanging loosely over his neck. A cry of horror and dismay burst from all present save Clara only, who gazed for an instant on the fearful sight, and then with a face from which every vestige of color had departed, and eyes that seemed starting from their sockets, flew with the speed of a startled fawn into the recesses of the ravine. We followed hastily, but soon lost sight of her flying footsteps amid the tangled thickets, and as I was compelled to accommodate my pace to that of the half fainting Lucy, some little time clapsed ere we discovered the object of our search.

"See there!" said my trembling companion in a sharp whisper,

eagerly grasping my arm; as she pointed to a spot where the footpath made a short and steep descent to the margin of a little stream that rippled quietly over its pebbly bed. Poor girl! the very life blood seemed to forsake her heart, as she looked and listened, for there lay Raymond St. John apparently lifeless, and at his side sat Clara Edmonds, utterly unconscious of all that was passing around her. She had raised the head of the young man, and was supporting it on her knee, pressing kisses on the cold damp brow, and lavishing on the senseless form every possible epithet of endearment. On seeing us she started, and exclaimed wildly—"Away—away—you shall not take him from me. He is mine—all mine in death. Oh, my Raymond, would to God I had flied with thee!"

I was stupefied with amazement at this sudden outbreak of passion, but controlling my own emotions, endeavored to soothe and calm the excited girl, until the arrival of the rest of our little party made it possible to remove the sufferer to the nearest house. Animation was suspended, but happily no severe injuries had been received, and as medical aid was immediately procured, it was not long before Raymond declared himself quite able to return to B., though his pallid countenance contradicted his laughing assertion that our alarm had been entirely gratuitous.

During the whole of this painful scene, Lucy Edmonds had not once spoken, but the look of tearless agony with which she gazed alternately at Raymond and at Clara, was more eloquent than "Dear Lucy," I said to her as she mechanically followed the sad procession—" be comforted, I am certain he will recover." She shrank from my caress, as though it were painful to her, but no sound escaped her lips. And when after some moments of agonizing suspense, consciousness was again restored, and a fervent "thank God!" burst from the lips of all present, Lucy alone was silent. In the midst of the general confusion and anxiety. the demeanor of the sisters was unmarked save by myself, but as I looked on the burning cheek and flashing eye of Clara, and remembered the revelation she had unconsciously made, I knew full well what it was that had wrought so sudden and terrible a transformation in my sweet Lucy, and trembled for the future happiness of these lonely and cherished beings.

I left B. the next morning, without again seeing the sisters, and several weeks elapsed before I heard from them—but at the end of that time I received a letter from Clara, from which the following is an extract—

"Rejoice with me, my friend, for the first and dearest wish of my heart is fulfilled, and I am happy, unspeakably happy. Only last evening, with no witnesses but the bright stars that seemed like holy watchers above us, did Raymond St. John avow his love, and ask me, unworthy as I am of the blessedness, to be his forever. I fear I must have appeared to him too easily won—



that he may have thought me anmaidealy in my illy repressed delight; but dear S., what could I do? My heart was in his keeping long before—and the treacherous thing refused to make even a show of resistance, but yielded at once, and without parleving, to its conqueror. Are not you, as well as myself, surprised, dearest, to find that your poor Clara, instead of her peerless sister has won the prize? I have always supposed he must of course prefer Lucy, infinitely superior as she is to me in all lovely and loveable endowments. Even now I can hardly understand how two beings so entirely suited to each other as Raymond and my gentle sister, could fail to have been mutually attracted; and not until repeatedly assured by Lucy, that he could never be to her more than the dear friend he had hitherto been, did I dare to believe in my own happiness. Dear, darling Lucy—she is very pale and still, and though she tries to conceal her depression, and smiles sweetly on us all, it is a wintry smile, that has no heart warmth in it. Our beloved mother has been very ill, and this intelligence, together with the anxiety it awakens, has stolen the roses from her cheek, and robbed her eye of its wonted brilliancy."

I read this letter with many sad misgivings, for I knew full well the true state of Lucy Edmond's affections, and I knew too that while the ardent and impulsive nature of Clara would rise under the pressure of misfortune, with an elastic rebound, her sister would turn away with the arrow in her heart, to bleed and die in silence. But what was I to think of Raymond St. John? I could have staked my life on the fact of his love for Lucy, so unequivocal had been his manifestation of preference, on the day of our unfortunate excursion, and his love was certainly returned—why then this offer of heart and hand to the younger sister? I could make nothing of it, and was compelled to await in anxious suspense the promised visit of the sisters, to solve the provoking enigma.

Lucy came at length, but alone, and for a night only, on her way to Georgia, attended by a confidential servant who had been in the family from childhood. Mrs. Edmonds had reached Savannah on her way to the North, when a sudden and alarming attack of her disease prostrated her, and left scarcely a hope of her recovery. Her daughters had been summoned in haste to the dying bed of their beloved parent, but Clara was absent from the city, in company with Mrs. Wharton and Raymond St. John, and Lucy dared not wait for her return, so urgent was the message sent by

the attending physician of Mrs. Edmonds.

"Indeed it seemed cruel," she said to me, when in the privacy of my own apartment, I asked for her sister, "to mar the perfect happiness of Clara by a separation from her betrothed, and as his presence at such a time was a thing not to be thought of, I deemed it best to leave B. before her return."

It was not a time to talk of love, but I could not forbear hinting my disappointment on the reception of Clara's letter, and my confident expectation of a different announcement.

"It is better as it is," was her brief reply, but the words evidently cost her a painful effort, and she instantly led the way to another

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subject. My heart ached as I saw the change which a few short months had effected in that sweet face, once so radiant with the light of hope and joy. It was not the pallor of disease that now rested on that fair cheek—it was not sickness that had quenched the brilliancy of those laughing eyes—the shadow of some deep sorrow evidently enshrouded her, but the proud reserve, so foreign to her nature, with which she turned away from human sympathy, rendered vain all attempts at consolation. It was with an aching heart I bade her farewell, as she left us to pursue her hurried journey, and I was unjust enough to feel almost indignant at Clara's happiness, while my gentle Lucy was suffering in silence.

Soon after the departure of my friend, I left home on a tour to the lakes, which occupied the remainder of the summer, and it was not until the autumn was far advanced; that I found myself in B. on my way to my native village. Mrs. Wharton was not in town, but from a mutual friend, I gathered tidings of the sisters which filled me with amazement. Lucy Edmonds had not returned to the North since the death of her mother, but immediately after that event, a sealed packet was received by Clara, the contents of which deprived the poor girl of reason, and almost of For many weeks she lay upon the verge of the grave in a raging brain fever calling in delirious agony alternately upon the mother whose ear was closed in death, and the sister who was herself prostrated by disease in a far distant city, unable to respond to the affecting appeal. Raymond St. John was a kind and untiring watcher by the sick bed of his betrothed, but words were spoken there in the ravings of insanity, which blanched the cheek of the strong man, and made his heart throb almost audibly in his What was their full import, none knew but the parties concerned, but certain it was, that as soon as Clara became convalescent, a separation took place by mutual consent, and while the poor invalid, a mere shadow of her former self, joined her sister in Savannah, the young Englishman departed ostensibly on a visit to his estates in the West Indies. There was abundant food for conjecture, but to all the various theories started, my heart refused assent, for they all implied blame some where, and this I was unwilling to admit. A letter from Lucy arrived at last, which I shall lav before my readers as a solution of the mystery.

"You will have heard before this reaches you, of the death of my beloved mother, of the change in the circumstances and prospects of my darling sister, and of our reunion in this land of strangers. We are detained here by the pressure of business consequent on assuming the management of our own little property, but as soon as this is arranged, we shall go back to the home of our hearts, that dear New England which is to us both more desirable as a sesidence, than any spot of earth beside. There we have been happy—the happy for beings whom death could reach, and there too we have kown sorrow—a sorrow that has almost dethroned reacon, and washed out life itself. When last we met, you saw my unhappiness, but though your looks and words ex-



pressed the deepest sympathy with my affliction; my lips were scaled, and a hand of ice seemed congealing my very heart. I longed to tell you all I had felt and suffered, but dared not unlock the flood-gates of feeling, by an allusion to the past, lest my pent up emotions should burst forth, and bid defiance to control. Now I am more calm, and can bless God for all the discipline through which I have passed, needful as I have found it, to teach me the vanity of earth.

I know your affection for Clara and myself, makes you deeply interested in all that concerns us, and therefore shall offer no apology for giving you a brief narrative of the events that have transpired since our last meeting. found my beloved mother low indeed, so low, that it was with great difficulty she could speak to bid me welcome. The next day after my arrival, however, she revived partially, and then for the first time asked for my sister. She was dreadfully agitated when I gave her my reasons for leaving Clara at B., and in her weakness of mind and body, uttered many incoherent sentences that were to me then perfectly incomprehensible. Towards evening she became composed, and though evidently sinking, gave directions with clearness and precision, both to our friend Mr. H. and to me. Once, when no one but myself was standing at her bedside, she reached out her wasted, trembling hand, and taking mine, said to me with an air and tone of anxiety and tenderness, which can never be forgotten:

'Lucy, my beloved, I have one thing to say, which is of far more importance to me than this poor remnant of life which is yet mine. In the private drawer of my dressing table, you will find a small packet addressed to your sister, to Claru—see that it is forwarded to her immediately after my departure. It has been written at intervals, as my failing strength would admit, and but for this sudden attack, would have been sent to her many weeks since. And now, my child, my own Lucy, promise me by all the love I have borne you, by all your duty and affection for me, and by your hopes of meeting me hereafter, that whatever may occur you will always love and cherish our darling Clara as the dearest, truest of sisters, that nothing shall ever come between you to weaken the mutual affection, which has so long gladdened my heart. I cannot die with

out this promise.

Deeply affected by this mysterious address, I readily gave the required promise, but could not forbear saying-' Dearest mother, why does the mention

of my sister's name thus agitate and distress you?

'I cannot tell you now,' she said earnestly. 'I have not breath for the necessary explanation. The letter will make all plain, too plain, alas! for the peace of my beloved child. Would to heaven I might guiltlessly have carried

the secret with me to the grave.'

These were almost the last words uttered by that blessed mother, and before morning, I was left alone, a desolate orphan in a land of strangers. My first thought, when I could think, after her death, was of the letter to which such an affecting allusion had been made, and with a foreboding heart, I mailed it to the address of my poor unconscious sister. I had been borne up thus far by strong mental excitement, but when all was over, and I had seen the remains of the dear departed one deposited in the silent tomb, I sank under the pressure of latigue and sorrow, and was for many weeks insensible to all that passed around me. As soon as I became convalescent, the kind friends whom a gracious Providence had raised up for me in this time of trouble, took me to their island bome, and sought in every way to soothe and alleviate my sorrow. But with returning strength, memory also came back to me, and I thought of that dear absent sister with a pang of apprehension that ran like an ice bolt through my veins. Not one line had been received from her through my long illness, not eas word of reply to the agonized appeal sent from my sick bed, the moment I was able to hold my pen. This silence was intolerable, and nothing but absolate inability to travel, prevented me from setting out at once and alone, to learn its same. At length, just as I had formed the determination to start for the

North on the succeeding day, my sister came to me—but ch! how changed from her former self! How unlike the bright, buoyant being I had left in B, a few months previous? Now she was pale and thin, almost shadowy, in her external appearance, but there was an expression of deep peace, a reflection of the soul's light, beaming through those eloquent features, which made her face almost like the face of an angel. We wept long and silently together before either of us alluded to the past, and even then, though the mysterious packet was a subject of intense interest to me, an undefined dread prevented me from speaking of it, and it was not until several days had elapsed, that I became acquainted with the following particulars, which I shall give you as briefly as possible.

Rumors, it seems, of an attachment existing between Raymond St. John and one of the West India sisters, had reached my mother before leaving home, and it was this which decided her on coming to us immediately. Her health was benefitted by the voyage, but on reaching Savannah, letters were put into her hands containing the intelligence of Clara's engagement. The consequence was a fatal relapse, which soon carried her to the grave, but not until the strong energies of devoted affection had enabled her to write the long communication, to which reference has repeatedly been made. This letter contained the astounding information of the real birth of Clara—that she was the child of my mother's adoption—of her love, but not of her blood. Her mother was the school com-panion and intimate friend of my lamented parent—a beauty and an heiress, who in a moment of childish folly, and without the consent of a widowed mother, privately married a young Englishman, after an acquaintance of a few weeks only, and immediately left the island. She returned to it again a deserted wife and mother, only to find her home desolate, and to weep over the grave of the parent whose heart had been broken by her filial disobedience. The villain whom she had trusted, intended to delude her by a mock marriage, but his accomplice in crime, to subserve his own mercenary purposes, procured a real priest, by whom the ceremony was legally performed. The fortune of the poor girl was all at which her pretended lover really aimed—and having obtained possession of that, he grew weary of the restraints imposed by her presence, and deserted her, with her helpless babe, and returned to his own country, from whence tidings of his previous marriage with another, soon reached the unfortunate victim of his treachery. She inherited the consumptive tendency of her mother, and her fragile constitution gave way under this accumulation of woes. her dying breath she gave her infant to my dear mother, and received from her the solemn promise to love and cherish and train it as her own. How well, how faithfully this pledge has been redeemed, all who knew her can bear testimony. My father had been for some time intending to leave Tobago, having purchased a plantation on an island at a considerable distance, and as I was then two years of age, and the little Clara more than a year my junior, my mother resolved that in her new home, none should ever know the real parentage of her adopted child. In this she succeeded so perfectly, that not a suspicion of the real state of things was ever excited in the breast of any individual, while the sweetness, the brilliant promise, and the filial devotion of the adopted one, made her, equally with myself, a sharer in the warmest affection of our beloved parents. It was not uptil after the death of our father, and when we were about leaving home for a residence in the United States, that our mother felt any misgiving .about the wisdom of the course she had pursued, but though there were times when the internal struggle almost deprived her of reason, she could not resolve on rending with her own hands the tie that united mother and child, when no necessity for such a revelation might ever exist. But there came a time when every letter from her absent children filled her with anxious dread, until thought became agony, and she resolved, invalid as she was, on coming to us, with the fond hope that in her maternal arms we might be shielded from every danger and sorrow. When I tell you that the real name of my sweet sister is Clara

St. John, you will understand at once the source of my mother's anxiety and anguish. The result you know. When she found her worst fears realized, in the engagement of my sister, she was prostrated by the blow, and went down to the grave with the agonizing conviction that her very love and tenderness had been the means of destroying the peace of her child.

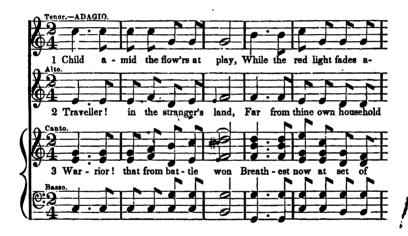
The consequences of such a communication to the ardent and sensitive Clara. in the very spring-tide of her happiness, may easily be imagined. Her life was long despaired of, or if that were saved, her physician feared insanity for life. But it was the hand of infinite Love that had afflicted her, and that hand was outstretched to guide her safely through the storm. She is now able to bless God for the trials which have brought her to a knowledge of herself, of Him who died on the cross for our redemption, and with smiles gleaming through her tears, can speak of her distant brother, with only a sister's calm and disinterested affection. Between Clara and myself, the only effect of these events has been to draw more closely the ties which sixteen years of mutual love have cemented, and which never seemed to us more precious, or more indissoluble than now. We have formed no plans for the future, only that nothing but the hand of God shall henceforth separate us."

Do my readers wish to know the denouement of my simple tale? It is written in legible characters on the face of a happy home in one of the pleasant villages of New England, where the lovely West Indian sisters reside, an ornament and blessing to the community in which they live, and the select circle of friends by whom they have long been known and loved. But they are not alone. In the face of the husband and brother, that noble and intellectual countenance, on which the eyes of both sisters are so fondly bent, we recognize an acquaintance of vore. Raymond St. John was not faithless or fickle, in his temporary engagement to Clara. He loved Lucy truly and fervently, but before he had told her so, she learned by the accident I have related, the state of her sister's heart, and having promised her mother on leaving home that the happiness of that sister should be her special care, she resolved on sacrificing her own affection to that of Clara.-Raymond was rejected by her firmly, almost sternly, and as he could not be ignorant of the sentiments of Clara in his favor, he was induced by the skilful management of Mrs. Wharton, to lay at the feet of the younger sister the offering which the elder had But it was a wounded and preoccupied heart which he refused. had to offer, and though the placid, brotherly love which alone he felt for Clara, satisfied her, absorbed as she was in her own emotions, it was with a sensation of deep gratitude only, to that God who had saved them both from remediless misery, that he learned the contents of Mrs. Edmond's communication. Many months passed away ere he heard through Clara, who had drawn the confession from her sister, the real cause of his rejection by Lucy.

A second application was more successful, and no emotion but that of unmingled joy filled the heart of Clara as she whispered to the blushing bride of her beloved brother-" Now, my Lucy, we are indeed and in truth sisters, both for time and eternity."

"CHILD AMID THE FLOWERS."

Music by ASAHEL ABBOTT.





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J Bannister

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THE MARRIAGE OF THE GRAND DUCHESS Olga of Russia.

BY REV. ROBERT BAIRD, D.D.

SEE ENGRAVING.

In the summer of 1846, I visited Russia for the third time—having previously extended my travels in the North of Europe to that country in the summer of 1837, and again in the autumn of 1840. And most certainly if the object of my third visit had been to see the splendors of the Court of the modern Scythia, I could not have chosen a more opportune occasion. But this was far from being the case. I went for the double purpose of endeavoring to give another impulse to the Temperance movement, and of making arrangements for the employment of colporteurs to distribute the Sacred Scriptures and religious Tracts* at the great fairs, which are held at more than twenty places annually in that vast Empire.

On this tour I was accompanied by the Rev. Dr. B*****, of Newark, N. J., the Rev. Mr. R****, of the same State, and Mr. B****, a young advocate, of the city of New-York.

On our way through Denmark and Sweden, we had heard that the marriage of the Grand Duchess Olga, the second daughter of the Emperor, to the Crown Prince of Wurtemburg, was to take place sometime in July; probably, it was said, about the middle of it. But inasmuch as it was our intention to remain only a week in St. Petersburg, and then go down to Moscow—whence it was our purpose to prosecute our journey to Odessa and Constantinople—we hoped to be far away from the scene of these festivities before the Russian July would commence; for the old style still rules the Russian calendar.

And this we might well expect to be able to do, inasmuch as we reached St. Petersburg on the 23d of June, according to the

^{*}These Tracts are such as the Censorship of Russia allow and approve of. More than one hundred and fifty of such publications have been issued at St. Petersburg, with the sanction of the government.

new style. I had not, in reality, a great deal to do in the Northern Capital of the Empire. What concerned the more appropriate object of my visit, could have been accomplished in two or three days. And as to sight-seeing, there was certainly nothing for me to do; for the Emperor, the Empress, and other persons who have the direction of those institutions which possess the greatest interest for me, had given orders that they should be thrown open to me on my previous visits. During the weeks which I had spent in that city and in Moscow in 1837 and 1840, I had positively seen every thing which I had any desire whatever to see. And let me say, in passing, that these cities contain a great deal to interest an intelligent traveler.

But the ways of Providence are inscrutable. Two days had scarcely elapsed, after our arrival, before I was violently attacked by inflammatory rheumatism, which confined me to my bed for almost a fortnight, and then left me in no suitable state for traveling. During the second day of that period of suffering, fearing that I might not have an opportunity of speaking to the Emperor on the chief object of my visit in a private audience—for I foresaw that even if the termination of the malady should be the most speedy that could be reasonably expected, the exciting and busy time upon which the Court was entering would be highly unfavorable to my having such an audience, which in other circumstances would not have been difficult-I dictated a memorial in French, in which I set forth my views of what might be further done to advance the cause of Temperance in Russia. This I did at the suggestion of Count Kisseleff, Minister of the Emperor for the Public Domains, who kindly engaged to lay it before his Imperial Majesty—a promise which he speedily performed.

This done, and the other object of my visit having been attained, I had nothing to do but to try to get well, and then set off for Poland and Germany—for my illness had compelled me to renounce the prospect of the long and fatiguing journey through the Southern part of the Empire. Whilst waiting to be able to carry into effect this purpose, and as soon as I was able to leave my bed and go about a little, I concluded to make a visit to Peterhoff, a small city, or large town rather, on the south side of the Gulf of Finland, some sixteen miles below St. Petersburg, where there is an Imperial palace, erected, I believe, in the time of the Empress

Elizabeth, and where, too, there is a more humble one, built by Peter the Great. At this place the Court was then staying; and here the marriage of the Grand Duchess was to take place.

This visit I wished to make in order to see the Prince and Princess of Oldenburg,* nephew and niece of the Emperor—his Imperial Highness having, three or four days after my arrival in St. Petersburg, kindly invited me to make him a visit at his beautiful country-residence, in the immediate vicinity of Peterhoff—an invitation which I was hitherto unable, for reasons just stated, to accept.

As soon as the state of my health permitted, I made the proposed visit, and was most kindly received by the Prince and Princess, who invited me to return on the succeeding Monday, and spend a few days with them, inasmuch as I was manifestly unfit to prosecute my journey. This invitation I accepted with pleasure, for it would give me a fine opportunity of seeing a good deal of two most excellent persons, of the highest rank, with their lovely little children, and their admirably appointed establishment. And here I would say, in passing, that it would be difficult to find in any country a more interesting couple than the Prince and Princess of Oldenburg. They are both still young; were born in the highest circles of the nobility of Russia and Germany, and have inherited wealth and rank and title, which give them commanding influence. In addition to all, and above all, they are persons of exalted character, and reputation for virtue, for knowledgefor every thing which can adorn and bless human society. They are both descended from a long line of Protestant ancestors, whose faith they inherit and profess. The Prince is at the head of several important institutions of beneficence. He has charge, among other things, of a lyceum, in which nearly three hundred young men and boys are receiving an education, chiefly with a view to commercial pursuits. He is the founder of a law school, which has one hundred and fifty or two hundred students, the first institution of the sort, I believe, ever established in Russia, and greatly needed. He takes much interest in farming, and in



^{*}The Prince is a son of one of the sisters of the Emperor, and the Princess is a sister of the reigning Duke of Nassau. They are related to almost all the Sovereigns in Europe, as they assured me.

all attempts to improve the breeds of horses, cattle, etc., in that great realm. He maintains Protestant worship in his palace, for the sake of his family and servants, who are almost all, if not all, Germans, from the Protestant Duchy of Oldenburg and other parts of Germany. He is certainly a remarkable man—so deeply interested in this country, as a field in which so much good may, with proper efforts, be done; simple and unaffected in his manners, and withal so young. What an example to the Russian nobles! Would to God that they all had a heart to follow it! But this they have not, and exactly here Russia labors. Her numerous nobility, with few exceptions, as it seems to me, lack patriotism—a heart-felt interest in every thing which concerns the true welfare of the country.

The Princess is a charming woman, of sincere piety and benevolence, and beloved by all who know her. She, too, is at the head of one or more establishments of beneficence in St. Petersburg, and takes a great interest in them; not only visiting them frequently, but attending the meetings of business, and taking an active part in them. She is blessed with several interesting children. Both she and her husband have several times visited England, in their travels in Western Europe, and greatly admire many things in that country. The nurse as well as the governess of their children, at the time of my visit, were excellent English women. I think that I can say with truth that I have never seen another establishment in which so many persons of principle and good conduct are employed as servants.

It will be readily apprehended that I passed the few days which I spent at Peterhoff in a very agreeable manner, although I was still too unwell to be able to take much part in what was going on around me.

Immediately upon my arrival, on my second visit to Peterhoff, the Princess informed me that the Emperor and Empress had been so good as to send word that it was their pleasure that I should be present at the marriage of the Grand Duchess, which was to take place that day (the first of July, according to the old style, but the thirteenth according to the new) at noon. This was an honor wholly unexpected by me; for, owing to my illness, I had not been presented at the Court since my arrival; though I had been on a former occasion. The number of persons, too, who

desired to witness the ceremony, Russians and foreigners, was immense, and the chapel in which it was to occur was small. No time was to be lost; for in a few minutes an aide-de-camp of the Prince was to come to take me to the palace, and see that I reached my proper place—a matter of no small importance on such an occasion, and I may add of no small difficulty.

Upon our arrival at the palace, we found the Emperor, the Grand Duke Michael, the Heir Apparent, and the Prince of Prussia, surrounded by many distinguished officers, reviewing some of the regiments of splendid Imperial Life-Guards, who certainly deserve to be ranked among the finest looking soldiers in the world. A vast concourse of people surrounded the parade-ground, which was quite near to the palace. The day was a remarkably fine one, and every thing without as well as every thing within that gorgeous building, indicated life, excitement and joy.

As soon as the review was over, all who were entitled to enter the palace hurried into it, until many of its vast apartments were filled to overflowing. Following my faithful guide, the Aid of the Prince, I made my way up to the second story, and having traversed several crowded rooms, found myself in that which contained the foreign ambassadors and their suites. There I was placed by the side of Mr. John Randolph Clay, the amiable and esteemed Secretary of the American Legation, and at that time acting as Charge d'Affaires, who, I may say, in passing, would, long before that time, have reached a higher diplomatic rank, if it were not too much the policy of those in power with us to reward their noisy partizans and friends with offices abroad, for which few of them are as well qualified as they should be.

At length the moment so full of interest arrived; and we all began to move forward towards the chapel—at the west end of the palace, and on the second floor—in due order. The ambassadors were the first to enter. As I was placed among them, it fell to my lot, according to orders which none might dispute, to take my stand with them on the northern side of the chapel, and within a few feet of the altar.

The chapel was scarcely more than thirty-five feet square.—
The walls and dome were gorgeously adorned with paintings and gildings. I know not when I have seen any thing more showy.

There was not a seat of any kind in it, save two or three chairs

for the Empress and one or two other ladies, whose health was not good. There was no carpet on the floor, nor pulpit, nor any thing that resembled one. A platform, of about one foot in height, and some twelve or fifteen feet square, occupied the centre. An altar, more of the shape of a reading desk than any thing else, stood on this platform, but not in the centre of it. By the side of it stood two small tables, on which rested two marriage-crowns.

In front of the chapel was a room of the same size, less magnificently adorned, which might be called the "Court of the People." Three large doors opened from it into the chapel. On the opposite side of the chapel was another room, not quite so large, where were the priests in all their rich and splendid robes. This might be designated the most "Holy Place."

When we entered we found several of the dignitaries of the church standing in the centre of the chapel, and the choir of men and boys, dressed in purple tunics, which descended to their heels, standing, one-half on one side and one-half on the other of the chapel, near to the vestry, or most Holy place. In fact they occupied the two corners of the chapel on that side. The ambassadors and ministers of the Emperor, and myself among them, stood near to a portion of the choir.

It was some time after our arrival that the Imperial Family Behind them followed a great number of officers and ladies, who filled the ante-chamber, or vestibule, or whatever else it may be called. The Archbishop of St. Petersburg, accompanied by several other prelates, dressed in splendid robes, which seemed to be composed more of silver and gold than any thing else, and wearing their mitres, met the Emperor and Empress and the rest of the Imperial group, at the middle of the outer room, and received them in oriental style-bowing most profoundly and kissing their hands, an homage which was as graciously returned.-Entering the chapel, the Emperor presented his daughter and her "affianced" to the Imperial chaplain, whose duty it was to perform the ceremony, and who received them on the estrade or plat-I had expected that the Metropolitan would perform this service; but he is a monk, (as all the prelates of the Greek Church are), and no monk is allowed in Russia to perform the marriage ceremony—and this is serving them rightly enough, I think.

The chaplain was a little old man, whose countenance interested me very much.

After the presentation of the persons who were to be married. the Emperor, Empress, and the members of the Imperial Family, took their places on the side of the chapel opposite the ambassadors, and on the right hand of the officiating priest. The Emperor and Empress were by a window, he being quite near to the portion of the choir which was on that side of the chapel. to the Empress stood her brother-the Prince of Prussia, the heir to the throne of that country. Next to him, and near another window, stood the Duchess of Leuchtenberg (the eldest daughter of the Emperor), and her sister-in-law, the wife of his Imperial Highness, Alexander Nicholavietch, the heir to the throne of Rus-Next to them stood the Prince himself, and his three younger brothers—the Grand Dukes Constantine, Nicholas, and Michael, who were at that time youths of from eighteen to twelve or fifteen years of age. Near to them, and in one of the doors of the chapel. stood the Grand Duke Michael, the Emperor's brother. Next to him was the Duke of Leuchtenberg. The centre door and the other door were so crowded with great officers that the ladies and gentlemen who filled the vestibule had but a poor chance to see what was going on in the chapel, although they might hear the chanting of the choir, and much of what was said by the officiating priest.

After all had taken their places, the service commenced. The Grand Duchess Olga and the Prince of Wurtemburg, standing on the platform, occupied a very conspicuous station; and certainly they went through their portion of the ceremony in an admirable manner. The Prince was dressed in the uniform of a Wurtemburg military officer of the highest rank. He was a young man of twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, good looking enough in person, but not possessing a very handsome face. The Grand Duchess was twenty-four years of age, and older than her husband by some six months. She is a beautiful woman; she was even called the most beautiful woman in Europe. However this may be, it is certain that it would be difficult to conceive of one that possessed more charms of person; and those of her mind and heart are said, by all who know her well, not to be inferior to those of her person. She is rather above the medium height of

ladies; has beautifully blue eyes, a blonde complexion, and auburn hair.

Her dress was magnificent, as may be supposed. In the first place, she wore a white, or rather a fawn-colored silk dress, with large sleeves that were adorned, as was the skirt, with a rich border of inwrought flowers and figures of silver. A red velvet ribbon of a couple of inches in width, passed from one shoulder across. or rather below, her bosom, and terminated below the other arm, from which descended numerous diamond-pendants. A necklace of the richest and most splendid sort, all sparkling with diamonds, adorned, with many a fold, her neck and bosom, and came down almost to her feet; whilst her hair, in two plaits, fell on her fair shoulders. A coronet, studded with most precious stones, rested on her head, whilst a train of the richest purple velvet, some ten or twelve feet long and six wide, lined and bordered with the purest ermine, attached to her dress behind, just below her shoulders, was borne by five gentlemen of the Imperial household. my humble opinion she would have looked better without this splendid and very heavy appendage. As it was, she appeared extremely beautiful. When she ascended the platform, as well as throughout the ceremony, she was rather paler than usual, but seemed to be entirely self-possessed. The graceful manner of her standing, and the great beauty and loveliness which beamed from her countenance, charmed every one, and commanded every eye.

The marriage service was very long, and consisted of reading portions of the Gospels and Epistles, chanting of prayers and hymns by the choir, the chaplain and two deacons who assisted him taking the lead. And never have I heard such singing and chanting as from that choir, which consists of from sixty to eighty boys and men. There was no instrument of any kind-instrumental music not being permitted in the services of the Greek Church in Russia. I have often heard the Pope's choir in the Sixtine Chapel, in the Vatican, but never did I hear any thing like this. The base and sophrano voices were wonderful. great portion of the singing consisted of the responses to the prayers, chanted by the entire choir. I never heard sounds prolonged to any thing like the extent that I did in these responses. Often the priest had made considerable progress in the next petition, before the last, lingering notes of the choir, uttering the preceding responses, had died away.

At the commencement of the ceremony, a wax candle was put in the left hands of the bride and bridegroom, which they held till the close. The marriage crowns were held over their heads during almost the whole ceremony; the Grand Duke Constantine holding one over the head of the Grand Duchess, and the Grand Duke Nicholas holding another over the head of his brother-in-law, the Prince. It must have been rather fatiguing work to these youths, for they changed hands and position very often during the ceremony.

At one stage of the ceremony, the officiating priest, uniting the right hands of the bride and bridegroom, and taking hold of their hands, led them three times around the altar, accompanied by the crown-bearers, train-bearers, and two deacons; whilst the choir, priest, and deacons chanted portions of the Scriptures in an astonishing manner. It seemed almost as if the very walls of the chapel must be driven asunder by the force of the immense volume of voice which was poured forth from the many-throated company.

During the whole service, the Emperor, the Empress, all the members of the Imperial family, and many of the spectators frequently crossed themselves, according to the custom of the Greek Church, with much apparent devotion. This was especially the case with the Emperor, who stood all the time, wearing a half military dress of deep green, which is the color of the dress of the infantry of Russia. It was easy to see that, with his whole heart, he doated upon his beloved daughter, and that his earnest aspirations ascended to heaven in her behalf. The Empress, who is a most affectionate mother, seemed scarcely to withdraw her eyes from her daughter; and it was manifest that her maternal affections were deeply interested in the touching scene before her.

I may remark, that the Empress is about two years younger than the Emperor. She is a daughter of the late king of Prussia, and the eldest sister of the present monarch of that country. For many years after her marriage her health was excellent, and her overflowing spirits seemed never to know abatement. She was a beautiful woman, almost adored by her husband, and the life of the exalted circle in which she moved. In the summer of 1837, I saw her for the first time, at the fete which commemorated the anniversary of her birth, in the same palace at Peterhoff. Her health was then good, and she was the centre and soul of the vast.

assemblage of Russia's proudest, noblest aristocracy, arrayed in all their most splendid habiliments.

I saw her again in the autumn of 1840, in the palace at Czarskoe-Selo. But then disease was commencing its ravages. She looked pensive, and had not her former vigor, but was still a very interesting woman, for the restoration of whose health many vows and prayers ascended to heaven. Beyond both the hopes and fears of her friends, her life has been prolonged. In the winter of 1845–46, she visited the sunny climes of Italy, and returned evidently with improved health. And during all the fetes connected with the marriage of which we are speaking, she seemed to have recovered her former energy and her former spirits. She is a devoted mother, and has good reason to feel assured that her maternal care and pains have not been employed in vain. She may well be grateful for such a circle of children as God has given her.

As to the Emperor, there is no one point on which those who know him best speak with more unanimity and emphasis, than that of his excellence as a father, and of his affection and kindness as a husband. I know indeed that there are those who, in addition to representing him as a cruel tyrant towards his subjects, have charged him with being a hard-hearted monster in his own family. Never was there any thing more maliciously false. I have known many persons, of irreproachable character, who have been, and still are, most intimately acquainted with the Imperial Family, and they have without exception spoken to me of the affection of the Emperor towards both his children and the Empress, in the most decided terms. If it were proper, I could give names of persons who have borne this testimony, that would command the confidence and the credence of all. That ten thousand unjust things are every year done in the vast empire of Russia, and almost every day, of which the Emperor knows nothing whatever; that he himself does some things from the want of that accurate information which the subordinate officers ought to give him, but do not, and which he would not do if he knew all the facts-is what no one who is well acquainted with that country and his character, would deny. The Emperor cannot be every where, nor can he do every thing. But that a man who is an excellent father and an affectionate husband can be at heart a Nero, I do not believe.

The very nature of the government of Russia—and the people of that country are not yet fit for any other—renders it inevitable that there will be many abuses—abuses which if all the functionaries of the government had the patriotism of the Emperor would either not exist or be incomparably fewer and less important than they are.

There was one part of the ceremony which I have never seen any where except in the Greek Church. It is this: the officiating priest placed in the hands of the Prince a cup filled with wine, into which some bitter ingredients had been infused, of which he drank and then gave it to the Grand Duchess. She drank of it, and then returned it to him. This giving and returning of the cup was done till its contents were exhausted. It signifies that those who enter the marriage state must expect sorrows as well as joys—the bitter and the sweet—and that they must seek support under the former from God alone.

At one point of the ceremony all kneeled down, and remained in that position for some time, whilst the priest offered up a prayer over the heads of the couple whom he was marrying. It was a very impressive and affecting moment.

At the close of the marriage ceremony properly so called, the bride and bridegroom moved from the platform, towards the Emperor and Empress. And it was delightful to see with what an affectionate embrace they were both received by the parents, as well as by all the other members of the Imperial Family, to whom they advanced in the order in which these persons stood.

When this was done, the Metropolitan and other great dignitaries of the Greek Church came forward on the platform, and there took their stand. Then commenced the chanting of the T_E D_{EUM} in a style which greatly surpassed any thing of the sort which I have heard elsewhere—although I have heard it chanted by many celebrated choirs.

At the close of the service, the most distinguished of the clergy came forward and expressed their felicitations and congratulations to the newly married pair, as well as to the Emperor, the Empress, and other members of the Imperial Family. This was done in Russian style, in which there was a mutual kissing of hands.—That is: the ecclesiastic took the hand of the Princess (or Prince or Emperor, as the case might be), and kissed it, and she kissed his.

This being over, the Imperial Family retired the first from the chapel, followed by all the rest of the company. The marriage ceremony according to the Protestant manner, (for this was necessary, inasmuch as the Prince is a Protestant) took place immediately afterwards, in one of the large rooms of the palace. It was simple, serious, and appropriate, but contained nothing worthy of particular notice. It was performed, I believe, by a chaplain whom the Prince had brought with him from Wurtemburg.

As to the dinner which followed; or the ball at night; or the review and the visits of congratulation made by the great men of the empire the next day; or the masquerade ball of that night; or the illumination of the palace and the gardens; or the splendid display of water works and fire works during three nights, etc., etc., I will not undertake to speak of them, for many of these things I did not see.

I will only add that I have seen many splendid and interesting sights during my sojourn in the Old World; but I have never seen any thing more splendid or interesting than the MARRIAGE OF THE GRAND DUCHESS OLGA OF RUSSIA.

SONG.—OUR HOME BY THE SEA.

BY BSTELLE LIVINGSTON.

Our home shall be by the rolling sea,
Where tower the cliffs of the bold and free,
Where the wild sea bird's shrill note is heard,
And the blue waves break incessantly.

Where stars at night o'er the waters bright Illumine the wave with silvery light— And the ceaseless roar on the wild sea shore, Is borne afar in the hush of night.

The rose shall twine with the gay woodbine Around our cot in the calm sunshine— And the sweetest smile of love the while Shall light our home by the foaming brine.

Oh! happy shall be that home by the sea— That home in the land of the brave and free; Where the wild sea bird's shrill note is heard, And the blue waves break incessantly.

THE DEPARTED.

SHE pass'd away, as gently as the leaf
That's left the bough to which it long hath clung,
Floats on the passing breeze, and sinks to earth,
To rise no more. Thus peaceful was her death;
For, during life, her's was the Christian's hope—
An anchor sure, amid the storms that toss
The bark of him who sails on life's rough sea.

Tho' robed with power the "fell destroyer" came, For her he had no terrors: she could gaze With transport on his near approach, and bid The waiting scraph nearer, "Come," to bear Her on his heavenly wings unto her home—Her everlasting home above.

She loved,
Ere yet the tide of life had ceased to flow,
To meet with those who offered fervent prayer
To Him who loves to hear the voice of faith:
But now she bows no more in earthly courts;
For faith with her is changed to sight and prayer—
The overflowing of her heart's desire,
To praise. She may behold the "emerald bow"
That doth surround the burning throne of God;
Take of the golden fruit that freely grows
Upon the tree of life; and walk the streets
Of that pure realm where sin comes not, nor light
Of sun is known—for God himself doth give
It light by his blest presence.

Rapt spirit!

Though we mourn the loss of thy example
And thy prayers, subdu'd shall be our sorrow;
While we entreat of Him who reigns on high,
To e'er preserve us from the many ills
Which gather 'round our pathway, and at last
Conduct us to that peaceful home where thou
Dost dwell—at God's right hand above.

F. I.

Gaines, Jan. 18th, 1851.

MAGGY'S BABY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"OH, dear, dear me! I wish I knew what to do with myself," sighed Mary Page, as she closed the book she had been trying to read, and threw herself in a lounging position on the sofa.

"Put on your things and take a walk. You need fresh au and exercise," said the young lady's mother.

"I don't care about walking," replied Anna, listlessly.

"Your health requires it, my dear," urged Mrs. Page.

Seated in the room with the mother and daughter, was a quiet looking girl, busily employed with her needle. She did not appear to observe what passed between Mrs. Page and Anna; nor in fact did she, for her mind was as busy as her fingers—and both were usefully occupied.

Without responding to her mother's last remark, Anna, whose eyes had rested for a moment or two on the form of the young girl, as she bent over the work that lay in her lap, said, with some impatience in her voice and manner—

"For mercy's sake, Alice! do stop. It makes me nervous to look at you. Nothing but stitch, stitch, stitch, hour in and hour out. What can you be doing?"

The person thus addressed, raised her head, and fixed her mild blue eyes on her interrogator, while a wreath of the heart's warm sunshine played softly about her lips. Then, without replying, she resumed her employment.

- "Oh, dear!" sighed Anna, again.
- "Now do exert yourself, my dear," said Mrs. Page, in a persuasive tone of voice. "Dress yourself and take a walk."
 - "Where shall I go?"
 - "Make a call some where."
- "I made a dozen or more calls yesterday. Used up all my acquaintances, in fact, worth calling upon."
 - "Walk out and take the fresh air then."
- "Walk for nothing? O dear, no! That's worse than staying in the house; particularly as an hour must be spent, beforehand, in dressing. Now do, Alice, stop that everlasting, stitch, stitch,

stitching!" said the young lady, more petalently than when she first addressed her. "You make me so nervous that I can scarcely contain myself. What are you doing?"

Again the young girl raised her head, and fixed her gentle eyes on Mary Page. For a few moments she looked at her, calmly, yet with a mild reproof in glances. Then gathering her work in her hands, she arose, and was about leaving the room, when the former interrupted her by saying—

"Just tell me what you are so wonderfully busy about, Alice? Here, for some two days, you have been doing nothing but stitch, stitch. For a young lady who has a handsome income of two or three thousand a year, this is robbing the poor seamstress. What wonderful fit of economy has come over you?"

Alice, whose hand was on the door, paused to hear what Mary had to say. Then approaching her, she bent over and whispered something in her ear, to which the young lady replied—

"No-it's too much trouble. I don't feel like moving."

"But, I want you. Come! I've something particular to say."

"Say it here. Ma won't listen if it's any secret."

"Not a word of it until you are in my room," said Alice, firmly. There was a decision about her tone and manner that had its effect upon Mary, who slowly raised herself up from her reclining position, saying as she did so—

"You are a provoking chit, Alice."

The two girls presently left the apartment together, and ascended to the room of Alice. As soon as they were alone, the latter said:

"Did you ever see a sweeter babe than Mrs. Martin's?"

"Is'nt it a darling?" instantly replied Mary, a light glancing over her face, and sparkling in her eyes. The woman's heart in her felt instantly the ingenious appeal of the cousin—for that was the relationship borne by the young ladies to each other.

"Indeed it is," quietly returned Alice.

"Do you know," said Mary, with animation, "that I begged Mrs. Martin to lend me the dear little thing for an hour or two? I declare! if she'd only said yes, if I would'nt have brought it home in my arms."

Alice smiled at her cousin's suddenly awakened enthusiasm.

"I know where there is just as sweet a baby as Mrs. Martin's; and what is more, its mother will let you bring it home, if you feel at all inclined to do so."

- "Do you!" And Mary struck her hands together in expression of her delight. "And pray, where is it?"
 - "Not half a square from here."
- "Whose baby is it?"
- "Do you remember Maggy Green who used to sew for your mother two or three years ago?"
 - "Yes."
 - "And how she got married and went to live in New Jersey?"
 - "Yes."

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- "Well, Maggy's husband died three or four months ago, and she has come back to the city."
 - "And is living near us?"
- "Yes. She is at the house of a friend, who has kindly given her a home until she is able to get one for herself."
 - "And Maggy has the dear little baby of which you are speaking?"
 "Yes."
- "Is it sweet and clean?" asked Mary, a slight shade passing over her animated face. "So many of these poor babies are neglected by their mothers, and kept in such a condition that one can't bear to look at, much less touch them. A dirty baby! Oh, dear! Save me from such an infliction."
- "It will be our fault if Maggy's baby is'nt always as nice as a new pin," said Alice. "Now let me show you what I have been doing."

And Alice opened a drawer, and lifted therefrom two neatly-made baby frocks, one with a pink and the other with a blue sprig. There was also a white flannel petticoat, a snowy linen shirt, and a pair of white worsted socks, with blue edges and ties.

- "What beauties!" exclaimed Mary. "And are these for Maggy's baby?"
 - " Yes."
 - "And did you make them?"
- "Yes; I have just finished a white apron, the 'stitch, stitching' of which annoyed you so much just now."
 - "Well, you are a queer one, Alice! And you've been working these two or three days for Maggy's baby? Why did'nt you ask me to help me?"
 - "You?"
 - "Yes, me."

"Oh, I've heard you say, dozens of times that you had no taste for things useful."

"I say a great many things when I'm tired of myself and every body around me. But, when are you going to see Maggy and her baby?"

"This morning."

"I'll go with you," said Mary, with animation. Already a beautiful glow had come to her cheeks that were before pale; her eyes were full of life, and every movement evinced the rapid flow of animal spirit.

"I shall be most happy to have your company," replied Alice.
"I'll get myself ready in a twinkling." And Mary glanced from the room. In a much shorter time than it usually took Mary to dress herself, she was ready to accompany her cousin, and chatting together, with much animation, they left the house.

We will not accompany the young ladies to the humble abode of Maggy Green, where they betook themselves, and where half an hour was spent in washing and dressing the baby. A lovely babe it was, with eyes as blue as the bending heavens, and cheeks as fair and beautiful as a newly opening flower.

Daily, from that time, there was, in the house of Mrs. Page, an object of deep interest for Mary—an object that drew upon her active love; for Maggy was taken back into the family, and her baby became the especial care of Alice and her cousin. Not half so frequently did the latter now complain of being a burden to herself; for there was always something or other that love inspired her to do for the sweet little stranger—Maggy's baby; and this she learned, that only in coming out of ourselves, and living for others, is it possible to find true enjoyment in life.



THE BEAUTIFUL IN NATURE.

BY BETELLE LIVINGSTON.

The beautiful in Nature—
The quiet woodland scene,
The primrose by the rivulet,
The meadow and the green,—
The laden fields of autumn,
The chequered autumn wood,

The rock where freedom tarries
To tame her fearless brood—
Alike in senior winter,
In summer's gentle reign,
Reveal the guardian sceptre
That rules o'er nought in vain,



CONFESSIONS OF A CONVICT.

BY RULE RUBY.

I AM a convict! The judge said it, while I stood, pale and cowering, before him, listening to the sentence which he pronounced upon me—" Solitary confinement in the State Prison at Sing Sing, for ten years!"

A convict—yes! This prison garb, so coarse and hideous—this cell, so rude and narrow—this bed, so hard, and this still harder pillow—and you grated door of iron, with its bolts and lock outside—confirm it!

The frowning floor and walls and ceiling proclaim the loathed sentence—nay, the very silence of the dungeon seems to pronounce, in harsh and malignant tones: "Thou art shamed forever—thou art a convict!"

Two years have slowly crept away since the hour of my advent here; but two, and eight more have yet to come and go ere I can walk forth in the blessed light of day, look up at the pure blue sky, or mingle once more among the beings of life and passion who constitute the world.

Eight more years—each one of which seems an eternity—of memory, remorse, and horror; eight more ages of frightful dreams and still more frightful phantoms, the phantoms of my victims; eight more eternities of spasms, shudderings and nightmares!

This is the first day of my third year here; that is to say, it is the first day of the third year of my prison existence—that prisonexistence which is a great black blank in the life of every criminal.

I may truly say that I have already had three existences—my youth, which was guileless; my business manhood, which, spurred up by ambition, was a life of fraud, hypocrisy and crime; and this, my prison career, which is an existence of remorse. Should I live to the close of my term of punishment, my next entrance into the world will be my fourth existence.

During my business career, there was, among my connections, a young high-minded merchant, whose business had gone against him, in despite of all his energy and unwavering industry. In

my capacity of leading creditor, I had pronounced the word which made him at once a bankrupt and a beggar. And this man, by one of those strange freaks of fortune which are so characteristic of the destinies of business men in this quarter of the world, is now my jailer. He was ever, and is now, one of those high-minded and God-serving men who never remember injuries, or if they do, remember them only to repay them by kindness. He is one of those who carry out that principle of Christianity which commands its followers to return good for evil.

In obedience to his duty, he has never exchanged a word with me since my arrival here; but we have exchanged glances, when my eyes have appealed to his soul, to his heart, to his humanity, to give or loan me something, no matter how small or trifling, with which to occupy my mind, if he would not see me a maniac: and at length, in his eyes there has appeared a flash of that holy light which always sheds joy upon an imploring soul-the light of mercy. And it is to him, I feel persuaded, that I am indebted for this means of relieving my overcharged mind of its frightful thoughts and scorching memories. One morning, on waking, I found in my cell a small bundle, on opening which, I discovered. to my infinite joy, a phial of ink, a number of pens, and a roll of paper. With that delicacy, which is one of the distinguishing marks of a noble and generous mind, he had selected the still hours of slumber to place them in my cell, to avoid the wild burst of gratitude with which he knew I would overwhelm him.

I owe him something; or rather, I owe to Honor, Virtue, and Christianity, of which he is an unswerving advocate and a meek yet noble follower, a debt of gratitude, which I feel desirous to discharge; and this pen, it seems to me, will enable me to pay it, by recording, for the benefit of the young and inexperienced, the career of one whose fate should serve as a warning to all that a career of sin is at once a career whose days are shame, whose end is death.

My parents had brought me up carelessly; that is to say, while they gave me a good, sound, worldly education, they gave themselves little or no trouble about my moral destiny: the consequence of which was, I grew up with a strong desire to be rich, but with little or no ambition to be good.

I was early placed in a commercial house, to obtain a practical

knowledge of business. My employer was reputed to be a sharp, shrewd, cunning business man, and as he was known to be highly prosperous as well, the commercial community spoke highly of him, and my father, on introducing me into his establishment, observed: "Mr. Busteed is a first class business man; be sure and study him; you cannot copy from a better model."

I did study Mr. Busteed, for years; and the result of my observation was, that he had gained and maintained his position not by manliness, honor, truth, or fair dealing; but by petty meannesses, business falsehoods, and a total disregard of honor and upright dealing. He was a shrewd, calculating man, and was honest only when it was his interest not to be otherwise. paid his notes and other obligations with unswerving fidelity, not from any conviction that he was morally bound to do so, but because he was far-sighted enough to perceive that such a course was the only true one in trade; that it upheld his name and credit, and won for him the confidence of the entire commercial community. His capital enabled him to shave his own and other people's notes to almost any amount; and I could not fail to notice that whenever in the course of these transactions, he came in contact with men whose embarrassments compelled them to raise money at almost any sacrifice, he never failed to take every advantage of their weakness and necessities, or to chuckie over his triumphs as soon as they disappeared.

I noticed also that whenever he spoke of an honorable, generous and high-minded tradesman, he always wound up with the remark: "The poor devil! He will learn, one of these days, that no man can get along in business with such stupid principles!"

I progressed rapidly under this man, and at the end of three years had attained the high and responsible position of confidential clerk. I found that Get rich was my employer's only article of faith, and that he carried it out with a tenacity and perseverance worthy of his character. He had a good knowledge of the requirements of the law, and never ventured on a transaction, no matter how infamous or base, that would not bear the closest legal scrutiny.

At length, my business education was considered, by both my father and employer, sufficiently complete; and the former advanced me a sufficient sum to open an establishment on my own

account. Having selected what is called a good location, I purchased a respectable stock of goods, made a "large show," and then invited an insurance company to send an agent to examine my establishment. This was done, and a "little skilful management," as my employer was wont to phrase it, satisfied the insurance office that my stock would bear an insurance value of fifteen thousand dollars, whereas its actual cost would scarcely figure up as high as ten thousand. I related this matter to my father, who highly commended my sagacity, and slapping me on the back, pronounced it "a splendid operation!"

Placed by this little item of business finesse beyond the reach of danger by fire, I now threw myself into the great sea of trade, armed with those weapons which I had observed to work so successfully with my late employer, viz.: an easy conscience, a watchful eye, patience, courage, a fair knowledge of the world, and a resolute determination to succeed.

My affairs prospered far better than I had reason to anticipate, and ere many months had passed away, I was regarded as a sharp, shrewd, active and highly prosperous man. I was now courted and flattered, and finding myself in an easy and promising condition, I married the daughter of a retired dry goods dealer, and, to please my bride, whose beauty was only equalled by her pride, rented a large, fashionable house, and furnished it in a style of taste and splendor that pleased my wife, while it at the same time made a serious inroad upon my capital.

However, as my business was constantly increasing, I had no great reason to complain, and at the end of my fourth business year, I was almost in a position to laugh at fortune and bid her defiance. My bank account was in a very flattering condition; my business was soundly established; my credit firm; my channels for the disposal of my goods, numerous and large; and my reputation as a dealer of a very fair character.

At this stage of affairs, the failure of one of my western correspondents called me to Cincinnati; and on my way up the Ohio, I unfortunately fell in with some New-York friends, who, following the general custom of the passengers on board the boats plying on that river, were whiling away the tedium of the voyage at cards. They courteously invited me to play; and as I knew them to be gentlemen with whom it would be considered no dis-

grace to be seen with even at cards, and having also a slight knowledge of the game, I accepted the invitation, and sitting down, took a "hand." "To make the game interesting, nothing more!" as they termed it, each man threw a dollar on the table for his share of the stake. Unfortunately for me, I won; a fact which so astonished me, and gratified my vanity, that I became fascinated with the "papers," as cards are called by gamblers, and an interest in them that I never felt before, rose up in, and took complete possession of my mind.

The stakes on the next game were doubled, and, as if fortune had taken me under her special protection, this, like the former,

resulted in my favor.

The third and fourth ended with the same result, which so mortified my companions and elated me, that I jumped instantly at a proposition to play for a four hundred dollar stake. In this as in the others I was also successful, and I could scarcely restrain a proud smile of triumph. One of my companions, noticing my elated condition, and vexed perhaps at his own losses, now proposed that we play for a still higher stake.

"How high?" I asked, with the air of a man who could stake

up any amount.

"A thousand dollars each," he replied, glancing at his two companions.

The latter, who were sufficiently excited, as much perhaps by my manner as by their own losses, readily agreed, and four thousand dollars, in bank bills, were at once placed upon the table.

My hand was high, I saw that at a glance, and felt perfectly satisfied as to the result of the first count. The stake was sufficiently high to call into action all the wits of the party; as even millionaires, which we certainly were not, do not venture a thousand dollars in a lottery even less precarious than cards without a few palpitations of the heart as to the result. At length the game was ended, and, as before, I coolly swept the money from the table into my pocket.

My companions' eyes were now dry and bloodshot; and their cheeks, which, during the game, had gradually paled, wore now the pallor of so many corpses. Their fingers trembled as they rested on the table, and by a nervous twitching of the skin around their eyelids, I saw that the game had entirely unmanned thom.

As for myself, I was as cool and self-possessed as possible; nothing disturbed my equanimity except the fear that my companions would not allow me to follow up my fortune; that is to say, the fear that in despair at their losses, they would altogether abandon the table.

They glanced around the table at each other as if to read one anothers' thoughts in their eyes; and as if satisfied that there was but one sentiment between them, they simultaneously put their hands into their pockets and drew out their wallets.

- "Well, gentlemen?" said I, interrogatively.
- "Three thousand each," was the reply, in a dogged tone, of the gentleman on my right.
 - "Three thousand each," continued the gentleman on my left.
- "Yes, three thousand," added the gentleman sitting directly opposite. And they each drew forth their bills, and counting out the requisite sum, laid them on the table.
- "Well, then, gentlemen," said I, patronizingly, laying my share down upon the pile, "three thousand be it!"

I saw by the blank countenances of my antagonists that their individual chances of "raking down" the money were of but little or no account, and I could scarcely restrain a chuckle of triumph, for in my hand I held the four highest cards in the pack. Of course, with these advantages, I won the first count. The same result followed the second and third; and on the fourth I just won the count by a single card—an ace! The game was mine!

My companions were now speechless! They fastened their eyes on me with a fierce and somewhat eager look as I raked in the pile. Their faces were, if possible, of a still more pallid hue than before; their eyes gleamed with a dry, uneasy light; spasmodic twitchings seized their lips and eye-brows; and their fingers fairly danced upon the table. They breathed with great difficulty, and tried in vain to recover their equanimity. At length, the gentleman on my right signed to a waiter. The latter approached, and demanded his wish.

"Brandy!" answered the gentleman in the tone of one whose very vitals were parched.

The bottle was brought and placed upon the table, and each of the three helped himself eagerly to a deep glass of the burning liquid in its raw, unadulterated state. They then pushed the bottle towards me, and, not to appear too scrupulous, I also drank half a glass of the fiery poison. Unused to liquor in that unwatered shape, I almost instantly felt its fierce fumes flying up to my brain and swathing it with its hot breath like a cloud of fire. As to my companions, the only observable effect of the liquor on them was to recall the lion to their nerves, the blood to their cheeks and lips, and the recreant moisture back to their throats. Their eyes were still bloodshot, but the dry, fierce light which had previously shone in their pupils, had vanished. The liquor had recalled them to their senses, but it had driven away mine.

"Gentlemen," said the individual on my right, with a quiet glance around the table, "what say you to one more game, and let it be the last?"

"Agreed!" cried the others. "But for what shall it be?"

"Gentlemen," continued the other, "our friend here has been so fortunate as to win every game that has been played thus far; and it is but fair, seeing that he has won all, and we lost all, that he should comply with the proposition I am now about to make."

"What is it?" asked the others, and as they spoke they intuitively turned their eyes, not on the speaker, but on me.

"Gentlemen," resumed the speaker, and like the others, he bent his eyes on me; as also did all the crowd who had gradually drawn around the table to witness our play, "Gentlemen, I now propose that we empty our pocket-books on the table; that we then draw one card each, and let him who holds the highest, take all!"

"It is but fair!" exclaimed the others, fixing their eyes on me.
"Yes, it certainly is but fair!" cried voices in the crowd; "for he has won terribly of them!"

And I felt, unsettled as I was by the fiery liquor I had drunk, that every eye was on me, and that, so dangerous is it for a man to run counter to the opinion of a mob, that they would tear me to pieces if I refused. For I was conscious that my manner of playing and raking down the stakes from the first game to the last was of that supercilious, patronizing character which is at all times offensive to a crowd. There was, besides, every reason to suppose that the severe losses of my companions had called up their own had blood, as well as summoned into action the sympathies of the spectators around us. Under the influence of these

reflections, and impelled also by that confidence which had never yet deserted me, I at once acceded to the proposal, and emptied my pockets and pocket-book at one sweep upon the table, for which I was rewarded by a low murmur of admiration from the crowd.

The cards were now carefully shuffled and re-shuffled, and then shuffled and re-shuffled again, so as to cut off all possibility of trickery; then cut, and then dealt. As each man laid his hand down to take up his solitary card, the interest was so profound and the silence so deep, that we could detect the noise made by the beatings of each others' hearts.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!" cried a voice among the spectators, take up your cards!"

No one looked around to see who had spoken, for all felt that that voice had but uttered the general wish. And at that moment we lifted the cards, and at the same instant looked at each other, and asked this question with our eyes—"Whose is it?"

"Show your cards—show your cards, gentlemen!" repeated the same unknown voice.

And as though we were but obeying the voice of one whom it was death to resist, we laid our cards upon the table, with their faces upward and in sight of all. The gentleman who had made the proposal for this singular game had held the highest card.

I had lost! The spectators instantly gave three cheers at my defeat, and, baffled and confused, I started up and hurried from the cabin amid the jeers and laughter of the crowd!

I subsequently learned that the winner had generously divided his vast winnings amongst his companions, and would have done the same with me, if I had not been so patronizing and supercilious in my manner. On counting my losses, I found that over and above my original winnings I had lost just nine thousand dollars. This was a severe and galling lesson; but it had no other effect upon me than to fascinate me still more with the demon enchantress who presides over the card table.

On reaching the town where my bankrupt correspondent resided, I found just enough of assets remaining for my share to pay my expenses back to New-York. This was a serious blow to my affairs, for the bankrupt was on my books to a considerable amount. Making the best arrangements, however, that I could in the premises, I hurried home, to chew the cud of mortification at my losses.

As if my western trip were not enough to satisfy my ill stars, they had raised up in my next door neighbor a rival whose business tact, energy and shrewdness were not to be despised. This man, whose name was Grafton, had long been an eye-sore and an annoyance to me. As we were both in the wholesale way, and in the same business, he made it a point to entice my customers, by various tricks, into his store, where he invariably sold them stock two, three and five per cent. cheaper than my lowest rates. By some means or other he always contrived to keep himself and clerks familiar with my tariff of prices, and rated his goods accordingly to those who were and had been accustomed to purchase their stock of me; and in this way he had succeeded in depriving me of a large amount of trade. On my return, I discovered that he had succeeded, during my absence, in enticing away two of my best customers, as well as three of my most valued clerks. I went into his establishment to remonstrate with him upon the unfairness and injustice of his conduct; but he would not hear me, and even had the temerity to order me out of his store.

Burning with rage and indignation, I now determined to punish his insolence and underhandedness in a summary and very signal manner. I kept my own counsel upon the matter, however, and watched my opportunity. It came around, at last.

Mr. Grafton's stock was worth from forty to fifty thousand dollars; of which about one-half was paid for—the rest, as a matter of course, having been obtained upon credit. As we both insured in the same office, I obtained, by a little management, a clue to the date of his policy of insurance, and knowing, both by hearsay and observation, that in such matters he was somewhat careless, I now conceived the diabolical idea of gratifying my long-pent hatred by plunging him into a sea of ruin and disaster from which he would find it almost impossible to escape.

With this fiendish idea running in my brain, I set about the accomplishment of my scheme with all the carefulness, secrecy, and deliberation necessary to the success of a heavy and daring operation. My own insurance policy had as yet about four months to run, and as I had always so managed matters as to have my policy worth more by several thousand dollars than my stock, I felt perfectly satisfied that, independent of the gratification of removing and forever ruining my rival, I should make at least ten

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thousand dollars by the scheme—that is to say, by burning him and myself out! I took my measures accordingly; and watching the day and hour when Grafton's policy should expire, I that very night fired my establishment in five different places, and then, under cover of the darkness, made my escape.

So well had I taken precautions to ensure the thorough success of my fiendish operation, that it was not till the whole interior of both establishments had been rendered wholly worthless, that the flames burst out. In a few minutes after the discovery of the fire, the whole lower part of the town was alive and hurrying toward the scene of the conflagration. The alarm bells rang, summoning the firemen to work, and in a very brief period the roar of the engines as they dashed through the streets—the heavy tramping of the populace as they sped along the pathways—the noisy shouts of the firemen as they ran with untiring and unremitting speed, trying to pass each other, like coursers in a race, each eager to be the first to reach the scene of action—the wild and mournful clanging of the bells—started the city from its repose and hurled it into the wildest commotion.

While running down Broadway, I encountered Grafton, who was also on his way to the fire, conscious that it was in his direction, but little dreaming that it was his establishment which was now gilding the sky with its broad bright sheets of molten gold. By the time we came in sight of the burning pile, every avenue to it was blocked up by a dense, packed crowd, through which it was almost impossible to force one's way. By great exertions, however, in penetrating through the human mass, and passing the officers who were stationed in lines to prevent the spectators from approaching too near the engines and hindering the operations of the firemen—we broke through the police lines. As we came in full view of the burning buildings—as we watched the direction of the streams which the firemen were hurling at the blazing mass—as we looked in vain for, and only found a large pile of hot, flaming, hissing bricks in place of, the two buildings that had stood there but a short two hours before-Grafton uttered a low, faint cry, of frightful anguish, reeled to and fro a step or two, then raising his hand to his eyes as if to shut off the sight of some dreadful phantom, sunk back like a log, and, but for the friendly aid of a fireman standing near, would have fallen to the earth.

A heap of smoking bricks—the black frames of windows that had been ablaze, but which the streams of water had quenched, high, cracked and naked walls, iron doors half falling from their hinges, the streets black with cinders and thick mud, told the next morning to the halting spectator as well as the passer-by, the disaster of the preceding night.

As early as six o'clock, I was up and down at the scene. I saw Grafton standing on the opposite side of the way, gazing at the ruins. He was pale as a sheet; his brow was shorn of its insolence, his eye of its pride. He stood with his hands clasped, crouching in a door, his eyes humid, his lips livid and tremulous, the very personification of despair; and for a moment, I pitied him.

I moved towards the spot where he stood; but as I approached, his moistened eye fell on me, and then, as if ashamed to be caught thus by his rival, as if detesting the very sight of him whom he considered an enemy, he made a very cold bow and moved away, bracing himself up with his accustomed pride, and passing off with a step as lordly as a king's.

And yet he knew, and so did I, that he was a crushed and ruined man; for beneath that heap of smoking bricks and timbers lay the ashes of all his hard-earned wealth—his stock and business; and mingled with that ashes was his policy of insurance which had expired at eleven o'clock of the preceding day, and which, having failed to be renewed, was not worth to him a solitary mill; added to which notes, were out against him for all of his credit stock, and he now had scarcely a dollar in the world that he could call his own. He who was yesterday a man of wealth and standing, was to-day a wretched, broken, ruined man!

A brief delay, that is to say the time consumed in getting, fitting up and stocking another establishment, was all the inconvenience I experienced by the conflagration. I was soon re-established, and once more in the full tide of success.

The passion for gaming, however, which I had caught on the Ohio steamer still held its sway over me, leading me, night after night, to the club-houses, or gambling hells, with which the metropolis abounds. I need not say that my unlimited indulgence in that frightful passion ended in plunging me first into embarrassment, and then into ruin: the reader would naturally guess that of any and every man whose folly so overpowers his

good judgment as to lead him a willing captive into those dens of vice and crime.

The crash came at length, and with my bankruptey my father's death, who died leaving, after the payment of his debts, scarcely enough to bury him. I was now comparatively a beggar; with the odium hanging to my back of a bankrupt and a gamester: two things which sever from all men at one blow two others, without which he can never again set his foot in the field of business, confidence and credit. Added to this, I had a proud, showy, expensive and very useless wife, who led me a life of frightful misery. She was my penance, my punishment; for the infamous wrong I had committed on Grafton, my ill starred destiny had appointed her as the avenging angel who was to lash me into madness.

In vain I looked around for the means of re-entering business; my friends turned coldly from me, refusing, with the utmost coolness, to let me have either loans or credit. Every avenue was closed against me; and, to crown my wretchedness, my wife at this time eloped with a young Southerner who was on a temporary visit to the metropolis, and had been introduced to her by her father at the residence of the latter.

Her abandonment had not alone robbed me of her society; it had also cut me off from the means of living which, since my failure, her father had generously supplied me.

I was now in a state of bewilderment—of despair. In vain I looked around for the means of holding myself up in that society in which I had been accustomed to move, and which was fast driving me out, and compelling me to associate with men who had neither position, character nor influence.

In this position, in an hour of bewilderment, I forged a check, for a large amount, on an eminent down-town merchant. I was too inexperienced in this particular branch of crime to carry it through triumphantly in all its details, and consequently was detected. Pending this trial and its issue, Grafton, who had long suspected my agency in the destruction of his establishment, and who had neglected nothing that would fasten it upon me, now made his charge, prepared to prove me guilty

I was therefore first tried and condemned for the forgery; and then tried and condemned for the arson—and on both counts sentenced to solitary confinement for ten years. Had I been early trained to truth and virtue—had one-twentieth part of the time and effort been spent upon my moral culture, that had been lavished on my worldly education, I had not been the creature of guilt and passion that I have been, nor the disgraced felon that I am.

In closing, I would say to parents, Train, oh! train up your children in the love of the Pure and Right, and in fear of the False and Wrong; so that, in the days of their young manhood, they may flee at the thought of guilt, and march clear of crime and shame all their days.

THE RECALL.

AIR-" Sleeping I dreamed, love."

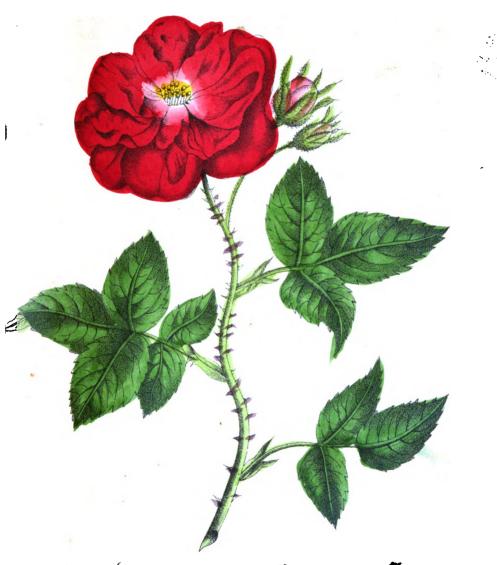
BY LINA MORRISS.

SISTER, I miss thee—sad is my song, Mem'ries around me mournfully throng; Ever at night-fall, gently they glide O'er feeling's ocean, soundless and wide, And as their music floats o'er the sea, Sister, thy dear voice lingers with me.

Sister, I miss thee—spring-time is come,
Bird-tones and violets welcome it home—
Beauty and gladness round me they fling,
But to my spirit sadness they bring:
Spring-time is joyful no more to me.
Sister, my lone heart pineth for thee.

Sister, I miss thee—chide not my lay,
"Tis but the sigh, love, thou art away!
When thou art near me, changed shall it be,
Joy hovers o'er me, waiting for thee.—
When shall thy presence bid me rejoice,
And our sweet home-haunts echo thy voice?

New Haven, March, '51.



Ever-blooming Rose

THE LIGHT OF HOME;

OR A SISTER'S LOVE.

BY HELEN IRVING.

ALICE HEYWOOD stood before the mirror in her own room, and although it reflected a gentle, earnest face, and a graceful figure, and although the lamplight set off finely a gauze-like dress, whose soft blue color made her white neck and arms still more fair, the picture seemed hardly satisfactory to the lady, for she adjusted and readjusted her transparent berthe, and alternated again and again, from a cluster of white rose-buds which well contrasted with her dark brown hair, to a light wreath, admirably suiting her head's fine contour. It was very evident that Alice wished to look particularly well that night, for the color came and went in her cheek, as she glanced into the mirror, and the fingers treinbled nervously, which tried to clasp a blue, enamelled bracelet.

Yes—for that was Fred's gift, and Fred had come home—her dear, only brother—and he would see her in evening dress tonight for the first time; and would he think her looking pretty or
graceful, and would he praise her dress? And then she wished
she were very, very beautiful, so that Fred might always be proud
of her, just as she was of him, and hear people say those delightful things about her, that are so pleasant to hear of one we love;
and so she stole softly down stairs, her heart fluttering with all
those emotions which the reader who has dressed for loving eyes
will surely remember.

The parlor door was ajar when she reached it, and she caught a glimpse of Fred's superb figure, as he leaned against the mantel, talking with their invalid mother, whose easy chair was drawn up before a great wood fire, for it was a chilly September evening.— She entered, and before he heard her quiet footsteps, laid her hand upon his arm, saying, timidly—

" Are you ready, Fred?"

"Why, Ally!" he exclaimed impulsively, as he looked around, "dear Ally, how pretty you are! How beautiful you are looking to-night! And your dress is so exquisite too," he added, as he

surveyed her with a rapid glance, "but then you were always tasteful."

Dear Alice—how her heart swelled! She would rather Fred would think her pretty, than all the world beside, and she half believed that she must be very much handsomer than the mirror up stairs had told her. Could she have seen her face, radiant with happiness as it was then, she might have discovered that, other than a brother's partial eyes would pronounce it very lovely.

As for Fred, he was looking gloriously to Alice—in fact, it seemed a matter of impossibility to her, that any one could ever doubt his beauty. She was never weary of admiring him in her own thoughts, or praising to her mother his rich, auburn hair, and his deep blue eyes—so deep, and shaded by such long lashes, that only his most intimate friends knew their bright hue. Fred had been handsome from a child, and there was a frank joyousness about his face, and a generous warmth in his manner, which made him numberless friends.

To Alice, he was an embodiment of all that was noble and manly—he was nearly six years her senior, and she had looked up to him with admiration, ever since she could remember. For the past seven years, he had been absent most of the time at Cambridge—four at college, and three in the law school—only returning twice a year at the vacations; and after the death of their father, which happened in the first term of Fred's college course, all thoughts and hopes seemed to centre in him—even time was measured, as so many months since Fred went away, or so many weeks before he would come home.

And now he had returned to stay—to enter upon his profession, in the large and populous town in which his father had for many years practised law, and where he had left to his son the inheritance of an honorable name. To this time, Alice had long looked forward, as a season whose joy would outweigh all cares or light griefs such as had power sometimes to oppress her—the very vision of Fred always with them—dear Fred, with his loving heart and joyous life—had always been dearer than any reality, and now that he was really come, the happiness which had no words, constantly indicated her expressive face, glowing in her earnest hazel eyes, and resting in quiet smiles around her lips.

He had now been with them more than four weeks, and their

enjoyment had been most perfect, in talking together of his plans and hopes, in hearing how constantly he consulted their happiness in his arrangements, in walking with him and working for him, in arranging his room, and assisting him in a thousand ways, for which his cordial thanks were more than reward. Every day seemed a fresh dawn of sunshine, over which no lightest cloud had passed.

And to-night as they rode along, Fred in most buoyant spirits, rattling off his university frolics, Ally was half lost in thinking what a delightful thing it was to go to parties now Fred had come, how he would care for her, and be attentive to her, and how proud she should be in hanging on his arm, and how many people would be sure to admire him, and she felt glad it was quite dark, that Fred could not see the foolish tears that were springing to her eyes.

The assemblage to which they were going, was somewhat large for the season, being given to a lately married sister of the hostess, now paying her a brief visit before leaving the country, so that the Haywoods found there most of their acquaintance, beside many faces new to both brother and sister, for Alice had not much frequented large parties, deferring this pleasure with many others, until Frederic could join her.

The evening proved a brilliant one, and sweet Ally's fond sister-pride could not have asked more than the interest her handsome brother excited. Even the haughty Miss Templeton, whose father was a millionaire, and three times richer than any one in town, had inquired who was that splendid young man, and the hostess had introduced him. Then, all his old friends welcomed him cordially, and those who had known his father, spoke most kindly, and hoped and prophesied his success—and one bright-eyed girl, whom Alice took to her heart at once, "laid the rose-leaf" on the full cup of her enjoyment, by saying, she should have known herself and Fred for brother and sister, any where, "they were so much alike!"

It was somewhat late in the evening, that Alice observed, standing at the entrance of the drawing-room, and conversing with the son of their host, two young men, who appeared to have just arrived. They attracted her attention by a certain dashing, though elegant manner, and at the same time she noticed Fred;

who had been conversing with a knot of friends, in a corner not far distant, as he accidentally glanced that way, gracefully release himself, and darting forward with his usual impetuous ardor, seize the elder of them by the hand, with the most enthusiastic greeting—evidently a joyous meeting on both sides. Then followed an introduction to the younger, whose face Alice recollected to have seen before.

She was eager to know what friend her brother had found, but while they were chatting, supper was announced, and Fred glancing across to where she had been standing, and seeing her already provided with an escort, bowed assent, and continued his conversation. It was not until some time after her return to the drawing-room, that she learned that this was an old college crony of her brother's, whom he had not seen for several months—Tom Hawley. He had left the University some time before Fred, and gone to New-York, and was now on a visit to his friend Joe Canning, the young gentleman whom Alice had noticed.

"Are you not going to introduce him?" she asked, as Fred finished his account of his friend Tom.

"I do not think he will come back into the drawing-room," rejoined her brother. "He only came in town this afternoon, and they did not think of coming here, although the Cannings were among the invited, but Tom proposed their dropping in for an hour or so, in the probability of finding me."

There was a very slight constraint about his manner, which Alice hardly remarked at the time, but which she recollected, when shortly after, as they were entering the carriage to go home, she saw young Canning and Hawley, who were just leaving, come down the steps. They spoke to Fred, who stept back for a moment, and as the brilliant light fell full on Tom Hawley's face, she saw that it was flushed and excited, and although his manner was still graceful and not boisterous, his voice was somewhat elevated and hurried, as he arranged with Fred the hour when he should call at his office next day.

Alice saw at once why her brother's friend had not been presented, and thinking how much trouble and chagrin the little occurrence must cause dear Fred, she resolved, as he sprang into the carriage, to make no allusion to Mr. Hawley, and chatting of the pleasant acquaintance they had met, she had half forgotten

the circumstance, when her brother suddenly asked, if she knew the Cannings.

Alice had only met Mrs. Canning once or twice in large assemblies, and the young men Joseph and Lawrence, (or Joe and Lawrie as they were usually called), had been at home of late years so little, that few of their own town's people knew much of them.

"You know," said Fred, "they came to S— only about a year before I left for Cambridge, and I knew nothing of them then. They went to Yale and afterward to New-York, where Joe read law, and Lawrence medicine. Tom, who became acquainted with them there, says they are splendid fellows. They came home a short time ago to stay awhile, before going to Europe, and Tom has come on, to join them for a few weeks. Lucky dog," he added with a half sigh, "he has money enough to do what he will. I dare say he will go with them on their tour."

Fred was interrupted by their arrival at their own door, and entering the parlor softly, as was their custom, after their mother had retired, Alice, after lighting Fred's lamp, took her own which stood by its side on the table, and with her sweet "good night," which always sounded like a blessing, went to her own room.

Poor Ally! Now that she was alone, the evening did not seem, some how, quite so beautiful to look back upon, as she had thought it would. Although she had seen pleasant people and heard pleasant things, and Fred had looked so handsome and praised her most tenderly, her heart did not seem as light as when she stood by his side in the early evening. She did not wholly understand why it should trouble her to think of Tom Hawley, but she half wished he were not Fred's friend; and then the Cannings, she was very sure she had heard them called "wild." She knew their father left them large fortunes—they had no sisters, and their mother was a fashionable woman, who inquired little how they spent their time or their money, so long as they appeared to her elegant and accomplished. And then it grieved her, that dear Fred should care because they were not wealthy. Indeed he ought not, when he was so handsome, a thousand times handsomer than the Cannings or Tom Hawley, and so talented, and with such a host of friends—then their home was very sweet, and had many comforts—they had always been most happy.

That night was the first for many weeks, when the thoughts of

to-day, had chased from Ally's busy brain the dreams of to-morrow, and she went to sleep with a throng of restless wishes in her heart, which were none of them for herself.

But the next morning, when they all met in the sunny little breakfast-parlor, and her mother was looking better than she had for weeks, and Fred was in such spirits, and the day was such a glorious one, she wondered how she could have felt at all dull last night—and they talked gaily of the people they had met, and Fred told them of his first client, a law-loving old man, who was to come to his office that morning at nine o'clock—and he proposed taking his mother to ride, as she had long promised he should do, as soon as she was able, and Ally's heart was once more light as a bird's.

Days passed—the Cannings and Hawleys had called, and although their manner was courteous and gentlemanly, they left upon Ally's heart the same unquiet feeling, which had disturbed her on the night when she first saw them. And now they began to engross much of Fred's time; particularly those evening hours which had heretofore been most delightful, when they had read with their mother, or walked out together, or spent an hour or two with friends; and although Alice chided herself for her selfishness in wishing it otherwise, the thought would rise that they were both happy before this Hawley came.

Fred's open and cordial manner, as well as his fine talents, soon drew to him clients, so that with his studies his days were all occupied at the office—though occasionally an afternoon was broken in upon for a ride or a shooting expedition, for he said he must accept the invitation of his friends once in a while, they would so soon be gone. They were constantly seeking his society, and Alice never dared to step into her brother's office in her morning walk, for fear of meeting one of them, as she had for all three an indefinable dislike, for which she constantly chided herself; especially when her mother, who had merely had a glimpse of them, expressed her pleasure at their being in town, "it would have been so dull for Fred to break at once into the wearisome routine of business life, without something to enliven him."

The weeks glided on, and although the afternoons were now so ishort that Fred never left his office, the evenings were seldom un-

occupied. Now it was a drive with Joe's new bays, and now a supper at the Cannings own house, which could not be declined, or it was the night for their club, or it was extra duty at the office, so that Ally's dreams of delightful home evenings, with Fred reading in his rich voice from the poet's he loved, while she sat with her work by his side, and her mother watched him with her fond eyes, were fast disappearing. And the visions of the social circles where she would watch his shining, had not been very often realized, for their acquaintance was not extensive, and on account of their mother's health, they seldom received guests at their own house.

Fred could not know how Alice had lived for the past few years, on the thought of his coming home to stay, nor all the girlish fancies that had busied her brain in that time; but sometimes when he rose from the tea-table, and mentioned an engagement for the evening, he would catch the disappointed, half-pleading gaze of Ally's soft eyes, and would stoop down and kiss her, as if he read her thought, and say, "These troublesome fellows will soon be gone, Ally, and then we will begin the books, and have a cozy winter of it." And Alice would return the kiss, although she could not speak, and think what a dear, good fellow Fred was, and add another reproach to the many in her heart, for wishing his merry friends away.

Ally's admiring, almost passionate affection for her brother, never admitted the thought that he could be neglectful, or that he owed the devotion of some part of his time, to the home which cherished him so tenderly. Fred had in truth a most warm and generous nature, and it is about these gifted and noble spirits, that society and pleasure weave the strongest chains. He had been a star among a brilliant set at college, and now to the constant claims of his friends here, he had not the courage to say no.—

They were young men of talent as well as himself, and to the fascinations of their wealth and wit he made little resistance, constantly assuring himself by the thought that they would soon be gone, and then he should per force settle down into a quiet, business life.

It was now the middle of November, and Alice, who had recovered from her first disappointment, had begun to give up the hope that Tom Hawley would *ever* go away. The Cannings had



postponed their tour to Europe until spring, and she was trying to look cheerfully upon the breaking up of all her pleasant plans for the ensuing winter. It was the evening of her birthday, dull and gloomy as November evenings often are. It had been one of her mother's feeble days, and she had kept her room, and Ally felt disappointed, that no one had remembered that she was just nineteen. She had thought Fred would recollect it, and when she heard his footsteps in the hall, a half hour earlier than usual, the hope sprung up that he had thought of it, and was going to spend the evening at home, in her honor—and when he entered the room and set down before her an exquisite little writing-desk, saying playfully, "You see I did not forget, Ally, that you were getting old enough to have a place to hide your love-letters," her heart fairly overflowed with happiness.

When the tea equipage was brought in, Alice took her place before it, so radiant, that Fred thought his little sister was really getting to be very beautiful, but when he mentioned an "engagement," the light fled from her face with such celerity, that Fred smiled in spite of himself. But he felt regret for her disappointment, and said with sincerity—

"I wish I were not obliged to be away to-night, indeed I do—but the fact is, my friend Hawley leaves to morrow morning, and the Cannings give a little supper in his honor, to a party of select friends, and I could not be away."

"Indeed you could not," replied Alice, who in her joy at hearing that Tom Hawley was really going, was quite as happy as before. "Don't think I shall be lonely—I shall be so busy with my new desk. I owe two letters now, and I shall set about answering them immediately, on that beautiful French paper,—and then I have not read a word yet in the new book you brought from the club."

After Fred's departure, Alice sat with her mother until eight, reading aloud in her low, soothing voice, and when she saw that she was gently sleeping, she went down into the drawing-room and commenced her writing. She had finished two joyous letters, and it was but little past ten. Ally was an early riser, and this was her usual hour of retiring, but the fire was burning very brightly, and she was very happy and wide awake, so she resolved to sit up for Fred, and taking up the new volume, she was soon lost in the scenes of adventure on the pages before her.

It was not until the little French clock on the mantel struck the half-hour after eleven, that she laid down her book, and began to expect her brother. She sat looking into the fire, her brain busy with pleasant thoughts, and the visions of bright evenings, of which Fred was the charm, came up stronger than ever. Tom Hawley would soon be gone, and the Cannings, who were new friends, would have their own affairs to occupy them, and Fred would be free. Then as she dwelt upon his perfections, she fell to wondering, as was very natural for a young maiden just nineteen, whether she should ever see any one she should think as handsome, or love as well as her beautiful brother, and she had just arrived at a negative conclusion, when the clock struck twelve, and at the same instant she heard Fred's key in the door.

She spoke to him as he stood in the dimly-lighted hall, divesting himself of his coat and hat, to let him know she was up. She had imagined, how he would playfully chide her, for spoiling her eyes by sitting up late, and yet be very glad to see her, and she felt a pang of disappointment, as she detected a slight tone, not only of surprise but vexation, in his, "Why, Alice, you are not up!"

But what was it, that sent the color from her cheek, and a dizzy faintness to her brain, as her brother entered the full light of the parlor! Could that be Fred, with that flushed cheek and unsteady eye, which reminded her so forcibly of Tom Hawley, as she had seen him on the night of the party! Alice turned suddenly to the fire, leaning one hand against the mantel, and under pretence of arranging the fallen brands, with one great struggle summoned all her strength to calm the wild rush of feeling that threatened to overpower her. But it was like the icy arrow of death to her heart, when she turned again to meet the glance of those eyes which had always been to her frank, affectionate and joyous—the beautiful light seemed all gone out of them, and there was a strangeness in her brother's manner which chilled her more than all. Fred was evidently conscious of his situation, and painfully anxious lest his pure little sister should perceive it.

Alice read his thought with a woman's intuition, and forcing to her lips, with a mighty effort, a faint smile, she said—

"I was so intensely interested in that new book, that I read on and on, quite forgetful how late it was growing—only think of my sitting up till twelve! Why, I shall never awake in the morning. I will light your candle, and leave it on the hall table,

and you must come up stairs very softly, for mother is not quite so well to-night," and with her usual "goodnight," and another effort at a smile, she closed the parlor door, and hastened up stairs.

She reached her own room—she felt she was alone, and then she flung herself upon the bed, in an agony that seemed to make almost a chaos in her brain. For an hour she could only bury her face in the pillows and sob passionately; and when the violence of her grief had passed away, with an anguish, silent but deep, she lay revolving the dreadful thought, that her brother, her noble brother, could ever suffer his glorious intellect to be clouded and dimmed as she had seen it that night—that he could ever come home with that unsteady hand and eye, and his beautiful nature so humbled, that he dared not meet her eyes, who loved him so well. His image as she had looked upon it then, with all his manliness and nobleness shrinking from him, burned like fire into her soul, and seemed to scorch into sudden death every flower of happiness blooming there.

That this state of his was of rare occurrence, perhaps had never been before, her reason told her,—but oh, if he could once veil thus, the greatness of his manhood, might not the time in the future come, when the cloud would remain there. To save him from even the shadow of evil, to win him from all temptation. seemed to rise up and form itself into the great purpose of her life. In the hours of that night, childhood and girlhood passed away. and womanhood with its depth of feeling, its far reaching thought and care, arose within her. She was no longer the dependent sister, looking up unquestioningly for guidance and love and happiness at his hands, but with her bitter secret in her bosom, she stood, though none should know it, alone, with every pulse of her heart a prayer and an endeavor to bless the beloved, thinking not She who had never veiled a thought from those she loved, must only utter to Him whose ear is ever ready, her hopes and her sorrows.

With tenderness unutterable, she thought of her brother's goodness and kindness, all the beautiful impulses of his generous heart—and if his convivial life were indeed a snare to him, she yearned with a yearning which was almost pain, to win him from it.— But how could this be done? With a sinking of the heart, the question came up. He must never know that his absences from home were other cause of sorrow to her, than because they de-

prived her of his society—and, she had so little power. All she could do, she *felt* it was all, was to love him so unselfishly, to make home so beautiful to him, that it should be more attractive than any other place. It seemed to her a slight foundation for so great a hope, but when a woman's heart is strong in love, it is stronger in faith.

(Concluded in our next.)

LINES,

ON SEEING A YOUNG LADY READING ABBOTT'S YOUNG CHRISTIAN.

ART thou then a "Young Christian," maiden fair? And hast thou even in thy early years Taken the Saviour as thy dearest friend-One that will never fail thee, though thy way May lead through many a bitter, stormy scene, Where thy own strength unaided sure would tire. And dark despair, with all her cruel train, Seize on thy spirit, causing all its chords To thrill with its great depth of agony, Too painful e'er to be expressed by words, And which can ne'er be known unless 'tis felt In all its strength of anguish by ourselves? Oh! if thou art, as I would fain presume. A meek and humble follower of Christ, Then hast thou gained a treasure which will be Thine own forever-indestructible. A brighter gem than earth could ever boast, One that shall ever grow more radiant still, Whose glorious light will shame the stars of heaven, And shine more brilliant on thy onward path, Than the bright God of Day when he has reached His full meridian height, and pours around Such floods of glory from his burning orb. And when at last thy final hour shall come. And thou be summoned hence, and leave behind This earth with all its pleasures and its woes, Then shalt thou find a guide forever nigh Whose gentle voice shall whisper in thy ear Words full of comfort to thy trembling heart-Whose arm shall well support thy sinking frame When crossing o'er that dark and angry stream Whose farther shore shall burst upon thy sight, In all its glory, charming thy glad soul With happiness that man cannot conceive-Bliss that shall last throughout eternity.

THE PAST.

BY CELIA.

Thou hoary Genius of the Past!
On the pedestal of Years,
In clouded drapery, dim and vast,
Thy spectral form appears;
Gathering the blasting rime
Scattered by relentless Time
O'er the silent Dead—
Hoarding, with a miser's care,
The golden dust of ages, where
The light of life has fied!

Thy locks are whiter than the snow
Of arctic purity,
And dark is thy deep-furrowed brow,
And sad thy hollow eye,
Forever piercing through the gloom
That shrouds the myriads of the Tomb
From anxious mortals' ken—
Gazing through deep vistas, where,
Beyond the graves of Years, afar,
Old Chaos holds his reign!

The millions that have lived and loved—
That were—and passed away—
In thy dim solitudes have proved
The Empire of Decay;
The hero's wreath, the poet's bays,
The Nations' offerings of praise,
In thy vast censer burn—
The dust of Hymen's rosy gems,
The ashes of proud diadems,
Are mingled in thy Urn!

The crumbled palaces of yore
Beneath thy feet are spread,
And mouldering mosses cluster o'er
The hearth-stones of the Dead:
Their tones of laughter and of woe
Have died in echoes sad and low,

As fleeting as their breath—
And silent are the Temples, where
Arose the voice of praise and prayer
From lips now sealed in death.

No mortal hand shall e'er unroll
The sombre mysteries
That crowd thy huge and ancient scroll
With quaintest traceries!
In hieroglyphics strange and bold,
The marvels of Tradition old
Are graven on each page—
And Superstition's finger pale
Has there recorded many a tale
Of every clime and age.

Within thy mausoleum vast,
Wrapt in cerements of gloom,
The gorgeous cities of the Past
Are gathered to their doom;
The towers and domes that gemmed the Plain,
For centuries have darkly lain
Beneath the sullen wave—
The Desert spreads her heavy shroud,
And owls and dragons shriek aloud
O'er Ilion's lonely grave!

Insatiate Hoarder! ever watching
For the golden moments' flight—
Ever gathering, ever snatching
Life and beauty from our sight!
Too soon shall all the fond and true
Have passed away like early dew,
To thy dark keeping given—
Too soon shall Love's delicious wreath
Be seized to deck thy Halls of Death,
Its roses crushed and riven!

Yet not for aye shall Darkness spread
Her wing of rayless gloom,
A night so deep, a pall so dread,
Above the silent Tomb;
For, at the dawning of the Day,
Like morning mist shall roll away
Earth's dun and shadowy even—
And Past and Present shall unite
In broad Elernity's pure light—
The radiance of Heaven!

A SKETCH.

BY LELA LINWOOD.

A BRIGHT April morning had dawned upon the little village of S.—. In a little parlor of one of its neat cottages, sat three young girls, waiting the arrival of the carriages, which were to bear them away from the home where they had spent four happy years together. Their thoughts reverted to the day, when they first became members of Mrs. L's. boarding school, and though with joyous smiles and bounding hearts, they look forward to a return to their early homes, yet ever and anon, a recollection of the happiness enjoyed in that quiet retreat, would dim for a moment their bright eyes, and hush their glee.

Their companionship was about to be dissolved. They who so long had shared the same apartment, participated in the same studies and pastimes, were to be severed. Memory was busy with each one, and they relapsed into silence.

Who does not know the tediousness of waiting for public conveyances! How slow the minutes wear away, and every one seems lengthened to an hour, especially when from urgent business or anticipated pleasure, we long to be on the wing. At length one of the school-mates broke the silence by an impatient exclamation at the long delay, and begged her companion to devise some plan for whiling away the tedious moments. Lottie, for such was the name of her addressed, sat for a moment in thought, then with a bright smile, she exclaimed—

"I have found it! Let us each choose the course of life we most desire for the future, and narrate her wishes for the amusement of the rest."

At the request of her mates she commenced.

"Do not smile at me for repeating an oft told tale, when I wish for literary honors. May the Goddess of Fame twine her laurels about my brow—may she give me power to waken the deep and hidden chords of the soul, and make them vibrate to my touch—may I breathe the loftiest and sublimest strains of poesy—may I melt the heart with its softest, most hallowed lays. I would wish

to see Genius bending low at my shrine, and to hear my name repeated by the learned and honored."

She ceased—and those who heard knew that the poetic flame was already kindled in her breast, and felt it possible for her to attain the summit at which she aimed. The second, Gertrude, spoke:

"Give me," said she, "to mingle in the delightful whirl of fashion and gaiety—to be admired and envied by the throng—to reign in the ball-room and the gay levee—to be courted and wooed and flattered—to lose myself in a perpetual round of festivity and mirth."

And the picture seemed to absorb her mind, for the last words died away in a low murmur, and she sat as one in a trance, till rousing from her reverie, she joined with Lottie in calling upon Alice, the remaining one of the trio, to follow their example. A light stole from the depths of her dark eye, and a shadow rested on her sweet face as she replied—

"Let me live for Him who died for me."

She would have said more, but her low, earnest tones were interrupted by the tramp of horses and the sound of wheels.

Their conversation was forgotten. They rushed to the door. A hasty kiss was imprinted on cheek and lip, a hurried farewell spoken, and they parted—forever.

Again, six years have rolled away. To some, they have brought trial and sorrow. Some frail barks, they have launched into the boundless ocean of eternity. But to Lottie, Gertrude and Alice, they have spared life, health and joy; and unlike the frequent experience of mortals, to them have been realized the dreams of their girlhood. The first, is worshipped and honored in the literary world. Her name is every where known and admired. Thousands do homage to her genius, and the power of her song thrills in cottage and palace. But amid it all, she sighs for kindred hearts; for the warm tones of true affection, which no where greet her ear. There is a thorn among her roses, a drop of gall mingled with her cup of joy.

In a lower walk of life, the fair Gertrude moves, yet the belle of her circle. She shines brightest amid the beautiful, gayest amid the gay. The praises of her throng of admirers wait on her every step. All are conquered by her magic sway. But

Gertrude has quaffed deep the intoxicating draught of flattery.—She has become dead to all but self, and the hearts with which she has trifled understand too well the idolatry—yet in better moments, her heart yearns for some nobler object to fill the aching void which sinful pleasures have left in her breast. Had she known the delight of living for others, perchance selfish joys would have grown less in her esteem.

In a church of the city of B—— is assembled a vast crowd to witness the marriage of one who is about to leave his native land to bear the glad tidings of salvation to a heathen world. The young missionary leads to the altar a bride exquisitely fair, in whose form and features we cannot but recognize those of our beloved Alice. Yes—that short wish of hers was full of meaning. Her lip quivers as she takes the solemn marriage vow, which involves a rending of all the ties that bind to home and country—but the light of faith glows in her earnest eye, and the firmness of high resolve is written on her calm brow. She, too, has realized the beautiful aspiration of her early youth—"Let me live for Him who died for me."

EVER-BLOOMING OR MONTHLY ROSE.

SEE FLOWER PLATE.

This beautiful rose should decorate the parlors of every family. Its language is, "Your charms only fade to be renewed." The Ever-Blooming Rose is a native of China, and blossoms in every month in the year. We are induced to consider the Rose here represented as one of the most desirable plants in point of ornament, ever introduced into this country. Its flowers, large in proportion to the plant, are semi-double, and with great richness of color unite a most delightful fragrance. They blossom during the whole of the year, but rather more sparingly in the winter months. The shrub itself is more hardy than most green-house plants, and will grow in so small a compass of earth, that it may be reared almost in a coffee cup. It is kept with the least possible trouble, and propagated without difficulty, by cuttings or suckers.



For the Ladies Wreath Digitized by Google

THE BIRD'S NEST.

BY ASAHEL ABBOTT.

SEE ENGRAVING,

Poor little birds! Alas! you're caught!
"Tis vain to struggle with your fate—
To flutter and cry avail you nought—
Ye call for liberty too late!

Yon rustic holds ye for his prize;
The thoughtless youth thinks to obtain
High favor in the maiden's eyes,
Nor cares a rush for all your pain.

Long has he watch'd your shelt'ring tree,
And destin'd your young heads to woe—
Soon as ye've breath'd the wild air free,
His mate to please—his love to show.

With cruel hands she will repose
Your tender limbs in you rude cage;
Nor heed your sorrowing mother's woes,
Indiff'rent to her grief or rage.

Oh! should some giant hale away
The cruel pair and bar them strong,
Far from the light of cheerful day,
To make them rue their wanton wrong!

But, ah! the strongest have the sway
In this ill world; and ye must pine
With cold and famine, day by day,
While hateful bars your wings confine.

Alas! poor birds. But not alone
Ye perish; for the life of man
Is nought but one continued groan,
And quick we meet our fleeting span.

The eye of a good mother is like the sun: it shines on a world that would be dark without it, and its brightness is as that of love.

TRUST NOT-LOVE NOT.

BY ANNIE R. SMITH.

When the world is fair, entwining
Many a garland for thy brow;
When around thee wealth is shining,
Friendship's hand is near thee now.
But when storms and clouds shall gather
Round thy pathway, rough and drear;
Few will cling as fond as ever,
Few will prove to thee sincere.

Friendship's ties too oft are riven
By the slightest word, or deed;
Oh! trust not love's tokens given,
Lest thy heart with anguish bleed.
Trust not—hopes we fondly cherish,
Crushed and wounded leave the heart;
Love not—its bright flowers perish,
Bloom to wither, then depart.

Love's sweet strain, like music flowing,
Drink not deep its melting tone:
Eyes that now so gently glowing,
Beaming fondly in thine own—
Lips will smile, but too deceive thee,
Tender glances, heed them not;
For their coldness soon may grieve thee,
Soon thou mayest be forgot.

Lavish not youth's tender feeling,
Warm, confiding—keep it true,
Ere dark shadows o'er thee stealing,
Bitter tears the cheek bedew.
Trust not—change may, ere the morrow,
Rob thy cheek of beauty's bloom;
Love not—it may bring thee sorrow,
Haste thee to an early tomb.

Solemn vows are lightly spoken,
Joys and pleasures fade and die;
Fondest, truest hearts are broken,
Golden dreams like phantoms fly.
Trust not—(vows are falsely plighted)
Lest thy rashness give thee pain;
Love not—for its "flowers once blighted,
They may never bloom again."

Wilton, N. H.

THE NEW MINISTER.

BY E. G. B.

A PLEASANT family group had assembled in the piazza of a tasteful dwelling, a little remote from the central part of the sweet village of M.—. The air of refinement, visible in the construction of the house and the arrangement of the spacious grounds, proved their owner to be a man of taste as well as wealth, while the site of the residence had been most advantageously selected, as it commanded a fine view of a broad extent of hill, vale and river. The setting sun was throwing its mellow glories over the summer landscape, giving new beauty to the rich vivid hues with which June had mantled the earth, and it was not strange that one, at least, of that family group sat gazing upon the fair landscape in rapt silence, drinking in the inspiration of the scene.

The group consisted of a middle aged gentleman, of a particularly good natured and benevolent aspect, his wife, an agreeable woman of a dignified yet winning deportment, their son, a boy of ten years, who was teaching an amiable kitten the art of walking on two feet, and a young man of perhaps twenty-eight, whose pale handsome countenance was fairly lighted with enthusiasm, as he sat a little apart from the rest, while his book lay unheeded beside him, as he gazed upon the dying sunset. The middle aged gentleman, whom we shall designate as Mr. Selwyn, had but a few moments before entered the verandah, evidently just returned from a visiting tour to the post office, (an office of no small distinction in a country village,) for he carried several paper and letters, one of which, whose exterior bore a delicate female chirography, he handed to Mrs. Selwyn, while he unfolded a newspaper, and glanced over its contents.

"Well, what does Lizzie say?" he enquired at last, taking off his glasses, and slowly wiping them, as Mrs. Selwyn finished the perusal of her letter.

"Why, that she is well and happy, and ready to come home next week, which is the close of the term. I had hoped that she

had grown more sedate, but the letter shows her to be the same thoughtless creature as ever," said Mrs. Selwyn, though the want of sedateness of which she compleined, respecting her daughter, did not cloud her kind motherly face with a very deep shadow.

"We must not expect old heads on young shoulders, must we, Mr. Fisher?" said her husband with a smile, turning towards the young man before mentioned. "Our daughter Lizzie we were speaking about," he continued in an explanatory tone. "She has been absent from home for a long time, and we are now gladdened with the intelligence that she will soon return."

"I am happy to hear it, for your sakes," said the young man, rousing himself from his revery, and speaking in a tone of interest. "It is always delightful to meet with beloved friends, and I suppose Miss Lizzie is no exception to the rule. Your daughter is yet quite young I should conclude."

"She is almost seventeen," replied Mrs. Selwyn. "Old enough to appear less like a child than I fear you will find her, but I hope your advice and instructions will produce some effect upon her."

"I believe I must decline becoming your daughter's mentor, at least if she is to consider me as such," said Mr. Fisher, smiling pleasantly. "If she is what I imagine her to be, she will be far more easily influenced when her confidence and friendship shall have been secured, than if she were to regard me as one who would keep strict surveillance over her conduct, or interfere with advice."

"Still as her pastor, she would undoubtedly pay great deference to your opinions," said Mrs. Selwyn, "although I am sorry to say she entertained an unaccountable aversion to our former minister, a very worthy man, but somewhat bigoted, and rather averse to young people's society."

The conversation now turned upon the pleasure the parents anticipated in their daughter's return, and as the time passed away, the evening came on, and the family retired within the house.

Arthur Fisher, the young minister whom we have introduced to our readers, had lately been called to fill the place of an elderly minister, who had accepted an invitation to become the pastor of a church in a distant city, and as the old parsonage needed repairs, he had taken up his abode with the family of Mr. Selwyn, who was, par excellence, the influential man in the village. He

had come with high hopes and anticipations to his new field of labor, and, with a peculiarly winning address, and an ardent desire to do good, he had already succeeded in winning the affection and interest of his new charge. For the young people of his congregation he felt a peculiar interest, inasmuch as the austere manner of his predecessor had produced an unhappy effect upon their minds, not only against himself, but the cause he advocated, and the new minister resolved, in the first place, to endeavor to conciliate them by making apparent his interest in them.

The appointed day brought the expected arrival, for late in the afternoon a carriage stopped at the door of Mrs. Selwyn's residence, and Lizzie, radiant with health and happiness, alighted, and sprang to the arms of the little group, who had hastened to the gate at the sound of carriage wheels. A thoughtless, happy young girl she was, with large dark eyes, that looked as if no shadow of care had ever crossed their clear depths, and dark wavy hair, that utterly defied comb or pin to keep it in order, and was always flying about her face in a very independent manner. She was one of those young girls, whom it is a pleasure to see or describe, loveable in spite of their faults, and those faults such as are frequently associated with an ardent enthusiastic temperament.-Though heedless and thoughtless, and particularly impatient of interference or restraint, she was equally generous and confiding, eager to make amends when convinced of being in the wrong, and perhaps not more wilful than one in her circumstances, accustomed to the gratification of almost every wish, would naturally As she alighted from the carriage, and exchanged the cordial greetings of the occasion, the father and mother gazed fondly upon her, and could not but acknowledge that she had improved both in manner and person during the time that she had been absent, even though she fairly hugged old Don, the house-dog, just after saluting her mother, and ran with such violence to greet aunt Priscilla Smith, a venerable maiden lady just coming down the gravelled walk, that she crumpled the border of her best cap, and knocked off her glasses.

"I say, Lizzie, have you seen Mr. Fisher?" enquired Master Charles, the brother before alluded to, bursting into Lizzie's room about an hour after, and stumbling over the trunks and packages which had just been deposited there, as he bore a kite almost as large as himself.

- "No, Charley, (don't upset that basket)—who is he?" enquired Lizzie, making an attempt to unfasten her traveling bag.
- "Why, don't you know? He is our new minister, that lives with us."
- "Lives with us!" ejaculated Lizzie, dropping the traveling bag, while her countenance suddenly elongated as a recollection of the stern, hard-visaged man, who had filled the pulpit of the village church, when she left home, crossed her mind. "Oh, dear me! Where is he, and how long is he going to stay?"

"Oh, he's lived with us a week, and he is going to stay till the parsonage is finished," rejoined Charley with great vivacity. "He ain't a bit like a minister. See here, he made me this kite," and the young gentleman displayed said kite with much complacency.

This assurance, however, did not allay his sister's disturbance of mind. She could only think of a hard-favored individual, very dignified and solemn, who was to act as a perpetual spy upon the family, and constantly reprove her for her inadvertencies, so she said, with a very determined voice, that "she did'nt want to see him."

- "You won't see him to-night," said Charles. "He is gone away, and won't be home until to-morrow noon. He said he was glad you were coming home."
- "I dare say," remarked Lizzie, with fresh annoyance, "I suppose he thinks I shall be a fine subject to lecture. I had expected to enjoy myself so much this vacation, for I had invited two or three girls in our school to come and spend two or three weeks with me, and we were going to have such delightful pic-nics, and sailing parties, and now I suppose this new minister being in the house, will put a stop to it all. I wish now that Dr. Fielding had made up his mind to stay, for he would have been at home, and not in the very house with us. At any rate, I am determined to have nothing to do with this Mr. Fisher."
- "I guess you will have something to do with him," remarked Master Charles, thoughtfully, "for I heard mother tell him that she hoped his advice would have some effect upon you."
- "What did he say to that?" enquired his sister, with some curiosity.
- "I believe he said he was afraid you would be a hard case, or something like it," replied Charley, who was not remarkable for accuracy of narration.

"He told the truth there," said Lizzie, with a kind of indignant triumph. ""He will find me rather harder to manage than he thinks. But at any rate, I'll enjoy myself till he does come," and the young lady's countenance, which had looked somewhat unamiable for the past few minutes, resumed its usual good-natured expression, as she ran lightly down stairs with her brother.

The next day brought the dreaded Mr. Fisher, and as Lizzie heard the sound of his footsteps, ascending the steps of the verandah, she hastily retreated into the parlor, resolved to wait until the last moment before she made her appearance, while Master Charles ran down the steps, in high glee, to meet him, and the sound of a very winning voice, chatting pleasantly with the little fellow, fell rather strangely on her ear.

"Our Lizzie's come!" said Charley, triumphantly, as he entered the hall with his friend.

"Has she, indeed?" rejoined Mr. Fisher, kindly. "I am glad to hear it. I want to see her."

"I am afraid she don't want to see you," said Charley, regretfully. "I told her you was going to live with us, and she said she was dreadful sorry. Just now, I expect she ran up stairs—no, she's here," and in happy unconsciousness of having been heard to say any thing which could possibly be productive of embarrassment to either party, he suddenly ushered Mr. Fisher into the presence of Lizzie, who with a face like scarlet had started for the opposite door, and was just half a moment too late to make her escape.

"Lizzie, this is Mr. Fisher," said Charley, in a tone of voice which seemed to indicate that there never was, and never could be, another Mr. Fisher, in the world, while his luckless sister, who had heard every word of his remarks in the hall, looked up with a half intelligible attempt at a greeting, and then colored more deeply than ever from surprise, as her eyes rested upon the frank, handsome face of the dreaded guest, and read in the almost mischievous glance of his penetrating eyes, that he was aware that she had overheard Charley. The entrance of Mrs. Selwyn relieved her from her embarrassment, and before the dinner hour was over, she found her prejudices rapidly vanishing. There was something so winning in his tones and manner, in the sentiments he advanced, something so gentle and serious in the ex-

pression of his eye, that she found herself involuntarily making comparisons between him and his predecessor, which it is hardly necessary to say, were extremely disadvantageous to the last named individual. She even came to the conclusion, that if he should undertake to dictate a little respecting her pursuits, it would not be so very disagreeable after all, and as a proof that she valued his good opinion, she took Charley aside after dinner, and positively forbade him to repeat any more of her remarks to Mr. Fisher.

Day after day passed on, and brought the young friends that Lizzie had invited to visit her; and though in spite of some misgivings respecting the minister, there was a great deal of talking and laughing, and various excursions, and walks by morning and moonlight. Mr. Fisher seemed to think it all a matter of course, and when one morning one of them suggested that it would be a delightful day for a pic-nic, and Lizzie looked with some alarm at the minister, expecting to hear him at once avow his disapproval of such proceedings, she was absolutely astounded to hear him say, in a tone of interest, that it was just the day for a pic-nic, and as he was obliged to leave the village on some pastoral business, he would carry their baskets in his carriage to the place they had appointed.

One evening, however, the young ladies were invited to a ball, which was to be held in a neighboring village. Lizzie had never attended such a place of amusement, but her friends had, and they gave such a glowing description of the pleasure to be enjoyed, that her curiosity and interest were all aroused. It was to be held in the evening of a public day, and many of her acquaintances from adjacent towns were to be present, besides a certain Walter Langdon, the brother of one of her school-mates, whom she had once or twice met, and who was more than suspected of quite a partiality for her; and so Lizzie, not without some misgivings, ventured to ask her parents' permission. She was not surprised to hear them deny her request; but still she fancied that had Mr. Fisher been absent, and had he not declared his objection to that species of amusement, so decidedly, when his opinions were consulted, she might have gained their consent to attend-"just for once," as she said-and, therefore, when her young friends, who being visitors were at liberty to follow their own inclinations, had departed in high glee for their place of destination, she retired to her own room, to spend a solitary evening, resolving to make herself as disagreeable to Mr. Fisher as possible, and wishing most heartily that the parsonage was completed, and he finally established in it. There was a kind of satisfaction she felt too, whose source she did not stop to ascertain, when on that evening he produced a new and interesting book, and avowed his intention of reading it aloud to the family—she saw an expression, very much like disappointment, cross his face, as when he seated himself by the table, with the book, she hastily gathered up her worsted work, and left the room.

How true it is, that, sometimes, any slight grievance from another, one in which our wishes are thwarted, will completely overshadow for a time, in our estimation, all former favors that person may have rendered us. So it was with Lizzie. His disapprobation of the whole affair in which her anticipations, hopes and wishes had been centred, completely changed, for a time, her favorable opinion of him, and in her now distorted view, even the very sermons with which she had been so much delighted the preceding Sabbath, and which, with their glowing inspiration, warm with the ardent feelings of the heart, had suddenly opened to her views of her own accountability, and a conviction that she had a nobler part to perform in life, than the aimless existence of the mere butterfly of wealth and fashion—these very sermons which had also gratified her naturally fine taste, were now denounced as common-place, and the reflections they had awakened were resolutely thrust from her memory. But with her honest convictions of right and wrong, we will not deny that she felt very unhappy, and completely dissatisfied with herself before the evening was over; but the return of her friends, accompanied by Walter Langdon, the next morning, with their glowing descriptions of the brilliant scene, and their enjoyment of its festivity. together with his condolences at her disappointment, awakened her dissatisfaction once more. She resolved to make herself as unsocial as possible, as far as Mr. Fisher was concerned, and she made her displeasure so apparent to him, that although he made several attempts to conciliate her, conscious that he had only done his duty in the matter, he was at last obliged to relinquish his efforts as fruitless.

Thus several days passed on, until her young visitors left her, but Walter Langdon still remained in the village, and his attentions were so constant and flattering, that Lizzie, almost unconsciously to herself, became more interested in him than she cared to acknowledge. Walter Langdon was a young man who possessed a certain fascination of manner, an appearance of being perfectly absorbed in the individual he was addressing, which to one new to the world or conscious of personal attractions, was very gratifying. He had that insinuating address, also, which clothes even vice in an attractive form, and though he did not openly scoff at religion, there was a certain something in his manner, when speaking of serious subjects, which proved him no less a sceptic at heart, than the openly avowed unbeliever, so that while Lizzie was fascinated by the elegance and insinuating grace of his manner, she could not help acknowledging to herself that he was a dangerous companion,

"What, going out again, my dear!" said Mrs. Selwyn, looking up from her sewing, as her daughter entered the sitting room one morning, equipped in bonnet and shawl.

"Why, yes, mamma," replied Lizzie, "I forgot to tell you that I had promised Mr. Langdon to ride with him this morning to the Lake."

"I am sorry you promised to ride with him," said Mrs. Selwyn. "He seems to be becoming a very frequent visitor here. Be very cautious, my dear, how you encourage an acquaintance with him. Mr. Fisher tells me that he knew him in college, and does not seem to have a very fa——."

"Of course, Mr. Fisher would have something to say about it," interrupted Lizzie. "I am sure I wish most heartily that the parsonage was done, and he was settled in it. I have not had any peace since he has been in the house."

Mrs. Selwyn looked up in amazement at these words, but the expression of surprise on her countenance was nothing in comparison with the mingled astonishment and mortification which overspread Lizzie's face with the deepest hue of crimson, for there, just outside the open window, in the verandah, sat Mr. Fisher, with his book, and as for a second his eyes rested on her, she read plainly that he had overheard her remark, which had been made in a louder key than usual.

The flush of wounded feeling had mounted to his usually pale cheek, and it was with a feeling of shame and self-reproach she had never experienced before, that Lizzie hastened out of the room without another word. She hastily ran up stairs, and selecting her writing materials, despatched a note to the village, while Mr. Fisher, knowing that Mrs. Selwyn was unconscious of his proximity, waited until a favorable opportunity to make his retreat, and as Lizzie descended from her room, she saw him passing out of the gate, which opened upon the highway.

"I believe I shall not go to ride with Mr. Langdon, after all, mamma," said Lizzie, entering the sitting-room again. "I have sent him word that he must excuse me to day, but I think I will go and see old Sally instead."

"I am glad you have made up your mind not to go with him, though you seem to make resolutions very suddenly," said Mrs. Selwyn. "I think you have done right," she added approvingly, for although a young man of fine appearance and of good family, the little I have seen of him has, I confess, impressed me somewhat unfavorably, and what Mr. Fisher happened to mention incidentally respecting him, this morning, made me anxious about his acquaintance with you."

"What did he say about him?" asked Lizzie, affecting a tone of indifference which she certainly did not feel, for her cheek crimsoned again, and she cast a hasty glance toward the window.

"Why," rejoined Mrs. Selwyn, "Mr. Langdon's name was mentioned, and though Mr. Fisher spoke highly of his talents, he said he should consider him a dangerous companion for a sister of his—for he knew him to be perfectly heartless. In college he had professed attachment for two or three individuals, and had formed matrimonial engagements with them, only to break them for new ones, while his reputation, otherwise, was not a very exalted one."

Lizzie said nothing, and her mother proceeded to fill a basket with various articles for old Sally, while the young lady equipped for her walk, remarked that she should perhaps stop at her cousin's and dine, and then taking the basket, she wished her mother good morning, and tripping down the steps and the gravelled walk, she opened the gate into the highway, and was soon lost to sight.—Old Sally was an infirm and aged woman, who lived some little distance out of the village. The family of Mr. Selwyn had been

very kind to her, supplying her with many little comforts necessary in her infirm state, and Lizzie, thoughtless and heedless as she seemed, had often braved the cold and storm of a wintry morning to carry her some delicacy. But her step was not as right as usual, as she turned into the path which led to old Sally's dwelling. Many conflicting emotions were in agitation, among which mortification and self-reproach were predominant, together with a sudden revulsion of feeling toward Walter Langdon. The conviction which she had always felt that he was not to be trusted, was now realized, and she at once resolved, that her intimacy with him should at once be discontinued. But Mr. Fisher! Her pride could not yet brook the idea of the espionage which she had persuaded herself, from the first, he was disposed to exert over her, but the consciousness of her incivility—nay, downright rudeness, again flushed her cheek with shame, as she recalled it.--What injury has Mr. Fisher done you? enquired conscience. Has he not tried to promote your pleasure in almost every instance excepting that of the ball? That was something in which duty required him to express his honest convictions concerning it-and she acknowledged to herself, that had he spoken otherwise, he would have forfeited, in her estimation, the respect which she could not help awarding him. Then, too, added conscience, he did not interfere. Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn had enquired his opinion, and he had frankly expressed it.

"It was not his fault after all," thought Lizzie. "After hearing the silly remarks which Charley repeated to him, he had good cause to be prejudiced against me, and yet he never showed me any dislike. Respecting Mr. Langdon, I have reason to be obliged to him for the solicitude he felt with regard to my acquaintance with him. I ought to apologize for my unladylike remark at least: but——"

At this period of her cogitations, she arrived at old Sally's dwelling. Opening the door softly, she crossed the room to the old arm chair, where Sally sat reading.

"Good morning, Sally," she said. "I hope you feel comfortable this fine morning."

"Why, if it isn't Miss Lizzie!" exclaimed the old woman in a tone of joyful surprise, and lifting her glasses from her eyes to the top of her cap. "Take a chair. I thought may be you'd come to-day—for somehow you always seem to think of me. I was afraid when you came home after being gone so long, and so many to see, that you'd forgot all about a poor lone body like me; but as I was telling our new minister yesterday, it wasn't three days before you was over to see me. I told him it was as good as sunshine to hear your footsteps, for I could tell it among a thousand."

"Our new minister," said Lizzie, with some surprise, as she set down the basket—" does he come to see you?"

"Oh, yes," said old Sally, in a tone of gratification, "he came to see me the very next week after he began to preach, and has been two or three times a week since. He talks so good and kind too. I wish you could hear him. To my mind he's a blessed creetur."

There was something which gave Lizzie mingled pleasure and pain at hearing Mr. Fisher thus spoken of. She could not doubt his goodness or benevolence, for it had led him to this humble habitation, and the consciousness that she had treated him unjustly, only made her feel more unhappy than ever, while she staid and chatted for awhile with old Sally, and presented her with the various articles Mrs. Selwyn had sent. Then she turned her steps towards the house of her uncle. She would have preferred returning home, but she dreaded meeting Mr. Fisher at the dinner table. So she spent the afternoon chatting with her young cousins, though ill at ease, until near sunset, when she set out on her homeward way. A delightful path lay through a small grove near the road, and into this Lizzie turned, and strolled slowly along.

"The long and short of the matter is," thought Lizzie, "that I shall not be happy till I have apologized to Mr. Fisher, and confess how prejudiced I have been against him. Weak and childish as he thinks me, he shall yet see that I have the moral courage to confess myself in the wrong. I will see him! this very hour."

And thus saying, she quickened her pace, but stopped again involuntarily, as she heard her own name repeated in a familiar voice, and looking a few paces behind her, she saw Walter Langdon, seated on the fence which bounded the highway, with a fishing rod in his hand, and speaking in a tone which evinced great vexation, while near him, and also leaning on the fence, stood Mr. Fisher. They had evidently been talking for several minutes

before, but while Walter Langdon spoke in a quick, excited tone, Mr. Fisher seemed perfectly calm.

"Then I am indebted to you for Miss Selwyn's refusal to ride with me this morning," Lizzie heard Walter Langdon say hastily.

"I was not aware that Miss Selwyn had refused to ride with you, though I will not deny that I believe a remark I made to her mother, respecting you, may have influenced her," replied Mr. Fisher calmly. "Excuse me, Mr. Langdon, if I talk plainly. I have no wish to injure you; but your reputation—pardon me—your principles, if they have undergone no alteration since we were class-mates, are such as no confiding and enthusiastic girl, such as I believe Miss Selwyn to be, ought to trust."

"And you have given her advice to that effect, I presume," said Walter Langdon, with a sneer. "You probably make the most of the very excellent opportunity you enjoy, for whispering a word in her ear occasionally."

"Miss Selwyn has received no advice from me, respecting your-self or any one else," replied Mr. Fisher, as calmly as before. "I believe her to be a young person of naturally correct and sound judgment, and warm, generous, confiding heart, but with enthusiastic impulses, and an impatience of restraint, that sometimes lead her to act unjustly, and blind her better judgment. As for the opportunity for advice of which you speak, I shall not have it any longer, if I were inclined to improve it, except by her own seeking, for I shall leave her father's house to-morrow."

she gained the highway unobserved, and hastened towards home. Mr. Fisher did not make his appearance at the tea-table, but this excited no surprise, for he was often absent at that hour; yet Lizzie found herself nervously awaiting his arrival, for she had resolved to seek his forgiveness, and if possible induce him to recall his resolution of leaving them. She sat for a long time in the silence of her room, till at last in the gathering twilight she heard his well known footstep ascending the stairs, and presently he entered his apartment. Lizzie knocked gently at his half-opened door, and his always kind voice bade the intruder enter, so she stepped lightly over the threshold. He was sitting by the open window, with his hand supporting his head, and looking paler and sadder than usual—so sad, that Lizzie entirely forgot the little

speech with which she had thought to address him, and laying her hand on his arm, she burst into tears. Mr. Fisher started up in surprise, the color mounted to his face, and he involuntarily took her hand in his, as he placed her a chair and kindly requested her to be seated.

"My dear Miss Selwyn, you alarm me!" he said, as Lizzie's tears fell faster than ever, and she struggled to speak. "What can I do for you? What afflicts you thus?"

"Oh, Mr. Fisher," exclaimed she, amid her sobs, "will you, can you forgive me for all my injustice to you—for the unkind, cruel remark I made in your hearing this morning?"

Mr. Fisher seemed almost as much agitated as Lizzie, for he looked earnestly at her for a moment, and seemed trying to speak calmly. "Do not think of it again—it was forgiven long ago," he said. We shall be better friends in future, I am sure."

"Then you will not leave us," said Lizzie, eagerly, as she smiled through her tears.

Mr. Fisher started with surprise.

"I was not aware that you knew my intention of leaving your home," he said, with some curiosity.

"Forgive me.—I overheard, accidentally, part of your conversation with Mr. Langdon, this afternoon, as I passed through the wood, and I heard you say that you intended leaving us to-morrow. Do not let me be the cause of your departure. Say that you forgive me, and I am sure you will stay, and think of this house as your home for awhile."

"My dear Miss Selwyn—Miss Lizzie—you remind me, and have ever done, of a dear beloved sister, of about your age, from whom I have long been parted," said Arthur Fisher, in a voice unusually sad and sweet. "The tones of your voice, this evening, bring forcibly to mind that gentle sister, so pure, and good, and womanly."

"And where is she now?" asked Lizzie, with interest.

"With the bright ones up yonder, I trust," he replied, as he looked up to the serene sky, with a smile almost unearthly in its hope and sweetness.

Lizzie sat for a moment in silence, and then, while suddenly formed resolves gave a beautiful and noble expression to her countenance, she said in a low, earnest tone—

"Let me be a sister to you, in the place of her you have lost. Oh! stay with us, and be our friend and brother, and teach me to be gentle and good and loveable as she was."

Mr. Fisher sat long in the stillness of that summer twilight, unfolding to his young listener nobler aims and higher duties in life than any which had before awakened her aspirations—and the vows which she made that evening, in the silence of her own apartment, communing with her heart, were not idly or rashly made. Future years found her, not the heedless, thoughtless, aimless votary of fashion, but the ardent, true-hearted Christian, laboring in the various spheres of action to which she was called, with an energy and decision of character that told powerfully on those around her—and our readers will not be surprised to learn that not many years elapsed after Mr. Fisher took possession of the parsonage, its loneliness was enlivened by the accession of a new inmate, our Lizzie, prepared to fill well and nobly the responsible position of the "new minister's wife."

SONG-GIVE ME A HOME.

BY J. M. FLETCHER.

GIVE me a home where evening's banners
Gaily wave o'er the twilight strand—
Life is sweet on the broad Savannas,
Far away in the sunset land.

Give me a home where freedom's piaion Waveth her snow-white folds on high, Far in the broad and brave dominion, Closed around by the sunset sky.

Soft is the blue of the star-gemm'd asure,
Green are the fields where the bison roam—
All things add to the hunter's pleasure,
Far away in his western home.

Oh! 'tis sweet when the heart is weary,
Far from the busy world to fly;
Give me a home on the boundless prairie,
Closed around by the sunset sky.



Persian Tulip.

THE PLAGOR THE PREE!

Words and Music by ASAHEL ABBOT.







THE FLAG OF THE FREE.

BY ASAHEL ABBOTT.

THE Flag of the Free! Oh! for aye let it wave
O'er the land while our sires live in story!
Let the stars and the stripes ever glance o'er the grave
Where great Washington sleeps in his glory!
Let Oppression grow pale in his blood-reeking cave,
At the sight of her folds streaming lightly
O'er the land of the Pilgrim sires holy and brave,
O'er the land of the free and the mighty!

The Flag of the Free! let it shine o'er the sea
Where the brave of all lands meet in thunder!
Let her proud Eagle wing far his flight bold and free,
Nor from war-signs the olive branch sunder!
He wars on the lawless, but spreads o'er the weak
The shade of his terrible pinions;
And if Tyranny's hirelings his least harm will seek,
He'll sweep them from Neptune's dominions.

The Flag of the Free! In the dark bloody hour
Of our Country's oppression and sorrow,
It rose like a star o'er the tempest's grim lour,
To foreherald a brighter to-morrow.
It waved o'er the fields where our sires nobly bled,
The proud foe's hireling minions dismaying,
When the fierce British Lion turn'd murm'ring and fied
At the sight of fair Freedom's arraying.

The Flag of the Free! Still it waves in its pride
O'er the land and the sea to defend us,
When Disunion and Anarchy boast they can ride
The pale horse to war that must end us.
Let our foes amply rave! give the traitors their day
Till they rouse up our Eagle to slay them:
The stars are to guide us along our bright way,
But the stripes are for traitors to flay them.

The Flag of the Free! all the nations afar

Hail its light from War's fields red and gory,

While to them too rides orient fair Liberty's star

And they joy in the beams of its glory.

Hail! land of the brave! Soon their shackles shall fall,

And thy true sons exult in their freedom;

While the Furies scourge Tyrants round Pluto's grim hall,

And the ghost of Hungaria shall lead them.

COUSIN CAROLINE;

OR, THE AUTHOR'S PORTRAIT.

BY ALICE CRAIG.

"That true and loving heart—that gift
Of a mind, earnest, clear, profound,
Bestowing, with a glad unthift,
Its sunny light on all around;
And sympathies which found no rest,
Save with the loveliest and the best."

"It is the most splendid story, of its kind, that I ever read," said Horace Hanford, turning another leaf of the fashionable magazine from which he had just finished reading, aloud, to an apparently delighted circle, the "story" whose rare fortune it had been to call forth the emphatic encomium with which our story commences:—"the very best—but it never can have been written by a lady."

"And why never?" asked a gentleman whom we will call Col. Tyng. "It contains nothing which would be unbecoming a lady to write."

"Nothing, certainly," echoed Mary Hanford. "It is full of the most delicate sentiment, expressed in the most charming manner."

"Such beautiful language!" chimed in Miss Fanny Hanford.

"Just what a lady should write."

"In my opinion," remarked a lady more mature in years and in thought than either of those who had before spoken, and whom we will designate Mrs. Field—"it would do credit to either a lady or gentleman; though it does appear to me, more likely to have proceeded from the pen of the former."

"You have formidable opponents, young sir," said the Colonel.
"Have you the hardihood to engage such a trio?"

"So far as to defend my 'first impressions,' responded Horace, with a dash of the consequence of the man of twenty. "I maintain," he continued, half seriously, half jestingly, "that the story which I have, this evening, had the honor of reading to you, ladies and gentlemen, is marked by a consistency of tone, a boldness of position—defying certain established customs of the 'best society'—a vigor of expression and strength of argument, which

few female writers ever attain; and which, in my view, render the conjecture that its writer is a lady altogether improbable."

None of the ladies present appearing inclined to dispute this somewhat supercilious critique, the gallant Colonel again raised a lance in their behalf.

"I admit," he said, "that our story does exhibit the sterling characteristics which you have named, in a remarkable degree; but, are not these prominent features so harmonized, and touched with such softening tints, that their beauty delights as much as their truth impresses us? and this with a grace that only the delicate tact of woman can effect? It is, indisputably, a production of rare power and merit, and does honor to its author—whoever or whatever that author may be."

An animated discussion succeeded this generous essay, in which the whole company joined, with distinctive variety of spirit and emphasis, but acquiescing with each other in one point—high commendation of the fortunate article under disquisition. I said, "the whole company," but, reader, I erred in so speaking. Observe, seated at the centre table, on the side opposite Horace, a figure habited in a dark dress, and surmounted by a head of most symmetrical contour, covered with glossy smoothly braided black hair, but pertinaciously keeping this classic head bent over a workbasket, and a set of fingers that are moving as busily as if their owner's bread depended on the completion of the task on which they are employed. The person to whom the figure, head, &c., thus indicated, appertain, has continued silent during the lively colloquy of which we have spoken; but she is about being forced to abandon her reserve, and contribute to the conversation.

"We have not yet heard Miss Colden's opinion," remarked Mrs. Field, interrupting, rather unceremoniously, one of Horace's confident declamations.

The lady whom we have described, though tardy in responding to the friendly appeal, at length raised her eyes from her needlework to the face of Mrs. Field; exhibiting, for almost the first time that evening, her own face to the observation of the company. Few could have read, in the lineaments thus displayed, any explanation of Miss Colden's studiously retiring manners.—

The features, it is true, were not perfect—the complexion was not roseate; but the mouth was small and well defined, giving to the

countenance a character at once firm and sweet: the eyes were dark, lustrous, and, just now, brimming with an enthusiasm which, to those accustomed to her habitual quietude, appeared somewhat singular. She did not, however, speak, until Mrs. Field again addressed her.

"We wish to know what you think of the story we have been talking of."

And then merely saying—"It expresses my thoughts and feelings, better than I could have spoken them," resumed her industry and her silence.

"Not very extravagant praise," said Horace, in a rather low tone, but one that permitted his words to be audible to every person in the room.

"It does not appear so, on first hearing," answered Mrs. Field, "but perhaps, like the narrative to which it refers, it will bear reconsideration. Let us try,—we have perpetrated a noisy argument, but what has any one of us said, that amounted to so entire an adoption of every sentence, such an endorsement of the whole, as Miss Colden's brief comment implies? It is 'multum in parvo'—a lesson in rhetoric for which we should accord her a vote of thanks."

"Whether the author of the article so endorsed be complimented, or not, I suppose," said Horace.

"But is not an author complimented, by the admission that he has depicted those voiceless movements of the mind of which we are all, at times, conscious, so truthfully that we almost believe his pen has been wandering among our fancies and feelings, and

'What he has written seems to us no more Than we have thought, a thousand times before?'

"But, madam, some minds are but half finished, and can never, justly, be suspected of coining an idea. It is treason against all talent, to compare a production like this, with the vapory rubbish that some people mistake for thoughts."

Every eye involuntarily sought the countenance of Miss Colden. A slight color became visible in that lady's cheek; excepting this, no change of look or manner betrayed her sense of the insult implied in Horace's last rally: but, after a momentary and instinctive silence on the part of all present, she quietly arose and with-

drew from the apartment. An indication of sympathy not to be mistaken was visible in the faces of the company she had left; conveying, to the delinquent young gentleman, a more effective rebuke than that which his mother and sisters did not hesitate to administer plainly.

"Your rudeness, Horace, is inexcusable," said Mrs. Hanford.
"Caroline had done nothing to provoke it."

"Nothing, mother?" retorted Horace. "Is it nothing for a person of her flimsy intellect, to pronounce such gems as these her thoughts, and afford them no higher praise than barely to admit that they are expressed in better style than she could command? Such presumption is provocation enough."

"Cousin Caroline is reserved and cold, it is true," said Mary, "but never presuming. I am sure, brother, you mistook her meaning."

"And you are wrong, too, in so decidedly declaring her intellect inferior," said their mother. "I begin, lately, to think we have never understood her."

Mrs. Hanford was right; they had never understood her.-Caroline Colden had been two years an orphan. Until the death of her parents, she had known only the fond and anxious kindness proverbially inspired, by an only child, in a home of which she is at once the delight and the pillar. The feeble health of both Mr. and Mrs. Colden induced a life of great retirement; and their daughter might, perhaps, have pined for those associations and amusements which the young naturally desire, but for the judicious manner in which they sought to divide her time, and vary her pursuits. Caroline was endowed with a mind at once active, reflective and enquiring. The love of study, innate with such a mind, was fostered by the solitude in which she lived.— Her parents did not discourage her mental industry, but carefully strove to guide her judgment and improve her taste. Her progress in knowledge amply rewarded them. They marked, with indescribable solicitude, the rapid development of her fine, clear intellect. They rejoiced in her ready perception, and intuitive adoption of the pure, the true, and the beautiful, in whatever she saw, heard or read; yet, while they proffered heart-warm gratitude to the great Source of good, for the high qualities of mind and heart that were so apparent in their beloved child, they silently, also, gave thanks hardly less fervent, that she had escaped the dazzling,

dangerous, gift of genius. So guarded, so taught, so cherished, could her life be other than happy, or her fine mental powers fail to be daily expanded, strengthened, and refined?

CHAPTER II.

"However humble, desolate, afflicted we may be, so long as our hearts preserve the feeblest spark of life, they preserve also, shivering near that pale ember, a starved, ghostly longing for appreciation and affection."

We will attempt no delineation of the sad phases of Caroline's transition, from the estate of an only and idolized child to that of a solitary orphan,

"Whom there were none to praise, And very few to love"—

in the house of a relative, it is true, not one whom, before her entrance into his family, she had scarcely ever seen. We will only say that three melancholy months accomplished all. Her father had foreseen the loneliness that awaited her, when the grave should have received her parents, and, just before his death, had effected the arrangement which resulted in her removal from her pretty and endeared homestead, to become a permanent member of the family of her mother's cousin, Mr. Hanford. tleman, a former chum of Mr. Colden, was remembered by him only as he had been when a boy, and in early manhood: in selecting him as Caroline's future protector, and his house as her home, the dying parent believed he had done all that could be done, to preserve his daughter from the horrors of friendless orphanage. But twenty-five years of the storm and calm of mortal life will change most men, and they had changed Mr. Hanford. He was no longer a warm-hearted boy, though he was still a kind man, and wished all human beings happy-but was too much absorbed in business to find any leisure for exerting himself to His family—well, he was engaged in amassmake them so. ing a fortune for them; and they, meantime, occupied and amused themselves, with but little hindrance from any interference on his part. We have already introduced them, by name, to the reader, and, perhaps, have also given some idea of their individual tempers. They had heard much of "Cousin Caroline," but had seldom seen her; and when, in little more than a month after the death of her father—her latest surviving parent—she came among them, pale, silent and melancholy, a sense of disappointment chilled their more kindly emotions, and gave an air of constraint to the greeting with which they received her.

The orphan could not, at once, arouse herself from that indifference to exterior things which her sorrow had created. Day after day passed, and she continued silent and dejected. The family of Mr. Hanford, with the thoughtless injustice to which many, otherwise generous, are prone, pronounced her uninteresting and dull; and decided that parental partiality, alone, could have invested her with such qualities and capacities as they had heard ascribed to her.

Mrs. Hanford was an example of that rare class of fashionable ladies, who are also efficient housewives—her time, of course, was fully occupied. Horace, fresh from college, and his sisters, hardly vet out of school, regarded Cousin Caroline as somewhat old maidish, and altogether insipid and tiresome. Their mother, with scarcely sufficient leisure to observe for herself, glided tacitly into most of the impressions accepted by her children; the demeanor of all soon corresponded with the unfavorable conclusion which they had hastily adopted, and had little tendency to dispel the sadness of their mourning guest. The breath of sympathy would have fallen on her bruised heart like dew on a drooping flower; even palpable unkindness might have had a vivifying result, by awakening her spirit to rebellion; but she had nothing to complain of, nothing to resent; she had only to endure-first, repeated evidence that her relatives had failed to appreciate her character, and then—a consequence of that failure—an entire carelessness of her opinions and feelings.

She could not forbear contrasting her present position with that in which she had so lately rejoiced. Memory, despite her efforts to subdue it, would refer to the past. When the native buoyancy of youth would have restored lustre to her eye, and the vanished smile to her lip, a vivid sense of the false light in which she was regarded repressed the happier tendency of her feelings, and her returning cheerfulness languished for lack of genial sympathy.

On the evening which we have chosen as a proper point of

time for the opening of our history, several individuals of the elite of N-, were assembled in Mrs. Hanford's parlor. On such occasions. Caroline was rarely called on to speak. Most of the visitors at the house imitated the demeanor of the family, toward the unobtrusive orphan, and her presence among them appeared hardly to be observed. The lady whom we have designated as Mrs. Field, had, once or twice, of late, addressed a remark or question to her, and had been struck with the instantaneous lighting up of her downcast eyes, and the intelligent vivacity assumed by her whole countenance, on finding herself appealed to as a rational human being. Mrs. Field drew her own inferences from this and many other observations, and benevolently determined to make some effort to improve the modest stranger's situation. what that effort should consist, she had not exactly decided, when the annual visit of her distant relation, the rich and accomplished Col. Tyng, gave the signal for a round of select parties, in the aristocratic circle of which she was a prominent member.

Through Mrs. Field's management, most of the invitations received by the Hanfords included Miss Colden's name; but, as her cousins never seemed either to wish or expect her to accompany them, Caroline invariably declined doing so. And when the distinguished coterie assembled, in due turn, at Mr. Hanford's own house, the poor girl, because of some word or action which had deeply wounded her, during the day, felt unfit even to occupy her mute station in the drawing room, but confined herself to her own apartment. Mrs. Field, foiled in her kind purpose, and more intent than ever on its accomplishment, resolved on another stratagem. She would, at least, contrive that her cousin, in whose judgment of character she placed great reliance, should see Miss Colden, and see her, too, in such circumstances as would reveal as far as possible, her situation in the family in which she resided. With this view, she proposed to several acquaintances, who were spending an evening with her in a social manner, to "drop in," without ceremony, at Mr. Hanford's. The proposal was acceded to, and acted upon at once. The family—the father excepted were all at home, engaged as we have intimated—Horace in reading, and the rest in listening to, a tale of rare attraction, entitled "Grace Murray." On "motion of the whole," the reading was not suspended on the arrival of company. The story was read

through to the end, and afterward commented upon as we have described.

"Miss Colden appears, to me, to hold an unfitting position among her relatives," remarked Col. Tyng, when again seated before the cheerful fire in Mrs. Field's parlor.

"I have thought so, for some time," rejoined Mrs. Field. "It is true, as long as she has been with them, I have heard her say little more than she said to-night; but something about her, when she does speak, tells me that she has mind—it may be talent also—if not forbidden, in some way, to divulge it."

"She must have, at least, fine sense—with such eyes as hers. Can you not devise some plan to draw her out?"

"I have tried to do so, but all my plans have failed. I know she has been invited to most of the soiries we have attended since you came, but she has appeared at none."

"What if you should give one yourself, and invite her?"

"If you will remain another week, I will try it."

"Then I will remain."

Next morning, accordingly, preparations were begun, and invitations dispensed for the intended soirie. The note dropped at Mr. Hanford's was couched in such terms, that the family could not forbear joining in Mrs. Field's urgent request that, "for this once, Miss Colden would afford them the pleasure of her company." Gratified by the kind importunity of the invitation, and encouraged by the politeness of her cousins, Caroline appeared, on the appointed evening, in Mrs. Field's elegant drawing-room.— The amiable manœuvres of Mrs. Field, in behalf of her unconscious protege, seconded by the valiant and recherche Colonel, succeeded most happily. Caroline's tasteful, half-mourning dress set off her figure to fine advantage, and harmonized well with the pensive character of her features when in repose. A slight agitation at finding herself, for the first time in so long a period, an object of marked attention, called a soft bloom to her cheek; her eye beamed, as of old, with intellect's purest ray—while gratitude to her excellent hostess imparted a sweetness to her demeanor, which might be felt, but not described. Beguiled of her timidity. she yielded to the enlivening influences of the scene and so much unwonted kindness, and joined in dance, song, and conversation, almost with the gaiety of former years. The Hanfords, to their

astonishment and almost dismay, saw their undervalued cousin exalted, by general impulse, to the envied position of "belle of the evening."

"I had no idea that Cousin Carrie could look so well," whispered Horace to his sister Mary: "and such a voice!—I hardly knew, before, that she could sing. She is, really, almost hand-some—and that superb Colonel, I believe, thinks so too."

This was said, partly because Horace thought as he spake, and partly for the purpose of giving vent to his own vexation by annoying his sister. But the more generous Mary instantly responded—

"Almost! brother: I think there is absolute magic about her. How much it must have cost her to conceal it so long, and to live as she has with us."

"Then why has she lived so? She was not obliged to. We never forbade her to show off, as she is doing now."

"No, but we certainly never encouraged her to do so. She is too modest to display herself—she waits to be drawn out, which we never had the wisdom to do. See her now, as she replies to Mrs. Field: how her very eyes speak!—what elegance in her attitude, and what animation in her whole manner!—so different from the silent, joyless being she has always passed for in our house."

"Yes: I certainly never saw such a contrast presented, by different moods of the same person. At home, she seems 'a thing without either sense or soul—head or heart.' But, if the fault is ours, I think we, too, must be losers."

"Beyond question we are; greater, by far, than she. In spite of our neglect, she still possessed herself; but we—'a mine of wealth so rare,' was within our reach, and we remained shamefully ignorant of its very existence. We are startled, at last, into a knowledge of the truth; but we shall never redeem what we have lost."

It is, we presume, needless to say that, from this evening, Caroline's situation, both at home and in society, was greatly improved. The Hanfords looked on her as a treasure whose value had just been revealed to them; while society regarded her as its latest and best acquisition. Nor was this the only result of Mrs. Field's soirie. Col. Tyng had engaged in it, with the benevolent motive of rescuing, as he believed, a deserving young person from un-

worthy obscurity. In pursuing his laudable purpose, he unwarily ventured within the charmed circle of a magnet, whose power was greater than he had anticipated. Miss Colden's grace, intelligence, good sense, and, above all, modesty, appeared to him unequalled. Every recurring opportunity of seeing and conversing with her. rendered his impression of her virtues the more real. His visit was prolonged another week, and repeated, after an interval of six. In fine—(reader, we are not apt at delineating the progress of love and courtship)—the fashionable world of the town of N was, one morning, electrified by intelligence of a soon-to-be-consummated matrimonial engagement, between the well known and admired Col. Tyng, and the agreeable Miss Colden. The marriage, it was asserted, would take place at the end of two months; and this interval would be spent by the Colonel at his country residence in the valley of the L-, which charming retreat he was remodelling, and converting into a complete rural paradise for the reception of his bride.

Rumor, more correct than her wont, had, in this instance, spoken the truth. Such was the disposition of our most prominent dramatis personæ.

To be Continued.

GIVE ME A HEART.

BY PARK MOODY.

Give me a heart with one bright chord, Love-strung in unison with mine, Whose mystic thrill is the reward Of love self-lit at Virtue's shrine.

A love whose changeless depths alone Responsive find in mine the key; Whose life is but a ceaseless tone Of deep unwavering constancy.

THE LIGHT OF HOME;

OR A SISTER'S LOVE.

BY HELEN IRVING.

CONCLUDED.

It was near dawn before Alice, exhausted, fell asleep, but she awoke with the first breakfast-bell, and quickly arose. Her face looked wan as she met it in the glass, but the exciting fear that Frederic or her mother might notice its paleness, sent a rosy flush to her cheek, which gave it its wonted brightness.

Her mother was better, and came down to breakfast, and Alice, eager in showing her new writing desk, and talking pleasantly of the book which had kept her up until twelve o'clock, felt quite sure that her brother did not suspect she had sat up awaiting him, or that there had been any thing in his manner last night to alarm her. He was somewhat less cheerful than usual, she fancied, but it was not remarked, and he soon left for his office.

Oh, what a new life seemed to open upon Alice that morning! Her affectionate and joyous nature had always made her a bright presence in her home, and much of her happiness, although she was unaware of it herself, originated in the unselfish love and devotion, which her mother's delicate state of health for the past few years had called out. But since Frederic's return, to which she had so long looked forward, she had suffered many of those disappointments which are ever ready to take us by surprise, when the thought of receiving comes before the thought of giving. Ally was most affectionately devoted to Fred, and only following her heart's impulse, in all her kind attentions—but her dreams had always been, of how much he would do for her, and be to her, and that he would interest himself in all that made her happy, as she would do for him—and she had been restless and uneasy, that things were so different from what she had fancied.

But now all thought of self was lost in the beautiful idea that filled her whole soul, and she went about the house in the performance of her light duties that day, earnestly seeking in her thought for some new source of pleasure, which might add to the charms of home.

And now it was that Alice bitterly lamented, what had never before given her an hour's regret, that her taste for music had never been cultivated in any degree. Fred was passionately fond of it, he had a voice of rare compass and richness of tone, and played with taste and skill upon the flute, and she knew that one of the chief attractions of the new club was, that it comprised among its members three or four fine musicians, among whom was Lawrence Canning. Although Alice had a good education, and her fine taste and intellect had been cultivated by extensive and discriminate reading-a cultivation so far beyond what mere school-training can bestow-she had none of what are termed "accomplishments." Not that talents were wanting which might have been developed, but from the time of their father's death, which happened when she was but little more that twelve years old, their income had been limited. It took necessarily a large sum to support Fred at the expensive university to which he had been sent, and whenever her mother proposed to Alice to attend to the "ornamental branches," she had always refused, with the plea that she could not become a proficient, and that the money could not be spared from dear Fred.

But for all that, Alice had an exquisite ear for melody, and a sweet, though not powerful voice, and her brother had more than once since his return home, as he heard her trilling some light air, praised her soft tones, and wondered she had never learned music. And now in truth she mourned that she had neglected to acquire what would have been so powerful a home-attraction for her music-loving brother; and as she thought of the hours which would give him so great happiness if spent in his favorite recreation, she wondered if it were not possible for her to acquire something of the art. She recollected that her brother admired the guitar, and thought it a peculiarly sweet accompaniment to a female voice, and she had some trifling knowledge of this, caught from a school-friend. It was but a few days previous, that this very friend, a half-spoiled only daughter, had been telling her how weary she had grown of her guitar, and that she had not touched it for months, and into Ally's hopeful little brain came the thought to borrow this of her friend, and enjoining her to secrecy, contrive to take lessons and surprise Fred. She felt sure that her warm-hearted friend would be more than happy to oblige

her—then confiding to her mother that she was going to learn music, as a pleasant surprise to her brother, she would diligently practise every hour and moment that she could secure when he was away—and when she had progressed sufficiently to play to him, how happy he would be in her companionship, and how much he would aid her by his sympathy and advice!

There was so much excitement in these thoughts, that it was not until Alice sat quietly down by her mother's side in the afternoon, that she felt in her throbbing brow and heavy eyes the effect of last night's sorrow and sleeplessness, and there crept into her heart that dreariness that will come sometimes, when we have sorrow and illness together. But she rallied as night came on, and when Fred entered, pale and dull and weary, she met him with a cheerfulness which he little thought cost her so much effort to attain.

He had had a most wearisome day of it, he said, and in truth He had felt it his duty to see his friend Hawley off. which had consumed more time than he supposed, and had driven the business of the day into a few hours, so that he had been intensely occupied until he left his office at six o'clock. that he would surely stay at home that night, and when he stretched himself wearily upon the sofa after tea, she asked rather timidly if she should read to him. It was a new proposition for her, for though she had been in the habit of reading to her mother. she had never done so before him, and she felt a painful consciousness of Fred's critical taste. But her brother was evidently pleased, and particularly so when she proposed that Tennyson should be the volume. It was a new work to Alice, but she had heard. Frederic speak of it warmly, and it was his pleasure she wished to consult. She rose and brought the book, and commenced—somewhat tremously at first, but gaining courage, with her interest in the beautiful thoughts before her, whose melody her finely-modulated voice admirably interpreted.

It happened that she had opened at "Locksley Hall," and the color fluttered in her cheek as she found herself, ere she was aware, upon one or two passages painfully appropriate to the thoughts that had occupied her that day. Her face was averted from the sofa where her brother lay, and she read on without betraying emotion; but had she glanced that way, she would have seen

that it was not her alone whom the lines affected. Until then, Frederic had been admiring the beauty and feeling of Ally's intonation, but when she uttered the words,

"Curs'd be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth!"

the color mounted to his brow, and he became absorbed in thought. His last night's excess had been to him all day a bitter remembrance—it was the first time that he had been led so far, and though perhaps it was his refined taste, more than his moral sentiment, that was wounded, it was nevertheless a source of chagrin and discomfort. And now he felt humbled, before his mother's calm, fond eyes, and by the sound of his sister's gentle voice, and a constant reproach to him seemed the sweet peace that pervaded his home. He felt how the knowledge of his weakness would have filled them with sorrow, and he fervently resolved that it should never be again. Languid and weary, he appreciated as he had never before done, the quiet happiness which always awaited him here, and contrasting it with the cold splendor of his friend Canning's home, felt that he had not his excuse for yielding to the temptation of a convivial hour. When Ally's voice ceased. she met with his thanks for her kindness in thus soothing and entertaining him, and expressions of such tenderness as filled her heart with new hope and love.

And now life grew more beautiful than ever to Alice. Fred was frequently at home, the long-talked of readings were fairly commenced, and when they wearied of these, he would play to them airs from the most beautiful operas, or teach her chess, of which she soon grew to be very fond. And in her music she was succeeding beyond her expectations—with her natural taste, and eager desire to excel, she made rapid progress. Her friend Mary, the owner of the guitar, was enthusiastic in her admiration, and protested that she already played better than herself. Never was a brighter, more hopeful being than Alice, and had it not been that the occurrence of her birth-night had stamped itself upon her soul, in lines too deep to be easily effaced, it might have been almost obliterated by the pleasant waters that flowed through her heart from day to day. As it was, a consciousness of what had been, left a nameless fear there, which never wholly forsook her.

It was when the home-sunshine looked brightest, that an event

occurred, which seemed to throw a dark shadow over Ally's new hopes. Her mother became very ill—not dangerously so, the physician said, but she would be feeble for some time, and it was necessary that she should keep her room, and have quiet, and constant care. In the first season of her mother's illness, Alice forgot all else in her anxiety for her, but as she gradually learned that there was no cause for alarm, and that care and time were alone needed to restore her, her heart grew heavy with the recollection, that to one with the health and spirits of Fred, their home would now hardly be very cheerful. He had shared her anxiety at the first, and had devoted himself affectionately to her, as well as to his mother, but she felt that as time passed away, and he found the house always quiet in the evening, and she perhaps often watching in her mother's room, there would be other places more cheerful and alluring than his home.

It was a bitter trial to Alice, but her faith was in Him who "doeth all things well," and she felt that it was only for her to do the duty revealed to her, and trust to Him for the result. She had discovered that with all Frederic's graces and noble traits, the grand fault of his character was a lack of firmness, and she meekly trusted that the future might develope and strengthen a principle that would overcome this weakness.

It proved indeed as Alice had feared—the evenings became more and more rare, which Frederic spent at home, and had it not been for the daily society of her warm-hearted friend Mary, who added to her pleasure and happiness in many ways, she would have been often lonely. It might have been well, perhaps, if this friend had not been so often with his sister, for it afforded Fred an excuse to himself, whenever he had any compunctious visitings for going out to seek the society of his friends. He usually came home on these evenings at an early hour, and Alice had a happy consciousness, that the excess which she had so mourned, had never been repeated, and it was more the ultimate than the immediate consequences of this fondness for convivial life, that she most feared.

It was one evening toward the close of the winter, that Frederic was detained at his office longer than he had ever been before.—He had gone thither after tea, to look over some papers in a difficult case, and his client coming in, had kept him in conversation

until ten o'clock. It was one of the nights of his club, and he had intended to be there, but the evening was now so far gone, that he gave up the idea, and set out for home. As he passed the room, however, in his walk homeward, he turned back and went in for a moment, to speak to his friend Joe, and get a book, which he suddenly recollected having promised to bring to Alice some days before.

He ascended the stairs, and as he opened the door, he saw three or four gentlemen at a table not far distant, playing cards—one of them was a stranger, another his friend Canning. He was surprised to see Joe's usually pleasant face, flushed and angryhe was evidently unlucky, and on the verge of a passionate outbreak, for a fierce oath escaped his lips, and he struck his closed hand heavily on the table. Fred advanced toward them, but as he drew near, he started and stopped suddenly, as though he had received an electric shock, to see lying on the table, silver and bank notes to a large amount. A mist seemed to come before his eyes—he closed them hastily, and then looked again. Could they be gambling? It was but too evident—they had been too much occupied to notice his approach, and with a shudder at his heart, he turned away. He could scarcely realize, that he was indeed among those whom for months he had called friends. He had been taught from his earliest childhood, to look upon gambling as a most fearful sin, involving in itself more of evil consequences than almost any other; and since his maturer years he had seen that this practise warred against the whole harmony of God's system—this winning or losing by a blind chance that which He commands shall be ours in reward of earnest endeavor. seemed almost stunned by this sudden discovery, and half doubting that he had seen aright, passed on to the library at the lower end of the room. There were but two gentlemen present, beside the group at the table-Lawrence Canning and another member of the club, who were quite unconcernedly looking over some just received music together. They greeted Fred cordially as he advanced, and soon the sound of his voice in conversation attracted the attention of the players.

"Halloo, Haywood," called out young Canning somewhat brusquely, turning his flushed face in the direction of Fred's voice, "How long have you been here?"

"I came in but a few moments ago," replied Fred, quietly, "I was too much engaged to make an evening of it, and merely dropped in for this book," pointing to the one which he now held in his hand.

"But you're going to stay awhile now you are here, are'nt you?" rejoined Canning, flinging down a card at the same time, in answer to his adversary's call—"See what confounded luck I have," he added, in a sullen, half-deprecating tone, for excited as he was with wine and play, he had a consciousness that this was not exactly the scene he could have wished Haywood to stumble upon.

"Thank you," said Fred, rather coldly, "I have no time this evening," drawing out his watch with the announcement that it was half-past ten, "and unfortunately, I take no interest in play."

Canning, irritated already, took fire at what he received as an implied reproof, and scornfully rejoined, without looking at his friend—

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Haywood, for tempting you to remain beyond your usual hour—I had forgotten for the moment, that you were fitting yourself for a model husband, quite too dutiful to wish for a latch-key."

The color mounted to Fred's temples, but he checked the angry word that rose to his lips, and answered coldly—

"Mr. Canning forgets that Mr. Haywood has an invalid mother," and walking hastily to the door, descended the stairs, and was soon in the street.

His hot cheek burned against the cold air, and the tumultuous rush of feeling which agitated his whole frame, had hardly resolved itself into form, when he reached his own door. There was no one in the parlor, but as he passed his mother's room, on the way to his own, he noticed that the door was open, and pausing before it, he saw that Alice was yet there, making some final arrangements for her mother's comfort, before leaving her for the night. She had been alone all the evening, and her face looked pale and thoughtful, and there was an expression of sorrow and care upon it, which Frederic had never seen before, and which smote him to the heart. And when on perceiving him, there came to her lip its accustomed smile, and to her voice its cheerful greeting, he stooped down and kissed her with a remorseful pang,

and trusting himself only to say goodnight, passed on to his room. -And now had come the time for Frederic to lie sleepless and sorrow-stricken. In the solitude of his own chamber, the scene which he had witnessed that night at the club-room, stood before him with terrible distinctness-Canning's angry face and insulting words, and his evident familiarity with a vice from which his very soul recoiled. It would have been to him a sight of pain. among strangers, and what bitterness he felt that revelation to be, in one to whom he had given his friendship, and whose faults he had supposed to be only those of a thoughtless but generous nature. And a question, which he hardly dared to answer, rose up before him. Had he not seen this vice, at once stripped of its allurements, and in all its repelling aspect, might he not have learned to regard it with less of horror? He remembered how often, and again and again, he had been weakly led against his better judgment, and he shrank from the thought of the peril there might have been in a gradual and skilful initiation into the fascinations of gambling.

And now in contrast to the selfish, irritated countenance of Canning, arose the pale, sad face of Alice-it was as though the veil were suddenly drawn from his eyes, and with a bitter, remorseful regret, he thought of all her patient watchings, of her unvarying gentleness and cheerfulness, and the constant kindness she had always shewn to him. He remembered her naturally light and merry spirit, and felt how much had been denied her of the gay life that she could so truly have enjoyed. And then more bitterly than all, come back to him his own neglect and selfishness. Night after night rose vividly to his thought, when he had stifled whatever slight reproach might have touched him, and gone to spend the evening in careless glee, night after night, when he might have cheered his sister by his society and sympathy, or added to his mother's happiness by his presence and kind attention. In the solitary darkness, the shame burned on his cheek, as he remembered the many hours passed merely in convivial excitement, when the wine-cup had too often touched his lips, and the song and the jest had drowned the low, sweet voice of the angel of home.

And for whom had this been done—for whom had he neglected the loving little sister, to whose lips had never risen a reproachful word? For those whose companionship had never strengthened his moral nature, in whose society he had never grown stronger or purer—those from whom one hour had sufficed to wean him.

It is only to noble and generous natures, that there comes such bitter remorse as visited Frederic's heart that night. Every wrong that he had done to the beloved of home, set itself in array against the devotion and purity which made that home so sacred, and strong within his soul, rose up the resolve to turn from a life which he felt had for him hidden snares, and strive to bless even as he had been blessed.

No morning had ever seemed so beautiful to Frederic, as that with whose dawning he awoke to the fulfilling of the new resolves which beat within his heart. In memory of the events of the last night, he was serious and thoughtful, but unconsciously to himself his voice took a gentler tone, and his manner a more considerate kindness. All the morning at his office, he was restless and uneasy, unable to concentrate his thoughts upon his duties, and striving to devise some new means of displaying to his mother his affection, and to make atonement to himself for the many times in which he had really, though not palpably, neglected her.

Thinking thus, he recollected having seen, the day before, in the window of a large horticultural store, an advertisement of rare hot-house fruit, and springing up with alacrity, he started off on the impulse of the moment, and possessed himself of a prize, in the shape of a few delicious grapes for his mother's invalid taste.

It was about eleven o'clock when he entered the house, an hour at which he was never accustomed to return, and which Alice almost always improved for practising her music, so that when Fred, after depositing his treasure in the china-closet, ascended the stairs in search of his sister, he was surprised to hear, and apparently proceeding from her room, the sound of a guitar, accompanying a voice which he was sure was Ally's. He paused a moment before the door, and then opening it noiselessly, looked in. There sat Alice alone—her face averted from him, and intently fixed upon the music before her. Frederic stood rapt in astonishment—the air she sung was a favorite one of his, and it was given with such expression and feeling, and her touch of the guitar was so light and graceful, that his admiration equalled his surprise.

As her voice ceased. Alice turned carelessly around, and their

eyes met! She sprung to her feet, the color rushed over cheek and brow, and bursting into tears, and covering her face with her hands, she sank again into her chair.

"Alice, dear Alice, what does all this mean?" said Frederic, seating himself beside her, and folding his arm about her.

"Oh," sobbed Alice, who, taken by surprise, involuntarily spoke the truth that was in her heart, "I was trying to learn music to please you—I thought if I could play and sing with you, you would love to stay at home more in the evening. I knew it must be very dull to you here, but we were so lonely without you!"

Frederic's broad chest heaved, and the tears, manly tears, stood in his eyes, as he drew the timid face toward him, and said—

"How long have you been learning, Alice?"

"Oh, a long time!" replied his sister, while a smile overspread her face, "all winter I have been practising whenever you were gone."

I know not what originated the thought that flashed across Frederic's brain, but he started, and bending his eyes earnestly upon Alice, said, in almost a whisper,

"Ever since your birth night, Alice!"

A sudden paleness overspread poor Ally's face, and with a painful shudder, she buried her face on her brother's shoulder, without a word.

Who could measure the tumultuous tide of feeling in the hearts now throbbing side by side! For a few moments not a word was uttered, then Frederic lifted the pale face from his shoulder, and said in a voice tremulous with emotion—

"It needs not that any should tell me, Alice, of your suffering for the past three months—my own soul measures its height and its depth—but as God lives, and gives me strength to do the right, such sorrow shall never come to your heart again. Never, Alice, have I wandered from the path of duty, without a reproachful memory of your love and constant kindness, and when last night was revealed to me, among those whom I had called friends, evil and recklessness of which I had never dreamed, bitterly in contrast came up to me your life of purity and truth, and self-denying devotion. Alice, my sister, you have saved me from folly in the present, and our Father in Heaven alone knows, from how much sin in the future. And our mother, Alice, who looks upon me so

tenderly, and holds me to her heart with such a faith in my honor and uprightness—God make me to her a better son than I have ever been!"

There was a solemnity in his voice and manner, which awed Alice; she could utter no reply, but rising, she pressed her lips upon his forehead, and breathing from the depth of her true heart the prayer, "God bless you!" she left him alone.

When the old friends of his father, who had watched the course of Frederic, saw that he had suddenly turned from the spirit and the life which had been gradually absorbing him more and more, they said within themselves, that his good sense had shewn him its folly and its danger, and warned him from it in season. But they knew not of the thousand sweet influences which had drawn him from his wayward career, which had strengthened and kept alive all that native goodness of soul, which was now more powerful than all else.

But when Frederic, as time wore on, heard of his friend Canning in a distant city, reckless and dissipated, a pitying sadness came over his heart, as he remembered that to him had been vouchsafed no home light to illumine the narrow path of duty—no mother's or sister's love, to hover about him in all places, like the protecting wings of an angel.

THE MERMAID'S SONG.

BY ESTELLE LIVINGSTON.

A MERRY, merry mermaid am I,
With a heart ever joyous and free,—
Far down where the coral beds lie,
I sing my wild songs of the sea.

The tempest may whistle and rave,
I care not how hard it may blow—
Securely under the wave
I'll hide where the sea mosses grow.

I pluck the sea flowers that twine
Where the mullet and gold fish hide;
And the wealth of the deep is mine,
The pearls and gems of the tide.

I dance where the waves go by,
Or down to the dark caverns flee,—
For a merry, merry mermaid am I,
In my home in the deep blue sea.

THE OLD HOUSE.

BY CELIA.

BEHOLD the ruin of a home! the sad
Dilapidated wreck of what was once
The kindly shelter of a household band!
The gray, old-fashioned roof has fallen in,
And left the broken beams and rafters open
To the snows of winter, that with decent
Pall of spotless white, has covered them.
The large, wide chimney, too, is fallen—piles
Of damp, discolored rubbish lie where once
The hearth-stone lay—the open sashes stare
With frightful grimness on the passers by—
The low and narrow doors are half unhinged,
And creaking in the blast, that wails among
The tenantless apartments, and along
The empty, cheerless passage.

Yet was this, Of yore, a loved and pleasant dwelling-place! Around this simple porch the Lilacs bloomed In early spring, and Daffodils beside The narrow path, in golden beauty smiled,-And summer roses budded round the sash, And shed their fragrant leaves upon the sill; And merry-hearted children played in glee About the open door, and silvery laughter Echoed through the quaint and low-ceiled chambers. Loving friends have met rejoicingly Around the wide and spacious ingle-side-Here has been heard the infant's cry, the shout. Of joyous boyhood, and the maiden's song-The moan of sickness, and the smothered wail Of mourners, as the coffined dead was borne Beyond these portals to its resting place!

Behold that aged man, whose feeble footsteps
Linger still with sad reluctance round
The cheerless homestead! See him gaze again
Within those vacant windows, and among
The melaucholy ruins of his home!
This was his childhood's dwelling-place—and here,
In all the pride and happiness of youth,
He brought a chosen bride, a daughter fair
Of wealth and iuxury, and here he reared

His many sons and daughters, and rejoiced,
With all a father's fondness, in their childhood's
Promise. But a *Demon* of the foulest shape
Was cherished in that household, and its hateful
Spell of blight and woe was weaving fast—
Intemperance, in kindly, social guise,
Beguiled the husband-father of his noble
Manliness, and drained his golden wealth
Of health and purse, and still allured him on,
Till, fully yielding to the baneful sway
Of Appetite, he sunk a wretched slave!

And to the sorrowing wife the Demon gave Deep draughts of fiery poison, till the throne Of Reason tottered at its base, and fell—And she became a fearful wreck of all The womanly and lovely that her Maker Moulded—and her hollow eyes were ghastly With their frenzied stare, and words profane Were heard in angry accents from her lips; And thus that home became a frightful scene Of jarring discord—thankless children grew Amid the fierce disunion—and they breathed Harsh maledictions on their parents' name, And wandered forth in misery and disgrace, Bearing the weight of poverty—the burning Seal of the inebriate in their foreheads.

Years passed—and deeper still the drunkard's curse Was fastened on that father—hoary age Came on apace, but brought no crown of honor To his brow—his trembling limbs grew feebler With their bloated weight—his swollen eye, And coarse distended cheek revealed too well His frequent draining of the poisoned cup. At last grim Poverty her heavy burden Laid upon his form, and drove him forth With his sad-hearted wife, to seek another Shelter than the home where vice and discord Long had darkly dwelt.

And strangers now

Possess the homestead of his fathers, and the old
Neglected mansion, by the changing hand
Of modern progress shall be leveled soon,
And not a fragment shall remain to mark
Its site—and other homes, perchance, shall rise
Where now these ruins lie—and those who found
A shelter here, shall soon have passed away,
Unhonored and forgotten.

THE SIESTA.

BY DAVID M. STONE.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

O SLEEP—thou grandson of Chaos and Darkness, who inherited from thy mother Night a visage so fixed and a step so stealthy, that thou art often mistaken for thy twin-brother Death—how welcome, notwithstanding such terrible ancestry and connexions, art thou to the wearied children of Earth! At thine approach, grim Care flies from his usurped throne; the toil-worn sinew relaxes its rigid tension: the fever-stricken patient ceases his restless moanings; the eye of sorrow, no longer burdened with the outpourings of grief, lets fall its fringed curtain, and the desolate heart is at peace. Thou art no sycophantic attendant upon the mighty; the poor wayside wanderer crosses his hands at thy presence, and is blessed of thee as graciously as if he were a monarch; the veriest outcast upon his bed of straw, nay, even the guilty one in his lonely dungeon, refreshes himself in thy coveted embrace.

It is true thou comest not at every call. Those who seek for thee only to secure for the moment the attendance of thy fabled sister Lethe—those selfish ones, who desire but to blunt their sensibilities to the strokes of a Father's chastisement, are often disappointed, even though they watch for thy coming through the lagging moments of a dreary night. But when thou dost come, whether to palace or cot, fatigue and care, pain and grief, the petty burdens of the day, or the woes of a long life, are alike forgotten beneath the shadow of thy dewy wing.

Thy presence is courted in every zone, and thou art welcome to every clime; but beneath bright and burning skies thy visits are doubly grateful. There the excited passions rage more fiercely, and the quickened pulses all the sooner exhaust the feeble frame. No wonder then, that the dwellers in classic lands, ignorant of the true Divinity, recognizing thy beneficent presence, and looking upon thee as the soother of many woes, enthroned thee among the gods!



GTS GET

The engraving in the present number represents an afternoon scene in sunny Italy; but she whose gentle slumbers are the theme of the artist's task is not a daughter of that passionate clime. Her early home was enclosed by the Ægean sea, and her beautiful form and face descended to her from a mother born among the hills of Albania.

During the first three of the memorable seven years' struggle which Greece made for liberty and independence—while her bravest sons were martyred in the cause of freedom, and her fairest daughters ravished or sold to gratify the capricious lust of Turkish despots—there was one little nook undesecrated by the foot of the foe. This was Ipsaria or Psyra, a small island in the Ægean, about seven miles northwest of Scio. Here some of the noblest sons of Greece had settled, when the Turkish voke first began to gall their unwilling necks, and here the beautiful Zoe bloomed like a desert flower in the cleft of the rock. Her father had been among the first to flee from the grinding tyranny in the peninsula, and had established this little colony in a position considered almost impregnable. The island itself is about five and a half miles long by five broad, and is a rock covered with vegetable mould. Here Kanaris brought his beautiful Albanian bride, in the almost selfish hope that he might not see the black cloud which had gathered above his beloved country; and here was his only child, the gentle Zoe, reared and nurtured.

But the revolution which broke out in 1821, roused the patriotism of the Ipsariats, and their subsequent deeds of valor will live forever on the page of history. The Moslem had never such bitter foes; and we shall not severely blame their fierce hatred when we remember its provocations. First, they were burdened with enormous taxes collected by an armed force; then their schools were suppressed, their arms seized, all who dared to remonstrate executed without even the form of law, groups of men cut down with the sword even when assembled for their sports, women and children cruelly murdered with the scymetar, or thrown into the sea, the noblest females openly outraged, and the whole land stained with blood and crime, until all Europe cried out with horror, and every voice in our sympathizing Republic was raised in indignant exclamation. In April, 1822, the beautiful Scio, that paradise of sweets, was changed to a scene of fire

and blood, and with the exception of a few hundred who escaped almost by a miracle, all of its dense population were either murdered or sold into slavery. Among the Sciots who were spared for a fate worse than death, were forty thousand women and children! The Turkish fleet then sailed to visit Ipsaria with the same barbarities. But here they were foiled. Forty-three of the bravest of the islanders devoted themselves to death for the general safety. Having prepared fire ships, they sailed with them into the midst of the enemy's forces, and having thus destroyed a vessel of the line in which was the Turkish commander with two thousand two hundred and eighty-six of his men, they averted the stroke for that time. Nor did they rest with this exploit, for while the fleet was at anchor off Tenedos, Kanaris and George Mniauly, with fifteen others, attached a fire ship to one of the largest of the Turkish vessels, which blew up, killing eighteen hundred men. This, with other kindred annoyances, so enraged the Moslem authorities, that they determined to destroy Ipsaria at all hazards. The expedition was entrusted to Khosru, the Capudan Pacha, and on the third of July, 1824, (less than three months after Lord Byron had died in the cause of Greece at Missolonghi,) he sailed from Mitylene with two ships of the line, six frigates, several brigs and galliots, a great number of newly built gun-boats, and more than eighty transports, containing in all a force of twenty thousand active men, beside those engaged in navigating the vessels. The island was defended by five thousand Greeks, and besides being difficult of access was strongly fortified. Anxious to break up this nest of patriots, the Turkish commander three times sent offers of pardon to all the inhabitants if they would deliver up their arms. But the brave islanders knew too well what sort of mercy to expect from their oppressors, and refusing to surrender, prepared themselves for the conflict. Even the women left their household employments to engage in the strife. The Turkish fleet surrounded the island, and poured their fire into the devoted spot from every side, but without effecting their object. They were met at every point, and the artillery from the forts did fearful execution among the troops in the crowded transports. Thus Ipsaria had stood to this day-the only point washed by the Ægean where the Turkish scymetar had drunk no Grecian blood-but for treachery, that blight which sets at nought the valor of the bravest. The traitor

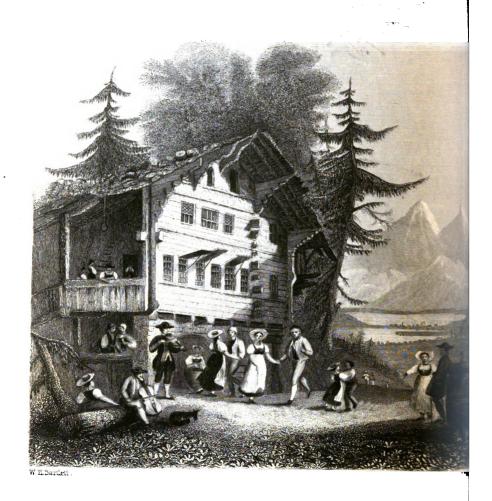
Goda, who commanded an Albanese battalion, not only furnished the Pacha with a full description of the various defenses, but after a mock resistance, consummated his villary by abandoning a battery on the rear of the island to the invading troops. latter had no easy victory. The ground was disputed step by step, and it was not until the Turks had gained possession of the heights back of the principal city, that the struggle was considered hopeless, and the women and children were put on board the small vessels and boats lying in the harbor. The parting on this occasion was one of the most affecting scenes which occurred during the conflict. The helpless ones who were thus embarked in full view of the blockading fleet, had little chance of escape, while their husbands and fathers, and brothers who returned to the fight, had no success to hope for, no mercy to expect. But few tears, however, were shed; with a heroism almost unparalleled, each thought but of the sacrifice demanded for country and for liberty, they nerved themselves for the worst with the spirit of martyrs. Kanaris held his wife and daughter a moment to his breast, and then waving a sad farewell, dashed again into the strife, while the gentle Zoe fell fainting into her mother's arms, and was borne to the boat.

The city was now attacked on all sides, and darkness came on to heighten the horrors of the struggle. But the Greeks, although gradually driven in, still fought from street to street, and from house to house, throughout the long night. The morning of the fourth of July (fit day for such heroic deeds!) found them still struggling with their faces to the foe. They now held but two small forts, and the convent of St. Nicholas, yet they fought on with all the courage of despair. Seeing that the conflict could not be prolonged much farther, they resolved upon a deed, which, as most of our readers will no doubt well remember, made the ears of all Christendom tingle, and kindled every Grecian heart anew with the flame of patriotism. They constructed a mine at Tabia, which was the last fort to be taken, and while the Turks were storming the walls set fire to the train-thus, like Samson, nobly revenging their death by the destruction of thousands of their enemies.

Meanwhile the vessels in the harbor, containing the families of these devoted heroes, in attempting to escape, were mostly destroyed. A few escaped to Hydra, and other few were received on board two French frigates then cruising near. Among the latter

were Zoe and her mother, who were thus landed on the shores of Italy. They had seen from their little vessel the last defence destroyed, and needed no one to tell them the fate of him they loved. For awhile life was a mere blank to them, and their hearts seemed buried in memories of the past. They lived from day to day by earning a few bajocchi with the needle, embroidery being an accomplishment in which all the daughters of Greece are pro-But Zoe could not long be hidden from the world, and the beautiful Greek had many suitors. Men of rank and wealth won, not only by her faultless face and form, but by the gentle spirit which animated the whole, laid their homage at her feet. For awhile all were refused; but the struggle still went on in Greece, and they were exiles, whose native land, now reeking with gore, offered no asylum to their returning feet. So after two years of sorrowing, Zoe became a bride, and has thus secured a place in a noble family, and a palace home. Although she still shuddered as she thought of the last scenes she had witnessed in her island home, she became at last tranquil and resigned, if not absolutely happy. One of her chief delights was to steal from the palace walls, where she felt as if still in bondage, and seeking out a quiet spot beneath the spreading boughs of the wood, close her eyes upon Italy, and dream herself away to her native land. Thus we find her in the engraving, asleep in the lap of her attendant maidens, while her thoughts are in Greece, skirting the now desolate heights of Ipsaria, or searching amid its mouldering ruins for the sleeping dust of her valiant sire. And in dreams she still looks forward to the time when the desolate island shall once more be gladdened with the hum of merry voices, and she be as free as in childhood to walk on its craggy summits.

For us, my gentle readers, there is a holier faith, and a more inviting hope. When wearied each day with the toils and cares of life, until our hearts are ready to sink under their heavy burdens, then may we commit our ways unto One who careth for us, and go quietly to our repose. But, oh! weary pilgrim of earth, let us remember that this is not our final rest. What sensible child, distant from its father's house, would drop by the wayside and sleep in the wilderness? Let us then press on to our home; and then at the last, having simply trusted in His mercy, and listened alway to His calling voice, we shall be enfolded in His arms, and repose in His bosom—"For so He giveth his beloved sleep!"



A SWISS COTTAGE.



The Honorysuckle

COUSIN CAROLINE;

OR, THE AUTHOR'S PORTRAIT.

BY ALICE CRAIG. - (CONCLUDED.)

CHAPTER III.

"Write often for thy secret eye—to lure thy thought from sorrow,
To pour out all the flowing mind without the toil of speech;
That telegraph of mind is dearer than wealth or wisdom,
Enabling to please without pain, to impart without humiliation."

But, though Col. Tyng resided in the country, he was a frequent visitor in town. One evening, a few weeks after the premulgation of the engagement of which we have spoken, Mrs. Hanford's parlor was the scene of another "reading." As in that with which we began our chapters, Horace was performer—his audience consisting of nearly the same individuals as before.—Another narrative "by the author of Grace Murray" was read and analyzed, with even more unqualified commendation than had been bestowed on that fortunate production.

"We are promised a portrait of the writer," remarked Horace, when the hum of applause and of criticism had, in some measure, subsided, at the close of the reading—"in the next number of the——. It may, or may not be a likeness, but it will, at least, decide the question whether a lady or gentleman merits the laurels of authorship."

"And if a lady," responded young Edward Barton, "I, for one, am prepared to adore her."

"Without regard to collateral possibilities?" asked a gentleman who was addressed as Mr. Lyon. "Suppose, now, she should be disagreeable in appearance?"

"That is not a possibility. A woman who can so think, and so give forth her thoughts to instruct and delight others, must possess that order of beauty which is independent of features or complexion: and, having which, no countenance can be really disagreeable."

"I will not quarrel with your taste, but I prefer to fancy her beautiful as her intellectual creations. If she so prove—perhaps,

too, she is one of our acquaintances—how we, the unshackled, will rejoice in our freedom! Will not our superior privileges provoke a sigh from those in bonds?" with a glance and a smile at Col. Tyng, who returned the smile, but replied, promptly—

"I hope and trust not. For my own part, I shall be amply content to worship at a distance what you propose to adore. The gifted authoress may, it is true, be one of our friends, but the knowledge of such truth will add no weight to the bonds I wear. I aspire only to her friendship."

"But you, more than all the rest of us, observe and promote talent in woman. It can hardly be that you would not, if you could, appropriate to yourself one of such singular endowments, and to whom the world has paid such tribute."

"You are mistaken, believe me. The star that illumines half a hemisphere at once is glorious to contemplate, but what man in his senses would invoke it to his fireside? I do, indeed, honor talent in woman; but do not aspire to engross the heart and soul of one who is qualified to instruct and charm a world. Such a woman would be ill at ease, restricted to the bounds of a single household."

"I am afraid, after all, you are one of those prejudiced sophists who think that a woman who can write is good for nothing else."

"By no means, 'good for nothing;' only less likely to find enjoyment in that routine of common-place cares and duties which, however unpoetical in performance, are, as we all know, most important to the harmony of domestic life."

"But may not a woman employ her leisure in reducing to visible words and sentences, such thoughts as she may wish to preserve, because she has found pleasure in them, without becoming careless of any evident duty?"

"I will not presume to deny that she may, though I venture to doubt that she often does. The practice of repeating our thoughts by writing them, will give rise, unavoidably, to the habit of thinking with a view to writing. An innate disposition to communicate with other minds, oftener, I have no doubt, than a mere thirst for the world's notice, impels to a first essay at publication. If success encourage the debutante, her ambition is aroused, her energies stimulated. To a person prosperously entered on the paths of literature, the minutiæ of house affairs must, inevitably,

become uninteresting and tiresome. A resolute woman may, now and then, so far conquer herself as to give nominal attention to those dull details, but her life will be a continual warfare between inclination and duty."

"Some literary ladies—Miss Leslie and Mrs. Child are examples—have given proof that the theory of housekeeping is not so distasteful to them as you imagine."

"The theory, I know, employs their pens, but I doubt their taste for the practise of what they recommend."

"Then you entirely disapprove of a woman's writing," said a gentle voice from beside the work table—a voice always sufficiently low, and now, so tremulous that not only the Colonel, but many others, looked with surprise at the speaker—our modest Caroline, who appeared painfully embarrassed, either by the observation which she had involuntarily attracted, or by some innate emotion that she would willingly have suppressed.

"You mistake me," I repeat, answered Col. Tyng, speaking very earnestly. "I acknowledge, with respect and pride, the happy tendency of woman's efforts to refine and elevate the human race. I would no more debar her the privilege of writing, than that of worshipping Him who has endowed her with the power she wields. Let the woman of genius discharge her high mission; let her continue to proclaim how glorious is virtue, and to scatter flowers in the way to knowledge: but"—and he relapsed into his customary tone of pleasantry-" I hope to be pardoned if I again intimate a fear, that she who can thrill a phalanx of mind with a stroke of her pen, and wear, at will, the wreath of fame, will see little to gratify her taste in an unembellished programme of To such a woman, I would cheerfully accord the domestic life. place of honor that is her due, and my own highest tribute of esteem and admiration; but would lay my heart's wealth at the feet of one who, while enriching society from the stores of a cultivated intellect and expansive sympathies, dispenses her brightest, holiest influence, in woman's true sphere, 'sweet home.'"

A scarcely audible sigh was Caroline's only response to this emphatic expose of her lover's opinions; and the Colonel, on taking leave soon after, wondered at the deepened pensiveness of her countenance.

Three weeks afterward, the same company met by particular

invitation, at Mrs. Field's. In the course of the evening, when several ordinary topics of conversation had been successively proposed, discussed and dismissed, our acquaintance, Edward Barton, introduced another, which had already, more than once, been canvassed in the same circle—the authorship of "Grace Murray."

"I am anticipating the next number of our magazine with some impatience," he said; "I am curious to see if the half made promise about the portrait will be performed."

"I am glad to be able to gratify your curiosity," said Mrs. Field. "I embraced an opportunity of sending to P——, yesterday, and procured the number that is not yet in circulation. I will bring it to you:" and she left the room to find it.

"Have you finished your cuffs, Carrie?" asked Mary Hanford, as she saw her cousin folding her needle-work, and disposing it in her reticule.

"Not quite, but I recollect that the collar you wish so much to wear to-morrow, and some other preparations for our excursion, are not completed. I think I had better go home now."

Mary, though on the whole an amiable girl, had accustomed herself to depend in such matters on her cousin, and really saw no impropriety in Caroline's withdrawing an hour or two earlier than usual. Miss Colden rose, and, notwithstanding the polite remonstrances of the company, was taking her leave, when she was met at the door by Mrs. Field, with the magazine in her hand.

"My dear Miss Colden, you surely are not going so early."

"I have two or three reasons for doing so, and beg you will excuse me."

"I shall do no such thing. The evening is not half spent, and I expect a singular treat in these pages. You must stay and enjoy it with us."

"But I really wish to go. I entreat you to permit me."

"And I really wish you not to go—and entreat you to be seated again. You would spoil the effect of my plan, entirely," she persisted, in a lower tone, "by leaving now. I can on no account agree to it."

Miss Colden submitted to be led to the chair which she had left; but with such visible reluctance, that those who remarked it, thought the determined civility of their hostess gave her friend more pain than pleasure. Mrs. Field gave the magazine into

Horace's hand. His first movement was to glance at the list of embellishments. "Portrait of the Author of Grace Murray" stood conspicuously at their head. He turned over the leaves hastily.

"A lady!" he exclaimed, in a tone of disappointment: which emotion, however, seemed immediately to give place to wonder. "What?" he continued—"Whom does she resemble? No.—It cannot possibly be! And yet it certainly is!" a look of astonishment verging closely on the ludicrous, he resigned the book to a lady who sat next him; and who, after corresponding manifestations—first of surprise, then of incredulity, and lastly of irresistible conviction, in her turn relinquished it to her nearest neighbor. The curiosity of all present was completely awakened: all were eager to obtain a glimpse of what was creating such strange surprise—yet nearly all had secured that glimpse before a sentence was uttered, sufficiently definite to signify the source of its speaker's emotions. At length, the pamphlet was placed before Colonel Tyng, and many eyes were turned on him, with observant scrutiny, as he received it. He regarded the portrait intently, for several moments, and passed it into other hands without pronouncing a syllable, or so far raising his eyes as to allow their expression to be even guessed.

All in the room had now seen the picture, and recognized it as that of one whom they knew and esteemed, and who sat, even then, in their midst; for none could mistake that noble, though strictly feminine head, those characteristic lineaments, and deepfringed, eloquent eyes. Yet no one spoke: each seemed looking to his neighbor to suggest some fitting method of expressing the general feeling. The scene was becoming very uncomfortable to one individual, and very awkward to all, when Col. Tyng, as if just recollecting where he was, and in what circumstances, suddenly asked—

"Have we nothing to say? Is silence a becoming demonstration of our sense of the distinction that must accrue to our circle, from the disclosure that has found its way to us through the medium of this engraving? The world-lauded authoress is one of ourselves! To us is allotted an opportunity of tendering the first leaves of those laurels, which have been brightening, during many months, for her acceptance. Speaking, I have no doubt, our united voice, I proffer our common tribute. Will she who has

so many times ministered to our best and highest perceptions, receive, from my hand, this miniature memorial of our thanks and our approbation?"

He had, while speaking, disengaged a knot of evergreens from a fruit-basket which they had been employed to decorate, and now, in his own inimitable manner, approached, and presented them to-Miss Caroline Colden! It had been impossible, when Col. Tyng commenced speaking, to decide whether irony or compliment might be inferred from what he said; but, as he proceeded, his voice assumed a more earnest and more agreeable cadence; and when he closed, it would have been severe, indeed, to challenge the sincerity of his words or of his action. Miss Colden, at first, appeared desirous to shrink within the chair on which she sat, but rallied herself with visible effort, and, by degrees, regained almost her wonted placidity. Her cheek had paled under the doubtful tenor of the Colonel's first words, but warmed again into more than its native bloom, as he concluded. Rising from her seat, she confronted him with a dignity equal to his own, but so womanly in its unabated modesty, that none-even those most prone to censure, could accuse her of departing from the golden standard of her sex. She mildly, but decidedly, repulsed the significant bouquet which he proffered, and replied to his address-

"I have not coveted fame,—I do not ask to be decked with its symbols. I have written because I found pleasure in doing so; my toil has ever wrought its own reward, and the commendations which so many of those whose friendship has, of late, shed light on my life, have so flatteringly bestowed on my poor efforts, satisfies my most soaring ambition. I would, willingly, have avoided so public a revelation of my secret—so marked a display of myself; but it was the wish of one to whose counsels I am often indebted, and I lent myself to her plan, though dreading its denouement."

She paused, and glanced hesitatingly at Mrs. Field. "Go on," said that lady's encouraging smile, and Miss Colden proceeded.

"In concealing my literary practices, I acted, simply, from a dislike to becoming an object of general remark, and, of course, of general criticism also. I always purposed to declare the truth, in due time, to every one on whom circumstances might have conferred a right to know it. I anticipated—foolishly, perhaps—but

I did anticipate imparting an agreeable surprise by the communication. I have, lately, been made aware of the existence of opinions which would have defeated my hope of giving pleasure. The knowledge of these opinions has shewn me what I ought to do. Though as much averse as ever to publicity, I feel constrained to acknowledge the crime of authorship. I cannot, if I would, recal what I have done; I cannot fetter my soul by promising to write no more; but I can, and do pronounce all contracts to which I am a party, and which affect the freedom of one who deprecates the course on which I have entered, 'null and void,' from this moment, as far as word of mine can so render them. I esteem 'the harmony of domestic life' too sacred to be lightly risked; and would not, wilfully, dim the brightness of a fireside, by casting an incongruous shadow on its hearth."

She resumed her seat, and again, for some moments, "silence prevailed."

"Miss Colden cannot, I am confident," at length began Colonel Tyng, "suspect that sentiments, adduced by way of supporting a half playful argument, bore any reference to a subject of which I was profoundly ignorant; neither, as I hope, will she decide that an inadvertent disclosure of those sentiments should be punished as a willful offence."

"I have received no offence," replied Caroline, "nor would I presume to punish. But, sir, to know that you hold such opinions, is to know that our engagement, if persisted in, so far from insuring our happiness, would make us fast in most undesirable thraldom. But the present is scarcely a proper time or place, for such discussion. It is important that I return home immediately, and I leave the task of more complete explanation to one on whose generous friendship I rely with entire confidence."

Miss Colden withdrew, accompanied by her cousins, but not, as usual, by Col. Tyng. Her manner had plainly signified her wish that he should remain, and he did so. Mrs. Field, in accordance with Caroline's intimation, related to her visiters a tissue of circumstances which had led to the scenes of the evening. We shall make no effort to record her precise words, but endeavor to give our reader the substance of her recital in our own way.

We have, already, described the isolated position, and weary mental bondage into which Miss Colden sank, during the first months of her residence in Mr. Hanford's family. A mind such as hers, though it may be paralyzed, for a time, by irresistible grief, cannot long remain inactive. Her reviving powers demanded their wonted exercise—how should she direct them? With the family, she employed herself as at first, in assisting Mrs. Hanford in the management of her house affairs, or the girls in the weighty affairs of dress: but in the solitude of her own apartment, her pent up thoughts struggled like caged birds for freedom; utterance they must have, and she had recourse to her pen. Writing, resorted to merely as the natural release of a burthened soul, soon became a source of untold enjoyment. Through it and her books. she once more held converse with kindred minds. The loved ones of happier days were again around her, in the thousand memories which now, permitted to emerge from their long thraldom, "rushed o'er her spirit in their whelming force." These priceless themes, her long repressed thoughts, and others, to which coincident circumstances every day gave rise, were poured out, in her loneliness, with the glad energy with which an escaped bird may be supposed to carol forth its first song of joy. But her regained vivacity was manifest to herself alone. Silence had become habitual to her; the family, accustomed to her taciturnity, and looking on her as we have described, never, by any appeal, encouraged her to speak, except on thoroughly common-place Once or twice she ventured to give utterance to an idea above the standard which they had ascribed to her, but the look of wonder with which her essay was received, sufficed as an effectual check to all further advances on her part

The employment of her pen dissipated, as I have said, the gloom of her sorrow, and supplied, in some measure, the want of intimate companionship. Yet there were moments when a natural yearning to reciprocate thought with other human beings, stole over her; moments when, but for the higher sentiment of resignation to the will of Heaven, all her resolution would have failed under a sense of utter desolation. But she drew near to the throne of the All Merciful, and the orphan's God was her friend. The practice of writing gave method to her thoughts, and correctness to her expression; but the idea of improving others, as well as herself, by this delightful recreation, had never, as yet, occurred to her. She was one day looking through one of the popular

periodicals of the year, when she observed, on its cover, an invitation to writers to offer stories on specified subjects, in competition for certain prizes, to be paid for those which should be pronounced This advertisement would probably have received very cursary notice from Caroline, but, in glancing her eye over the list of subjects proposed, it lighted on the term—Self-reliance. happened that she had committed to paper, during the last few days, a chain of incidents to which, as a whole, this title would be very appropriate. An idea, dim at first and ill-defined, peeped up in her brain; with her habitual diffidence, she tried to repel it. but, like other obtruders, it returned, stronger for having met with resistance. Suffice it, she yielded, at length, to the impulse thus insinuated, prepared and forwarded her story to Messrs. ----, Publishers of the —, and, with surprise amounting nearly to consternation, learned, in due season, that it had been adjudged worthy of the highest premium.

From that time, "a change came o'er the spirit of her dream." She continued to write, and to be accepted, approved, admired.— Her productions attracted the attention of readers by a piquancy of style, and a pervading vein of original and unique sentiment. which often provoked the cavilling of critics, but addressed itself to the heart of every lover of the just, the refined, and the beauti-Still she concealed her adventure and her success, from every one but those to whom they must be revealed. was, perhaps, natural to her, and had now become an established feature of her character. Besides, she had not written for fame. but for relief, for improvement, for pleasure, and substantial enjoyment had she found therein. She listened, it is true, with secret delight, to the encomiums of others on her works-particularly those of her half scornful cousins. She believed that many of their praises would be retracted, could they obtain the most distant hint of the source whence emanated those sublime and classic sentences; but she saw that, without this knowledge, they appreciated her through these emanations, at something like her value. The world, too, through the same charmed medium, knew and esteemed her. She was modest and sensitive, almost to weakness: she believed her personal appearance insignificant, and her bearing ill adapted to the laurels whose bright leaves were so rapidly growing: she shrunk, therefore, from every approach toward discovery.

CHAPTER IV.

"Searchings after truth that have tracked her secret bodes,
And come up again to the surface world, with a knowledge grounded deeper."

"The part which my cousin assumed," continued Mrs. Field. in our first discussion of the beauties of her favorite performance— "the seeming magnanimity of his sentiments awoke her gratitude. and prepared her for the admission of other emotions, which he might never otherwise, have been able to inspire. Her disappointment at hearing him, on a more recent occasion, give utterance to stale prejudices, totally unworthy of the nobler theories which had won her esteem, was great in proportion as her feelings are intense. Her affection was wounded-her confidence disturbed-her hopes crushed. She could not at first decide what to do -she felt incapable of any resolute step. But time brought calmness to reflect, and strength to determine. Her first resolve was to release my cousin from bands which, she was sure, would be irksome to him, if he knew the truth. That truth, however, she was still unwilling to declare: and her reluctance in this particular delayed the performance of her purpose.

"Accident gave me an intimation of her well kept secret, and furnished, at the same time, a solution to many incidents of behaviour, which I had before found it difficult to understand. puzzling embarrassment while listening to the emphatic harangue with which Col. Tyng favored us, two or three weeks since, on the subject of womanly talent, was no longer inexplicable: and the source of her subsequent dejection was, also, easily defined. One day, when we were alone together, I hinted my discovery, and the thoughts to which it had given rise. She frankly and modestly admitted the truth of my suspicions, and spoke freely of her proceedings, their results, and her present perplexity. An opportunity of opening her heart, and permitting its load of disappointments and anxieties to flow, without restraint, into a symnathizing bosom, was the very relief her soul had craved. own heart bled as she rehearsed her trials. I entered warmly into her schemes of future conduct, for I heartily approved them. On one point only we differed—her disposition to preserve her secret yet longer. Her dread of notoriety prevailed, even, over her consciousness of the injustice that she would do my cousin, in dis-

carding him without imparting her real reason for doing so. But, I knew that protracted concealment was no longer possible. same circumstance which had revealed it to me, would soon make it known to others. I urged her to shake off her timidity, and accept the celebrity to which she was justly entitled. I questioned her concerning the portrait that was hinted it in our last magazine, and she confessed that she had been asked for one, but had decidedly refused to comply with the request. I insisted that she should do so: it appeared to me the most graceful and least troublesome method of emerging from her incognito, that she could possibly resort to. I had, lately, secured a daguereotype of her features—an excellent likeness—and proposed sending that to the publishers. She remonstrated, but I was resolute, and acted promptly on the impulse. I next cast about for a becoming manner of communicating with our immediate circle; the plan of procuring the all-important number of the magazine, directly it issued from the press, and bringing our friends together as I have done to night, suggested itself, and I arranged accordingly. Miss Colden shrank, nervously, from the idea of a scene in which she must become so conspicuous; but, in my view, Col. Tyng deserved one, and I resolved that he should have it. He had boldly and openly proclaimed his notions, and they merited a chance for open reaction. It has cost me much labor, to inspire Caroline with courage enough to act well her part in my drama. Her spirits fell, as you saw at the precise moment when they should have been at zenith; but, on the whole, she sustained herself I am delighted with the success of my manœuvres, and commend myself for having managed so well. It will require, I am afraid, quite as much address, on the part of Col. Tyng, to reinstate himself in his former position—if he wish to do so, which of course I do not know."

"You are severe," replied her cousin, "and, perhaps, I have deserved it, though all unconscious of what I did. I had made the prejudices of others my own, without due inquiry into their truth or falsehood. With regard to your last remark—I may see that I have adopted mistaken notions, as you call them; or I may find my heart so irremediably enslaved as to be insensible to her chains, or bid defiance to danger. In either result, I shall, assuredly, try to regain my lost footing; whether success or failure crown my efforts, must rest with the future."

Next day, after a two hours' conference with Miss Colden, the purport of which can only be inferred from subsequent events, Col. Tyng left town. In the course of a week, Mrs. Field received a letter, informing her that he was about to leave home on a tour, which would probably consume several months. "You will hear from me again," he wrote, "from ——, and other places which it is my purpose to visit." The months of which he had spoken passed away.

Miss Colden had borne the "shadows, clouds and darkness" of her lot unmurmuringly, though she had felt their baleful weight on her very heart of hearts. She now wore her well won and profusely awarded honors quietly, and without ostentation. There was no perceptible change in her demeanor, if we except an increased frankness and confidence towards those around her springing, as all could see, from a sense of being known and valued as kindred and equal with them. Her intimacy with Mrs. Field continued unabated. What effect the prolonged absence of Col. Tyng had on her tranquillity, could not easily be decided. never, voluntarily, pronounced his name, and when he was spoken of in her presence, appeared not to hear what was said. Had she became indifferent where she had so lately loved? Or, satisfied with celebrity, did her heart no longer crave affection? Reader, either supposition would wrong her greatly. She was not elated by fame, nor had she ceased to value respectful love. But she was calm in conscious rectitude of purpose, and left the issue of all her vicissitudes to Him who alone could control it. What hopes or fears agitated her at times, we cannot know, for she never revealed them.

And how had Col. Tyng improved those months which he had devoted to travel, and for aught that could be asserted to the contrary, to investigation also? Let him answer for himself.

"You ask me," he wrote to Mrs. Field, "if I still cherish 'the dogmatical whims' concerning which we quarreled, more than half a year since. You hint a belief that my 'pilgrimage is one of observation—its object, to establish or vanquish the arrogant gant and false creed' toward which you are so merciless.

"Believe me, cousin mine—your suspicions are correct only in part. My journey was undertaken with no other definite object, than to divert vexatious thoughts, and to revivify my mental and

physical nature, after the stunning collision in which you so adroitly assisted had thwarted my plans, and suspended my improvements. But travel brought me into contact with many varieties of human beings, and my observant faculties naturally directed themselves, with greatest avidity, toward that class which I had lately been called to regard with particular interest: you will understand me to mean women of letters. My knowledge of them had, hitherto, been very limited. The few whom I had met, had neither inspired me with very exalted ideas of their qualities as individuals, nor incited me to seek a more extended acquaintance with the genus. On throwing myself, again, into the whirlpool of society, as it exists in our large cities, I again encountered specimens of that class which I had mentally—you will say, openly proscribed; proscribed, that is, as heads of families, etc. I freely confess, what you will as readily believe, that, this time, I have not neglected opportunities of knowing them better-of seeing them in their home life, as well as in society. My observations have not, perhaps, led me to any unalterable conclusions, but they have shewn me that the home character of an authoress is as much controlled-nay, created-by circumstances, as that of any other person. Among women who have attained distinction in the ranks of literature, I have seen those who often write when they would joyfully be doing something else; write, when 'the soul is sad, the wing (of fancy) is weary;' write, because the pecuniary profit arising therefrom is important to those whom they love.— Some of them have families whom they must support, or aid in supporting; some have parents, or other relations, whom they must assist in providing with the means of comfortable subsistence.

"We do not blame the sempstress for a partial carelessness on the minor points of housekeeping, when we reflect that she has to toil the greater part of the day, and often encroach on the night, also, to earn the pittance without which she cannot procure, for herself or others, needful food, clothing, or shelter. Why should we censure the authoress for a like neglect, induced by like necessity?

"That there have been, and are, women eminent in the world of letters, whose qualities as 'mothers, daughters, sisters, friends, or —wives,' none can applaud may not be disputed; but is it just to affirm that in them, we see the entire family to which they belong?

Would such an affirmation with respect to individuals of all other professions, be accepted by the world? We well know that it would not—and why should one class of valuable and efficient laborers in the broad field of human advancement, be stamped with peculiar and injurious reproach? I fancy you smiling at my zeal in a cause that I so lately regarded with indifference, if not with disapprobation. I submit myself to your laughter, notwith-standing which, I am confident of your pronouncing my reformed opinions better grounded, and more worthy 'a liberal and sagacious man,' as you are pleased to say you once thought me, than those you so unsparingly condemned."

The Colonel's next letter to his cousin announced that he was journeying homeward; and, as the route he was taking lay directly through N——, he might, possibly, find it expedient to tarry a few days in that town.

One more phase in the life of our heroine, and we have done. Let our readers imagine themselves, once more, in Mrs. Hanford's tasteful rooms, and forming part of a carefully selected coterie, who are there assembled. A marriage ceremony has been enacted within the last few hours, and the solemnity of that service seems yet to linger in the aspect of the wedded pair. Our friend Horace appears making an effort to disturb the bridegroom's serenity. Hear what he says.

"I am amazed, Colonel, at your so tranquilly taking so hazardous a step. I tremble for the harmony of your future life."

Col. Tyng—(smiling.) "The secret of my tranquillity is, a thorough confidence that I have insured the harmony of which you speak."

HORACE.—"With what enviable ease some persons glide into new conclusions. Pray, sir, favor the listening company with an explanation of your last."

Col. Tyng.—"Willingly; it will be but fair, since they are all well acquainted with my former uncharitable theories. The truth is, I have, within the past year, suffered myself to see where before I was wilfully blind; to be assured of facts which I would once have cavilled with, as wanting satisfactory proof. I have seen with my own eyes, women who are distinguished alike for literary abilities and for practical usefulness; women whose written thoughts have shed a benign light on the pages of history and

poetry, and whose fireside virtues are 'far above rubies' in value. I am convinced that I was as unfair in arguing that literary talent in woman, however admirable in some of its bearings, is inimical to the exercise of other useful attributes, as I should have been in making a corresponding assertion with reference to authors of our own sex; many of whom, as we know, engage, and successfully. in pursuits entirely distinct from the profession of letters."

HORACE.—"I admit that what you say is probable; or, rather, I cannot prove that it is not so; but, sir—pardon me—but I cannot help fancying that your wishes have assisted your judgment, in arriving at that conviction."

Col. Tyng.—"I was, certainly, willing to be convinced; still, I am convinced. I firmly believe what I have now said. Mind, I make no sweeping assertions. I do not say that every woman who can write well, is an example of every other valuable qualification—I only say that many are such examples; and that literary tastes and habits, restricted within becoming limits, do not, necessarily, create a disrelish for household cares and employments."

CAROLINE.—"You appear to lose sight of one certainty which, to me, seems worthy a place in your consideration."

Col. Tyng.—"I will receive instruction gladly,—what have I forgotten?"

CAROLINE.—" Merely this. A woman of correct views and feelings, if not impelled by necessity to persevere in the labors of the pen, will cheerfully suspend that or any other cherished pursuit, when conscious that the interest or the happiness of her family and friends is impeded thereby."

HORACE.—" And so you think of resigning the pen, and wielding only the needle and the broom! Well resolved, my cousin—your husband may now look on the future with hope."

CAROLINE.—"I have made no promise of such resignation, and he has taken me 'for better or for worse.' But, whenever I see that I ought to relinquish, either permanently or for a time, a practice that I have found so precious—I trust never to shrink from a visible duty."

I believe that my friend Caroline has never felt constrained to act according to her last rigid suggestion, but still, occasionally, contributes a page to the literature of the day in which she lives.

THE MAIDEN'S SONG.

BY HELEN IRVING.

That Summer's feet are on the hills,
Her joy is flushing all the heaven,
And sparkling from a thousand rills.

They say the grass is moist and green, And king-cups golden all the dell, And swings amid its templing leaves The silent, silver lily-bell.

My feet are on the upland path,
The morning light around me lies—
But can I deem the Summer here
Without the sunshine of thine eyes !

The light leaf-shadows gaily dance,
But not as when in morns ago
They wavered on thine upturned brow,
And died amid thy locks' dark flow.

The murmuring pine the South wind stirs,
In mockery sounds the olden tone
That filled the pauses of thy voice,
When love's low utterance claimed mine own.

And what are all the wilding flowers

To those once twined about my hair—

The withered buds thy lips have pressed

Bloom in my memory thrice as fair!

The oriole's music harshly jars
The song, that soft, with folded wings,
The nightingale within my heart
Through all this night of absence sings.

Within my heart! The light and bloom A score of morns like this may wear, Were pale as days of dawning Spring Before the tropic Summer there—

Where dreamy airs Hope's blossoms stir, And Memory's golden fruit disclose, While folding all its waiting world Thy love like tropic moonlight glows!

MENTAL IMPRESSIONS IMPERISHABLE.

BY REV. CARLOS SMITH.

If it be a fact that no impression made upon the human mind is ever entirely and forever effaced, it affords strong presumptive inference of a future state of existence; and for this plain reason, that we cannot conceive of any adequate end the memory answers in this present life. That nothing is made in vain, is no more a principle in religion than in philosophy. If the structure of the human mind is such, that every image it entertains is stored up and never parted with, it certainly seems to contemplate a purpose never realized in this world; and refers us therefore to another. For certainly most men must be conscious that the great balance of their mental impressions are not recalled in the present life; and if death be the end of their being, that great store of impressions is utterly lost, and the memory that obliged the mind to lay them up, falls to the ground void. They certainly look like a material to be used hereafter.

Now men often come upon facts which indicate that mental impressions are absolutely imperishable. The power of recalling them is for the present often lost. The impressions are there, and need nothing but the suitable exciting cause, to call them up in their original freshness. Delirium has often so stimulated the brain, as to call up before the mind's eye, the long-forgotten thoughts and feelings and images of childhood; and sometimes the subject has repeated entire discourses heard many years before. One such individual, an English servant-girl, often repeated in her delirium long passages from Greek authors with entire correctness, having never studied the languages; because many years before she had heard her employer, a learned man, often reading them aloud walking in his hall. Instances have been known, in which a public man, overpowered with fatigue and the loss of sleep, while dictating to an amanuensis, would fall asleep for the few moments the writer was recording his sentence, and in those moments have recalled to his mind's eye, the entire body of events and impressions for many past years. Many individuals have known the complicated mental images of years, to flash

through the soul in a moment. A man falling from a building has been conscious, during the moment of his fall, of all the occurrences of his past life being spread out before him as though painted upon canvass. Every day, all are coming upon occurrences that serve as exciting causes to recall impressions, of the existence of which the mind had lost all consciousness for many years.

Sir Astley Cooper relates the case of a sailor received at St. Thomas' Hospital, in a state of stupor from an injury in the head, which had continued for some months. All operation so far relieved the brain as that he spoke, but in the Welsh language.— On inquiry it was found that this was his native tongue; though he had not used it for more than thirty years, and had entirely forgotten it. Now he could speak no other. On his recovery he again forgot his Welsh, and recovered the English.

Dr. Rush mentions an Italian who, at the beginning of an illness, spoke English; during its progress, French; upon the day of his death, he could understand nothing but Italian.

Dr. Abercrombie tells of a child, four years old, who was trepanned, in a profound stupor caused by fracture of the skull.—Upon his recovery, he had no notion whatever of the accident or the operation. But eleven years afterwards, in an attack of delirium, he gave his mother an exact account of the operation, the persons present, their dress, and many other minute particulars.

A distinguished officer in the English navy, a correspondent of the London Christian Observer, once fell into the water and came near drowning. From the moment of suffocation and the ceasing of exertion, the activity of his mind was excited to a degree beyond all description. Visions of the past ran through his mind with a rapidity to others inconceivable. "The events of former cruises," says he; "a shipwreck; my school-boy days; my earliest pursuits; all came up—not in mere outline as I state them, but the picture filled out with every minute event. My whole life was placed before me, as though in a panorama.—Myriads of trifling affairs long forgotten, crowded into the mind as recent occurrences. The length of time my mind was deluged with these images of the past, could not have been over two minutes."

A religious paper published in Richmond, Va., stated not long since, that a gentleman well known to the editor, held a bond

against his neighbor for several hundred dollars, having some time to run. When it was due, he could not remember where he had put it. His neighbor not only refused to pay it, but denied that he owed him, and charged him with fraud; and he could not help himself. Several years after, in James' River, he came near being drowned. He lost all consciousness. Upon being taken home, his first act, upon the return of consciousness and strength, was to go to his book-case, take down and open a book, and hand to a friend present his long lost bond. He said that after suffocation, there stood out before him as in a picture, all the acts of his life; and among them, the act of his putting the bond in that book.

I remember a case adduced by a writer a few years ago, in Blackwood's Magazine. It was that of a lady personally known to the writer, and told him by herself, who, in her youth, came near drowning. He speaks of her as utterly incapable of deceiving. How long she was in the water before being rescued, cannot be known. But it was long enough to allow her to descend as far into the abyss of death, as any probably may and return. At a certain stage of this descent, a blow seemed to strike her. A phosphoric shining sprung from her eye-balls; and immediately a mighty theatre seemed to open within her brain; and there, in a moment, was arrayed before her every act of her being; every desire of her past life; every thought; every feeling; every impression ever made upon her soul. She could not tell how she knew, but she knew all was there; nothing lacking, and not as a succession, one after another, but as parts of one coexistence: a panoramic view, minute, complete, of all the events and thoughts and feelings which had ever made an impression upon her mind. She knew that she was reviewing her whole life. The publication of this was withheld at the time, because the public, not familiar with such mental phenomena, would scarce have believed it. But the writer said that afterward, other experiences essentially the same, were reported by those who had no knowledge of each other, who, at the moment of some great personal convulsion, had themselves experienced this resurrection of feelings and thoughts, that had long lain buried in the dust of forgetfulness. Suddenly, at the command of an unseen power, this pall of forgetfulness is raised, and the secrets of the soul, her long forgotten

impressions, are all revealed, sharp and distinct, as when their events made them. The writer most strikingly illustrates this imperishability of mental impressions, by the case of ancient parchments that had undergone the process of palimpsestry, by which one record they had received was chemically erased, that they might receive another. This process went on, until the same vellum had received many different records. Modern chemistry has shown, that it still retains every impression ever made upon it. The chemist retraces and reverses the process of obliteration, and shows again, in an inverse order, every inscription, every impression, not lost, but only concealed. So with the mind. One period after another of life, covers its surface with its layer of ideas, feelings, and images; each seeming to bury those that preceded. But none of them are lost. They wait only their exciting cause, to come forth again in their original freshness. And since this imperishableness of mental impressions is connected with no discoverable adequate end in this life, it is as natural to infer that it is connected with an end not reached in this life, as that the paper, with its surface apparently blank, while yet it has received inscriptions in sympathetic ink, is connected with an end unto which it has not yet come.

FAREWELL.

BY PARK MOODY.

FAREWELL! may future life to thee, Unclouded by a sunless hour, Be like that clime beyond the sea, Where roses in December flower.

Farewell! there's nought of good below, In earth or sky, on land or sea, But what, if wishes can bestow, Will soon and surely follow thee.

SABBATH AMONG THE ALPS.

BY ELIZABETH G. BARBER.

'Mid Alpine heights, where blushing dawn
Has touched their crests with rosy glow,
And the warm rays of summer morn,
Float down and fill the vales below.
Where myriad harmonies are heard,
The breezes sweeping o'er the hills,
The morning carol of the bird,
The silver sound of sparkling rills.

Then floating from the heights afar,
Whose base is clothed in summer's green,
Where in the sunlight, like a star,
The chapel's tiny spire is seen:
The bell's sweet voice, in distance dim,
Steals downward, like a seraph lay—
The silver echo of the hymn
Of angels singing—"Come away!"

And calmly to the smiling sky,
The Alps lift up their brow of white,
A band of watchers, pure and high,
Arrayed in robes of living light.
And on their hoary tops a crown,
Where beams of heaven's own glory glow,
Like angels, calmly looking down,
And smiling on the earth below.

Soon as the bell's sweet tones invite,
Forth comes the hardy mountaineer,
With Sabbath garb, and footstep light,
And all his household gathered here—
He clambers up the rugged way,
His father's feet of old have trod,
To meet in earthly courts, this day,
And bow before his father's God.

And as he climbs his path along,
How Nature every sense beguiles!
The very air is full of song,
The very earth is bright with smiles.
And warm and clear, far, far above,
O'er hill, and vale, and waterfall,
Smiling in beauty and in love,
The summer sky lies over all.

How sweet to go, amid the hills,
To keep this day to worship given,
When every breath the spirit thrills,
And every step draws nearer Heaven.
The hills! the glorious—the free!
On earth, oh God! thy fitting shrine,
How must the full heart bow to thee,
Amid the hills, whose strength is thine!

New Haven.

A BATTLE PICTURE.

BY J. M. FLETCHER.

THE SMOKE OF battle roll'd away, The victory was glorious; Around the dead and dying lay Of vanquish'd and victorious.

And many a lip, had ashen grown,
Which rang the shout imperious,
And dim full many an eye that shone
Defiant and delirious.

The moon uprose with silver light,
And silence, overpowering,
Behind the clouds that curtained night
With fringes dark and lowering.

And fainting in death's chill embrace,
With soldier-like endurance,
One after one sank down apace
In kindly hope's assurance.

But one who saw the sun uprise,
And met the foeman daringly,
Now turned above his eager eyes
On one lone star despairingly—

Which o'er his home, remaining true, Begemm'd the night-sky cheeringly, Recalling one bright vision to His dying thoughts endearingly.

And slowly as the waning flame
Of life hung low and trembling,
He breath'd that dear remember'd name,
In accents undissembling.

And while it woke the zephyr's sigh, In gently swells harmonious, That form itself was standing by With sobbing heart symphonious.

And there in hope's long last eclipse,
With eyes upraised imploringly,
She sank where late those dying lips
Her own name breath'd adoringly.

ELSIE GRAY—THE WANDERING CHILD.

BY GEORGE CANNING HILL.

CHAPTER I.

A LOWERING sky, and the muttering of very distant thunder, rolling in their continued reverberations on the surprised ear, betokened the near approach of a storm.

It was at the sunset hour of a day in spring, and a man, somewhat roughly clad, was pacing thoughtfully before an humble cabin, situated not far from the beach in one of the desolate looking places on the coast of New England, while ever and anon he lifted his eyes to the horizon from the ground, and anxiously scanned the hurried marshalling of the clouds. Save the indistinct growlings of the thunder, no sound was audible. Occasionally, however, a slight gust of wind, already laden with abundant prognostications of the storm that was coming on, dashed itself full in the face of the solitary man, when he would draw his rough coat-sleeve across the same, and without a word wipe away the damp that had been deposited there.

Presently the huge, black heads and crests of the clouds began to crowd themselves upwards from the horizon, and, driven on by the rising wind, wheel and marshal themselves, as if in the array of battle, across the whole of the western sky. Then they began to come upward and onward, each moment gathering increased force and blackness, until the threatening van had rested themselves at the zenith. Here for a brief moment they halted, and the thundering legions in the distant rear began to come up to the contest which the whole body of ærial assailants was about to wage.

"It rains!" exclaimed the solitary individual, pausing to wipe the few big drops from his face that had begun to exude from the pressure of the gathering clouds.

Just at that moment, a heavy burst of thunder startled him from the dreamy repose into which his mind was sinking, and he cast his eyes comprehensively over the whole sky, as if to divine at a single steady look the character of the weather that should prevail for the night.

"There'll be a bad night for somebody, to-night," said he, continuing his moderate pacing, and moving nearer toward his house. "I never yet see them black heads comin' that way, and comin' so thick and fast, too, without thinkin' of the poor fellers on the water. But yet, I hope every thing 'll happen right for 'em; for a braver, truer set o' men than sailors be, ain't no where to be found, whether on the land or the water;" and with these words of unaffected sympathy on his lips, he suddenly placed his hand on the latch of the rude door to his homely cabin and entered.

"A storm, Sarah," said he, addressing a middle-aged looking person, who sat by the corner of the fire-place, leisurely engaged in blowing out the blue-and-white wreaths of tobacco smoke from her mouth, and watching the truly fantastic groupings which they made above her head.

"I thort I heerd thunder," replied she, clapping her pipe back into her mouth, and clutching it tightly between her teeth as she spoke.

"Yes, and it rains, too."

"Does it, really? Is the wind comin' up?"

"The wind's full o' rain, a'ready," answered he: "I come in because I could'nt well see nothin' out door, and the big drops begin to fall a leetle too thick. I should'nt wonder if we had a tedious night on't, Sarah."

"God save the sailors, then!" ejaculated she, with evident fervor and sincerity.

"Yes, and all that's off the coast to-night!" repeated he, with an increased warmth of expression.

The room in which sat this very worthy couple, was exceedingly low and confined; in truth, it would better have answered to the description of a cabin, than any other building with which we are familiar. The fire-place was high, and broad, and deep; even from down the throat of the capacious chimney came, when the sun shone, the golden sheen from his unclouded disc; thus admitting light, while it likewise answered a purpose more immediately useful in carrying away the smoke from their fire.

In the centre of the room stood an old-fashioned table, whose surface already exhibited numerous evidences of having performed service for more than one generation, while not far from its edge stood a slim, tall hour-glass, whose browned sands were but slowly melting from the one of its chronicling compartments into the other. A couple of time-stained, weather-worn tarpaulins hung over the mantle, ready at any moment to do the service of him who had used them already so often.

There was a comfortable looking, and really quite inviting bed in the farther corner, at whose head was placed a small stand, whereon lay the family bible. This was all that one would have wished to see in that humble house—all that needed to have been seen, to assure the beholder that they whose roof-tree that was, were believers in the power and mercy of a Providence whom no human councils can turn or delay.

"It comes sudden!" exclaimed David—for such was his name—as a fearfully wild gust sent itself down the broad chimney, driving out the smoke from the fire into the room where they sat.

"Yes, it'll be sure to overtake some of the coasters," added his wife.

"Heaven help'em, then!" said he. "Hark! did you hear that?"
"Thunder," responded his wife.

But the word had scarcely passed her lips, when a vivid, streaming flash lit up the whole cabin, and an instantaneous peal start led them from their very seats.

Then commenced the loud and melancholy wailing of the winds, sweeping like mad all about the frail tenement, careering without curb or restraint over the low, broad-stretching wastes that skirted the sea, and then driving tempestuously on to meet the long and tossing surges, as they came tumbling in from the ocean.

For fully an hour, and possibly it was more, old David and his good wife Sarah sat together in their humble cabin, listening in a silence that was almost unbroken to the increasing rage of the elements without, and inwardly thanking God that their lot that night was not upon the waters. It was an hour of profit to the hearts of both; for they were *driven*, even had they not been so inclined, to lend their thoughts to such subjects as the fearful circumstances around them suggested.

Their silence had been long uninterrupted, when the echo of a distant thunder-peal reached their ears.

"Was that thunder?" asked Sarah.

"No, it did'nt sound like thunder," was his response.

"Hark! I hear it again!" said she.

"Yes, there it comes again! I will go to the door!" and with these words, he stepped across the room to the door.

"Mercy! It's a vessel in distress!" exclaimed he, as soon as he had reached the door, and another report followed the quick flash of light, which, even on that dark night, his practised eye could trace. "It's a vessel in the offing! But there's no help for her from here! No boat could live long in the surge that's rollin' in now!"

"God help 'em!" kindly exclaimed his wife.

"If I can't get to 'em, I shall at least set up and watch for 'em to night," said he. "There's no knowin' what a good Providence may put it into our hands to do. So, Sarah, do you build up a warm fire, and get out all the blankets and dry clothes there is in the cabin, and get your warm drinks ready, and I'll keep a close look out on the beach yonder. I wish I could but get to the poor sufferers; but there's no mortal hope of that, sich a night as this is!"

So saying, he hastily turned his steps in doors again, and proceeded to lay on fresh and large logs of wood; after which, he took out from the depths of an old and capacious chest that stood at the foot of his bed, a thick and shaggy weather-jacket, which he commonly called his "sou'-wester." It shielded his person from the storms far below his middle, while its high and substantial collar abundantly screened his neck, and afforded a quite convenient support for his head. Clad in this, with one of his rustiest tarpaulins upon his head, he took his eager departure from the cabin, not forgetting first, however, to place in his hand the dark lantern that had been of so much use to him, on so many important occasions.

He walked rapidly down to the beach, and strained his vision to detect the size and character of the vessel whose signals of distress had fallen with such fearful accent on his ears. But he was able to see nothing out of the depth of that huge abyss of darkness that lay stretched out before him. The booming guns had ceased their melancholy sounds; and the huge waves still came thundering in, obedient as soldiers at "the tap of the huricane's thunder-drum," and laid their prostrate heads along the beach.

If any thing, the sky was blacker in its aspect than it had been before, thus setting completely at defiance all desire or hope of his to investigate the direction or the condition of the suffering vessel. He could see scarcely his own length before him; and when he thought himself most safe in his pacings to and fro upon the sand, he blundered into some embayed pool, or walked out upon some jutting sand point, where the mad waves beat and lashed his limbs most furiously.

For perhaps the twentieth time had he walked up and down the strand, his hopes at each turn brightening for the safety of the distressed vessel, when he suddenly stumbled upon some yielding substance that lay directly in his path, with a force that nearly threw him down.

"What's here?" exclaimed he, stooping down to examine the character of the obstruction.

Opening the screen of his lantern, he threw the rays of its light fully upon the object.

"My God! A child—it is, it is a child!" said he, in quite a frenzy, snatching it hastily up in his arms, and starting directly for his cabin. "Heaven grant I may do some good, on such a night as this!" continued he, still pushing onward, until he surprised his good wife Sarah at the door.

"Blankets! Blankets! Something warm! Be quick, or it may be too late!" were orders that flew from his lips, altogether more rapidly than it would be within our power to narrate it.

In a few moments, the child lay stretched out in warm and steaming blankets upon the bed of the honest-hearted fisherman. It was a girl. Life had not yet left her, for her pulses were slowly throbbing, though never so faintly, and the breath that escaped her nostrils still had power to stain the small fragment of a looking-glass that Sarah held up to her mouth for the purpose of trying the experiment.

Her hair was of auburn, long and dark; and its many wavy tresses were all bedraggled and intertwisted over her fair shoulders. She could not have been more than six or seven years of age, from appearances, and her features all bore the marks of refinement and youthful intelligence.

"She's an angel, come to us from heaven!" said the deeply excited wife, whose feelings were about equally divided between

joy at her husband's fortunate discovery, and sorrow at the sad calamity that she now knew had befallen the rest who were on board the vessel.

The fisherman made no reply to this remark of his wife, but immediately hurried out doors again to search for other objects of his fully awakened sympathy.

CHAPTER II.

Morning had dawned, and the sun shot his rays over the still dancing and rolling waves into the hut of the fisherman.

The interior of that hut presented a curious spectacle indeed. On the couch still lay the shipwrecked girl, as feeble as she was the night before, and altogether helpless; but her eyes were opened, and she shewed a slight return of color to her cheek. This alone was encouraging.

David had traversed the beach thoroughly in the immediate vicinity of his house, and even for some distance beyond, but no signs of a vessel, or its passengers and crew, any where met his eyes. He thought it remarkably strange, and tried satisfactorily to account for it by supposing that the wreck and the bodies had drifted, by a sudden change in the wind and waves, in another direction, far beyond his reach.

For days, they made no attempt to have the child gratify their curiosity by asking her the particulars of the disaster that had befallen her, because they feared her strength not sufficiently returned to question her; "and after all," said the kind-hearted fisherman to his wife, "after all, Sarah, I think we'd better say nothing at all to her about the matter; for 'twill only harrow her up agin, and we know enough about shipwrecks a'ready, without gettin' our information out o' sich a poor, young thing as this."—And accordingly it was agreed between them that the entire matter should rest just where it was. Perhaps, too, both were the more willing to come to this understanding, because they were already inspired with an affection for the child themselves, and dreaded the thoughts of any friends—if such she still had—finding her in her present asylum and removing her forever from them.

Day followed day, yet no tidings of any lost ship reached the fisherman's ears. No vessel could have been lost on that coast,

he thought. But then,—how came that young child there upon the beach?

The question vexed him, and he resolved not to try to answer it. He only hoped it would one day answer itself.

When the days began to grow longer and warmer, little Elsie—for such she had declared her name to be—loved to straggle off from the hut and wander by herself on the beach, where she would bare her little feet and hide them in the sand; and then, as a rolling wave came up and washed all the concealment suddenly away, laugh at the deception in which she delighted to indulge herself.

She skimmed almost as lightly and playfully along the beach as the small beach-birds she chased so eagerly; and when she suddenly came upon a little pool of sea-water, closely hemmed in on all sides by the unyielding sand, she lingered over it and smiled, and then innocently beckoned the smiling face she saw in its depth to come out and follow her upon the shore.

The shells she picked up in every direction, she gathered in little heaps, or employed to pave a mimic way from the water's edge back to some idle pool; and whenever a relentless, or a thoughtless, or a toying wave drove far inward, and washed all her pretty paving away, she looked at the desolation for a moment with every expression of childish grief, and then clapped her tiny hands together, and laughed till the ringing echoes were snatched up by the waves and borne far seaward.

The hearts of her newly found parents warmed with delight, at beholding the eagerness with which she entered upon the solitary sports the lone sea-shore afforded her; and they often exchanged congratulatory glances with each other, when they detected in her some new mark of progress, or some unexpected bond of endearment. She was a wonder to them, while they also looked upon her as a pure angel, freshly dropped out of heaven for their companionship and guidance.

An angel she surely was to them—sending pure thoughts into their honest hearts, elevating their never downcast faith, opening the deep well of their warmest affections, linking them to earth by holier ties, and shedding over their souls a ray of contentment in their humility, such as they surely had never known or felt before. Elsie was walking by the shore, one afternoon—it was already midsummer—watching the crests of the distant billows rising and breaking over each other, and baring her forehead and cheeks to the inspiring breaths of fresh air that fell upon them, when her attention was suddenly arrested by a person walking rapidly down the beach towards her. She paused in her slow walk to regard the actions of the stranger more attentively.

The person was a man, of perhaps middle age—though under, rather than over, that—clad in a truly respectable manner, and wearing an expression of high intelligence upon his countenance. He wore a broad-brimmed straw hat, that seemed to defend his face from the influence of the winds, and his hands were carefully protected from the same influence by linen gloves.

As soon as he saw that the child had observed him, he walked directly to her. When he came near enough to read her changing expression, he gave utterance to a few words of surprise, and said,

"Your name is Elsie?"

Little Elsie courtesied to him, by way of an affirmative answer, and blushed up to her very eyes.

- "Where are your father and mother?" enquired the stranger.
- "They are in the hut away yonder," she replied.
- "But they are not your parents, Elsie," pursued the stranger.
- "I know they were not once," 'said she; "but they are now, and they are very good to me, and have taught me to call them father and mother."
- "But don't you want to see your real father and mother?" interrogated he.

The child hesitated a moment to regard the matter, and then anxiously asked—

- "Do you know where my real father and mother are?"
- "Perhaps I could conduct you to them," answered he, evasively.
- "And will you?" asked she in all her childish innocence.

The man's point appeared to be gained. He therefore replied to her—

- "Come with me at once, and I will show you."
- "But David and Sarah —," protested Elsie, her thoughts still upon her benefactors.
- "Oh, they'll get along well enough alone! They've always lived alone. Come! When you have been restored to your friends,

perhaps you may go back and see them again, and make them presents."

The delighted girl's eyes sparkled with the idea he had thus invitingly proposed, and in another moment she had hold of the stranger's hand, and was being conducted away from the smooth beach which she and the tiny birds had so long haunted.

Night came on, and the full-orbed moon hung in the eastern sky. Her chaste rays shed a sweet effulgence over both land and water. The hushed waves just broke their sparkles in her light, that looked like diamonds profusely flung out of the deep of some crystal mine. There was a Spirit of Beauty upon every thing, albeit sadness shaded all with the spread of its raven wing.

Old David, the fisherman, had returned home to his hut from a two days' absence, and first of all he asked for his little Elsie. But Sarah was obliged to answer him by saying that she had not yet come in.

- "But it is night—long past sundown!" said he.
- "And I have walked down to the shore, and called loudly for her; but she has not answered me."
 - "Neither have you seen her?"
 - " No."
 - "Nor her tracks in the sand?"
- "Yes, I followed them a little way, and then—the tide had washed them all out."
 - "Good God!" exclaimed he, in agony-"she is lost!"
 - "Think you so, David?" asked his truly anxious wife.
- "She must be! Where can she have gone, pray? She may be washed far out to sea, this very minute!"
- "Heaven grant she is'nt!" exclaimed Sarah, a large, glistening tear rising to her eye, which she immediately raised her hand to brush away.

Instantly the almost dispirited fisherman hurried out at the door, without uttering another word. Directing his steps to the shore, he commenced walking its margin for long and lonely roods. Ever and anon, he called out loudly—"Elsie! Elsie!" but the sighing winds caught up the syllables, and wafted them away upon the surface of the sparkling water.

Backward again he pursued his way, still keeping up the call, and occasionally looking down at the water's edge to see if the

form of the beloved lost one might not even there be lying at his feet. But nothing met his strained and anxious vision, save the same flat prospect of sand and smoothly spreading water.

"Is that her? It is !—it is !" suddenly broke forth from his lips, as he bent his head eagerly forward, thinking he espied a white form sitting down upon a jutting point of the beach. He hastened to the spot, calling on the name of the child as he went along.

But alas! alas! when he arrived at the spot where he thought the cherished form was sitting, his eyes were greeted with no sight but the low bank of sand, and his ears were saluted with no voice save the continued moan of the incoming waters.

An illusion, which his temporarily disordered fancy had conjured up to his senses, had completely deceived him. The form of which he was so earnestly thinking, was there only in his imagination. The deception was one that was most natural, and he was exceeding loth to separate it from his belief. Even that—bereft as he was at that moment of one of his heart's treasures—was a source of far more consolation to him than nothing at all; and he involuntarily stood for some time upon the spot where the apparition had shown itself, as if rivetted to a place it should select for its temporary rest.

It was not long after, when he posted back to his hut again, filled to overflow with wonder at the thought of what he had seen. He narrated all faithfully to his wife, while she treasured it away in her heart. It was manifest that both were affected most deeply with a strange and superstitious belief that their adopted child had for a moment sat alone by the sea-shore, and then disappeared as unexpectedly as she had come—an angel of light for their feet, and of love for their hearts.

To be Continued.

More people are controlled by affection than reason. This shows that we were made to excel in love rather than knowledge; and where affection and reason combine, they make the subjection of the heart the truest empire.



1. Lurge flowered Gentian. 2. China Aster.

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MARY'S SMILE.

Words by LINA MORRISS. Music by L. B.-d. Arr'd by ASAHEL ABBOT.





ELSIE GRAY—THE WANDERING CHILD.

BY GEORGE CANNING HILL.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER III.

It would be our duty, first of all, to follow the immediate fortunes of Elsie, after she departed with the stranger from the seashore; but other personages, perhaps, demand an equal share of our attention.

In one of the towns on England's wave-washed coast, one pleasant forenoon not many months after the event recorded in our last chapter, there was assembled a dense crowd of eager spectators around a gallows-tree. Jibes and profanities were plentifully bandied about in the gathering, whose sole object seemed to be to procure their wonted excitement, even at the cost of a human life.

Presently the excited multitude attested, by their violent swaying to and fro, that something extraordinary was about to happen. The eye naturally ran along to where the commotion was the greatest, and there beheld a young looking man, led on to the place of execution by the officers of the law. It was a terrible scene, well calculated to send a shudder through the coldest veins.

The condemned man ascended the fatal scaffold with a firmness not to be expected in one of his years, and leisurely surveyed the mob that had assembled to witness his final struggles for life. Then he stepped backward upon the scaffold one or two paces, and said in a distinct and firm tone—

"Ye who have come hither to see my last struggling motions, will witness likewise no confession from my lips. I do not confess, because I am not guilty. I deny that I am guilty of that I am charged with. Let him who is guilty, manfully step forth and exculpate me! Let him manfully save me from the gallows!"

The prisoner observed a silence of a moment, which was manifestly painful to all there assembled. He seemed to be anxiously waiting, in the vain hope that some one would come to rescue him from the awful doom into whose opened jaws he had fallen. But no voice responded to his appeal, and no commotion in any

part of the crowd betrayed the disposition of any other living soul to take his guilt from off his shoulders.

Seeing that he was left alone to suffer, he bowed his head low upon his breast, and appeared to be lost in thought. No one could see that his lips moved, although his whole frame appeared convulsed with terror.

Presently, however, the appointed executioner approached him and drew down over his eyes the fatal cap, preparatory to adjusting the noose; after which, exchanging a few words with the prisoner in a whisper, he retired to the farther end of the scaffold. From this point, at a signal from the unhappy man himself, he touched a spring and launched him into a dread eternity. As he hung dangling in the air, the deeply excited mob gave expression to their savage pleasure by a sort of howl—a mixture of a fiendish laugh and a truly sympathetic groan. And after remaining upon the spot until the man was cut down, they suddenly withdrew to other scenes that were less exciting for them.

The fact that this youthful prisoner had denied all knowledge of the crime charged upon him, and of his steady persistance in that denial to the very last moment and motion of his life, wrought a deep impression on the minds of those present, and influenced them to more than half believe his words. As a natural consequence of this influence, they went away from the scene with feelings more than ever alienated from any idea of obedience to the existing laws. They beheld those laws operating severely and unjustly; and all the counter influences in Christendom had not power to set their feelings and prejudices to running in another current.

The charge preferred against the man just executed was, that he was guilty, either directly or indirectly, of the murder of a young child of but seven years, named Elsie Gray—the same child whom the reader already knows to have been saved by the honest fisherman David. It was supposed that the young man had made way with her, for the purpose of clearing away all obstacles to his own undivided inheritance of an estate that must very soon, in the nature of events, be entailed upon others. Upon the strength of this suspicion alone he had been arraigned, and more upon the strength of this same suspicion than of any thing else, he had been finally convicted, sentenced, and, as we have

shown, executed. Of course, then, he went to his doom with no lie upon his lips, of which he had need to be shriven. He stoutly denied his guilt with his last breath. This his very nature demanded of him. He would have been wholly untrue to himself, had he shrunk from the bold statement through a cowardly fear, even although his lips more than half refused their office, and his limbs quaked with fear beneath him.

The man of the law was satisfied, however, with its victim, whether innocent or guilty; and after this event, the little, quiet town relapsed into its usual calm. It was as if the dead man still lived, and was innocent and pure. The influence of the judicial execution had soon ceased to be felt.

To return from this digression to the child herself—she was at one of the first seminaries all New England furnished for the education and accomplishment of female minds. She had been placed there for a long terms of years, with the design of perfecting her in all those accomplishments that set off the woman to such inestimable advantage. Her true benefactor, however, was all in the dark to her. She knew that she was the recipient of kindnesses from some one, but who that one was, was a matter involved in complete mystery to her.

Time passed rapidly along with her, and from an humble pupil, she soon began to rise to a high and even enviable rank in the seminary. Her progress, too, was marked by all those pleasurable accompaniments of friends, gifts, and remembrances, that are of so much encouragement to a young person, and form such agreeable landmarks for the retrospect of after years.

Years rolled away into the past. Elsie grew to be a tall, well-formed, and graceful girl. With the growth of her body the development of her mind had kept an even pace. She was manifestly the pride of the school, and more than one of the teachers, as well as the pupils, would have grieved to have her go from their midst. So winning were all her ways, that none thought themselves in the possession of any surer passport to favor than by being classed among her friends.

The annual examination of the school at length occurred, that was to graduate Elsie from the same, and place her again in the world-paths from which she had been taken. The girls were packing their trunks on the last day of the term, and the entire

building was in notable confusion. There was running here, and running there. Books were constantly being mislaid, and bundles were rapidly exchanging owners. Many of the pupils were looking forward to a long and pleasant vacation among their friends; while many more—the graduating class—were indulging in useless regrets that the time of their final departure had come.—Heretofore they had regarded the idea with manifest pleasure, for they thoughtlessly boasted it would set them free from a trying servitude, and restore them to a gay world whose arms were already outstretched to receive them. But it was more in the imagining of the thing they were delighted, than in the reality that was yet untried. Now that the time for the actual realization of their words had come, their very actions showed with what unmeaning accents those words had been originally spoken.

The church of the little village, whose chief pride and attraction the seminary was, was crowded with people on the last day of the annual examination, who had come to gratify their interest both in the institution itself and its individual pupils. The scholars, who left the seminary on that day forever, were required to appear upon the stage, and thus publicly read their several composition exercises. There had already been an adjudication on their respective merits, and after the reading the recipients of the prizes—of which there were but three—were to be duly announced by one of the instructresses.

One by one, they came forward upon the stage to read their allotted parts, and each one received, according to their deserts, the approbation of the audience. Elsie Gray was the last who had this duty to perform, and she came before the assembly with such an air of true and unaffected modesty, and with such gracefulness of demeanor, too, that those who had merely a glance at her, were prepossessed in her favor already.

The subject she had selected for treatment was of more than ordinary interest to all, and it was descanted upon with all the ingenuity and felicity of expression at her command. She read in a low and sweetly soft voice, whose tones rang on the ears of the multitude like the musical chime of silver bells. All were enchanted with her.

During the reading, a couple of young men sat in one of the seats not far removed from the stage, one of whom whispered to-

the other in a voice by no means a stranger to a deep interest, if ever to emotion—

- "Do you know who she is?"
- "They called her Miss Elsie Gray," answered his companion, in a whisper, half averting his head.

The questioner regarded her for a moment in silence, and then remarked again to his companion—

- "She's charming!"
- "All think so," replied the other.
- "But, I declare, I'm interested!"
- "Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the other, as slily as he was able.
- "I'll see her, after the performances are over," said the first.—
 "Do you know where she lives?"
 - " No."
- "I'll find out, though. See her I will, before I go back to the city again. I declare, Upton, who'd have thought to find such a rustic charm here?"
- "You've lost your heart, Churchill," taunted his friend, in a jocular manner.
- "I don't know about that," replied he, "but I must say that I'm all carried away with Miss Elsie Gray."

This conversation was brought to an abrupt termination by the sudden completion by Elsie of her reading; after which, one of the instructresses came forward upon the stage and announced the names of the three individuals who had secured the three prizes that were offered for excellency in composition. The person who was entitled to, and who duly received the first prize, was none other than—Elsie Gray!

The young man's heart beat with a more unsteady motion when he heard this announcement, and he could scarcely refrain from giving expression to the joy that manifestly took hold of him at hearing it. With a benediction from the pastor of the village church, the assembly began to disperse; all the way, however, discussing in no very concealed manner the merits of the entire exhibition, and the particular merits of those who were adjudged to be prize-holders on that day.

That evening, there was a large and brilliant levee held at the mansion of the head of the seminary. The young man who had been so deeply smitten with the charms and accomplishments of

Elsie, was there; and there, for the first time, met Elsie Gray and Charles Churchill.

It was a meeting with which each appeared gratified, and which each, by their conduct, seemed desirous of renewing at some other future time.

CHAPTER IV.

It was during that very vacation at the seminary that the village church was again filled with spectators. All wore looks as pleasant as when they were in attendance on the examination, and the eyes of many sparkled with even greater pleasure than on that occasion.

It was a clear and calm morning in the month of September, that had been hallowed by every aspect of nature without doors, when the light hazy veils just began to lift themselves at early morning off the bosom of the earth, and hang for a few hours in the golden sunlight—it was on such a morning in September that the village church was filled to overflowing.

The occasion of the assemblage was the marriage of Mr. Churchill and Miss Elsie Gray.

Charles Churchill was by no means unknown to the principal of the seminary, in whose hands the entire disposition and government of Elsie had for years been placed, and he made known his sudden betrothal to this lady with a certain knowledge that she would offer no resistance to his immediate marriage. Elsie had been placed in her hands to be properly educated, and, after her academical course was completed, to be allowed her own course in relation to the subject of marriage, whenever it might first come up. It is truth to say that she did have her own will in this matter, but it chanced to be, in every particular, coincident with the pleasure of her affectionate matron.

Mr. Charles Churchill was the youngest member of a highly respectable and widely known firm of shippers in New England's capital. With a natural aptitude for business, possessed of highly refined and intelligent manners, himself thoroughly educated, with upright morals and a high character for integrity already—how could the guardian of Elsie hesitate about committing to him the charge she had tended so long and so faithfully. She stopped

not even to consider or hesitate about Elsie's few years, for she felt as assuredly safe *now* as she would have felt even ten years afterwards.

"Wilt thou have this woman for thy wedded wife?" asked the good clergyman, whose silvery tones were not entirely free from tremulousness, as he was about to send away one of his greatest favorites in the village.

"I will," responded the deep and manly voice of Mr. Churchill.

The ceremony was gone through, and the two lovers became
one. They were so in heart, from the moment of their first meeting.

People thought it was with an unusual fervor that the minister bade the bride farewell, and some even said that they saw tears shining in his eyes at the moment of the severe trial. It would not be at all wondered at if they did. It was, in truth, a sore trial for all the people of the village to part with Elsie, so endeared had she become to them by her grace, and winsome ways, and gentleness of heart.

A carriage rolled away from the door of the mansion in which Elsie had so long lived, and she and her young husband were gone. A desolation almost as heavy as that of death itself brooded in every room in that mansion, after she had left it. Sadness showed itself on the usually cheerful countenance of every inmate.

Elsie moved at once into Boston, where she soon became the favorite of the family into whose bosom she was so warmly received.

She had all along been represented to be an orphan; but at whose charge she had received her education, the preceptress steadily kept a secret from every one. To those who were acquainted with even this much of her circumstances, there was a deep mystery yet to be broken. Still, no inquiry was made openly respecting the subject, and all was kept comparatively quiet.

A small shell of a sail-boat was bobbing about among the numerous islets in Boston harbor, one fine afternoon, not long after the wedding ceremony of which we have already counselled the reader, driving now here, now there, before the wind, and tacking in almost every direction in its unsteady course. A single person had the helm, who was likewise the sole person in the boat. For a time, the scene appeared to be one of quiet delight.

Presently, however, a sudden squall struck the tiny sail with

all its force, and prostrated it upon the water. From the distant shore of course no one could see this disaster; but nevertheless an eye was upon the young man, and a muscular arm was instantly put forth for his rescue.

A small boat forthwith shot out of one of the little coves that indent the islands, and a strong man, with a broad chest and brawny arms, and a weather-worn face, bent lustily to the sweep of the ashen oars he held in his hands. The skiff shot like an arrow let loose from the twanging string to the side of the upset boat, and the sturdy oarsman called out from his stentor lungs for the shipwrecked not to let go his hold on the bottom of his boat.

The words of encouragement came at exactly the right time. In another five minutes, he would have relaxed his hold and dropped silently off into the water. But these words cheered him. His courage instantly revived, and he renewed his grasp with an increased power, though he was not able to answer a word to the command that fell so gratefully on his ears.

"Hold on another minute!" again added the voice; and the man in the skiff, in almost another minute, had shot alongside the capsized boat. It was the work of but a second for him to seize hold of the drowning person's shoulders and lift him into his own boat; after which he bent vigorously to his oars again and shot back in the direction of the little island from which he had some on his merciful errand.

When they reached the land, the honest-hearted man took out restoratives from an old bag he had left upon the shore, with which he revived the young man; and after a half hour's rest, the latter proposed to his preserver that he should row him over to the distant wharf, and then return and save his sail for him. This the man heard with feelings of evident delight.

In less than a half hour thereafter, the exhausted pleasureseeker stood in his own counting-room, the wonder of all his friends who beheld him in the woful plight in which he exhibited himself.

He was Mr. Charles Churchill, the husband of Elsie Gray.

His preserver had no sooner landed him safely upon the quay than he returned in quest of the sail that had been capsized and still lay soaking in the water. And it was quite nightfall when he returned from his expedition, as requested, to the store of Mr. Churchill.

When he did return, the latter overwhelmed him with expressions of his thanks; and that they might not seem totally hollow to him, he proffered him a note of the value of fifty dollars, adding that he did not by this gift, by any means, consider his debt discharged, but that this was an earnest of what he would try to do for him by way of rewarding him for his noble conduct.

The grateful man endeavored to express his sense of this unexpected kindness, but words were things with which it was plain he dealt not so much as with deeds. He therefore only stammered forth a reply, which, after all, much better became him that eloquent words. The accident, however, was productive of good in more ways than one. It furnished the man with a place at which he could be certain to procure remunerating jobs, every time he might choose to apply for them.

And now came the joy, that was the deeper because the whole was unexpected, to the heart of Elsie—joy at the thought that her husband had been preserved from death in the water; where she could not have been near him to receive his last syllables of affection, nor to wipe away the fearful death-damps from his brow. She could have flung her arms about the man who had been the means of her husband's safety, rough and roughly clad as he was. She would not have minded that. She felt a glow of warm gratitude to the man who had shown himself the possessor of so noble a soul as he had.

Mr. Charles Churchill and Elsie, his beloved wife, were sitting in their pleasant parlor one evening during that same autumn, conversing upon such topics as generally afforded them an hour's satisfaction, when the door suddenly opened and Mr. Churchill's father entered.

- "I've a secret on my mind, children," said he, advancing towards them, "that I've long wished to acquaint you with."
- "What is that, father? Pray tell us!" said Elsie, in her playful manner.
 - "It's something that concerns you, too, Elsie," said he.
- "Me!" screamed she, running up to him, and seizing hold upon his arm.
 - "Yes, sister."

"I'm all ears, father!"

He took his seat near them, and narrated to them what we shall relate to the reader in a very few words.

It seemed that, many years before, when Mr. Churchill, senior, was returning from one of his trips to Europe, whither he had gone to establish a line of packets between Boston and the old world, he was unconsciously attracted while on shipboard by the countenance of a young and beautiful child. That child was a She was in company with an old, haggish looking woman. Mr. Churchill knew at the time that the child never properly belonged to the woman, and he determined to confront her upon the subject as soon as the vessel landed, and try and secure the child himself for adoption. Having no daughter of his own, he bethought himself that this would be an exceedingly happy manner of supplying the want he felt so sorely. A severe storm. however, threatening the vessel they were in while off the coast, he was deterred by some trivial circumstances from prosecuting the matter further, and quite forgot the inquiries he had determined to make. The child, furthermore, did not show herself to him again before he landed, and this helped to drive her from his thoughts.

He saw nothing more of her for a long time. It was one pleasant day in midsummer, when he was on a rusticating tour by himself upon the sea-shore, that he suddenly came upon that same child again. There was the same sweet face, with the same heavenly expression. Nothing could have exceeded the wonder of Mr. Churchill that was created by this unexpected discovery. Instantly beckoning her to him, he assured her of his friendship, and promised to carry her to her parents again. This, however, was not in his power at just that time, but still his promise did not by any means pass from his memory.

"What became of the child, then?" asked Elsie, innocently.

"I will tell you in a few words," said he: "You are that child! I learned your name on shipboard, during the passage, and so knew what to call you when I met you upon the shore alone. I placed you in the seminary, and there paid all your educational expenses, unknown to yourself or to any living person but your instructress. That you might not know who your benefactor was, I never came out into the country to see you, and you soon forgot

me. But you never passed from my mind. The meeting between you and Charles was of my own planning, I confess; but its results were much beyond what my most sanguine feelings had dared to hope. You may well imagine, therefore, that it was with the deepest delight I heard of your betrothal to my son, and thought of the day when I should truly call you 'daughter'."

The narration thus far had the effect to astound the young persons upon whose ears it had fallen. It all seemed an impossible and illusory dream to Elsie; although she could faintly trace back the leading lines of the story as told by Mr. Churchill.

"Now I've a plan for you," continued he. "I've a vessel that's to sail for Liverpool early next month. I want you, Charles, to go aboard with your wife, and search out the records of her family."

"But how?" asked he. "Where shall I begin my search, father?"

The old gentleman forthwith drew from his pocket-book a slip which he had cut from a recent London paper, and handed it to him. The young man received it, and read it with evident excitement.

"We will go," immediately answered he, handing the paper—which was merely a London advertisement—to his wife Elsie. Her excitement at reading it was no less than his. She betrayed it by the pallor that suddenly overspread her face, if in no other way.

Not many weeks after, on a fine morning in the fall, the happy couple stood on the deck of the vessel that was about to sail for Liverpool. The vessel was about to cast off into the stream, all her preparations being in a rapid way to completion, when a roughly clad man leaped up the ladder and hastened to the side of the younger Mr. Churchill. It was the same man who had not long before saved his life. He had noticed that Mr. Churchill was about to sail, and determined to wish him a safe voyage and a speedy return to his friends.

Just as he was grappling his hand for that purpose, Elsie presented herself by her husband's side, from the cabin.

The man actually turned pale. Upon being asked what ailed him, he told the youthful husband what he saw, and what he knew. He assured him that his own wife was the very child he had once saved from the horrors of drowning in the sea.

The man was good David, (the fisherman,) sure enough!

Elsie knew him not, but she well remembered many of the facts of which he again reminded her. She was indeed overpowered with the discovery thus made, and made, too, so soon upon the one she had first learned from the lips of her husband's father.

She and her husband not long after returned from England, entirely successful in the search whose prosecution they had ventured upon. It came to light that the young man—a distant relative of hers—had been executed on the merest suspicion of having made way with her, while the truth of the case was that she had been artfully inveigled into the snares of an old gipsy, who wandered near her home and finally crossed the ocean.—Elsie, however, inherited the handsome property that duly fell to her, and came back to these shores with it all.

But first of all, she provided old David and Sarah, those to whom she was indebted for her very existence, with snug and comfortable quarters for life; for which kind act they neither of them fail, both at morning and evening, to bless her name and memory.

THE LAST DAYS OF SUMMER.

BY LINA MORRIS.

The day is one of which we oft have read,

A dreamy day, to Summer's old age given;
The golden beams of morning seem to wed

Sweet Nature to the glorious arch of Heaven.
And every leaf and flower with dew-drops laden,
Reflects a radiant smile from Bowers of Aidenn.

In such a day as this my spirit feels
The bondage of its tenement of clay,
For something to mine inmost soul reveals
The distant goal where ends my earth-born way:
And it would burst its bonds, and soar above,
Where all is light and life, where all is love.

Ye last bright days of Summer! tell me why
The human heart is by your smile subdued?
And why, as your deep voice goes murmuring by,
Our withered hopes are gathered and renewed?

What weied power is yours, to wave your wand, And bid our warring doubts and fears disband?

Bright days of Summer! say, have ye the art
To keep your beauty, and disarm decay?
Will no Frost archer with his icy dart.

Within your leafy Temple dare to play? Can ye forever bid our rapt souls dream? Sweet Summer, tell me, is your reign supreme?

Alas! how soon shall Autumn's night reply,
How wildly shall respond the stormy wind—
And desolation's voice shall sadly sigh
Above the golden crowns to dust consigned.
And change shall come, and blight, and dark decay,
For so must all things earthly, pass away.

Ye cannot shield your Bowers from Autumn's breath,
Which sweeps resistless as the ocean wave;
Ye cannot stay the lifted hand of Death,
And turn aside from passing to the grave.
And have ye power, oh Summer days! to give
Those visions to the soul which bid it live?

Not yours the power! There is a dreamy spell
Which ye may wind about the mortal heart—
But, if one spirit's chords with music swell,
And breathe deep longings from their bonds to part—
If we in raptured dreams commune with Heaven,
It is not by the touch your wand has given.

Oh, no—for then our harps were ever mute,
And all our joys were turned to sighs of wo,
When Summer cast aside her shattered lute,
And bade no more her strains of music flow
The voice that thrills our souls in days of light,
Is one that whispers through the dreamy night.

And though we seem in Summer days like this,
When all around is fresh, and fair, and still,
To almost reach the saintly home of bliss,
And breathe the strain that makes our spirit thrill—
'Tis not that He whose voice of love we hear,
Is in this dream of happiness more near.

The Holy One has made his dwelling place
With those whose names are written in his book,
And though their clouded hearts may hide his face,
Still on their souls in love is bent his look.
And through all seasons, He will guide his own
To endless days of Summer round his throne.

MISANTHROPY OUTGROWN.

BY REV. L. C. BROWN.

"I've found the world so dark and cold, And friends so false and few, So dearly bought, so cheaply sold,— Affection so untrue,

Hope so illusive, joy so brief,
Life's promise all a cheat,
Its pleasures darkly mixed with grief,
And bitter with its sweet,

That I would gladly be at rest,
And leave the gloomy scene;
It is a rough, bleak world at best,
All selfish and unclean.

I do not love the blighted earth,
Nor things that are therein,
Where lucre triumphs over worth,
And virtue bows to sin.

I do not love the rich and proud,
All heartless, vain, and gay;
Still less the groveling, vulgar crowd,
Made of still baser clay.

There is nó love aside from lust, No ffiendship but in love; Man is composed of sordid dust, The serpent chokes the dove."

So mused a youth in moody hour,
When treachery's wiles had made
His ardent nature cold and sour,
And o'er him cast a shade.

But when to wiser years he grew,
And friendship's gold had proved,
The human heart more deeply knew,
And loved and was beloved,

He found some good in every breast,
With weakness intertwined,
E'en in his own among the rest,
And reverenced his kind.

And know that love begetteth love,
As sunshine brings the flowers;
And this shall soothe, like song of dove,
Thy misanthropic hours.

CONCERNING FLOWERS.

BY HELEN IRVING.

LOOKING over my small collection of autographs the other day, I lingered upon a page or two in the handwriting of Fanny Kemble, headed "Extract from an unpublished Play." It appears to be part of a conversation between lovers, and the following sweet fancy of "Flower Angels" attracted my attention, and suggested pleasant thoughts. I do not know that since the date of this manuscript the play may not have seen the light, through the agency of some fortunate publisher, but I have never met it in print, and perhaps the lines may be as new to my readers as to myself. In answer to the question, "what are the flower angels?" the lady says—

"Happy sprites, whose charge it is
To walk unseen about all garden paths,
And live in the fragrant neighborhood of flowers—
No bud or blossom but hath such a keeper;
In dim damp wood, or on wide, windy common,
By lonely marsh, where'er a flower may blow,
Nursed in close gardens of men's fashioning,
Or sown by that wandering seedsman, the free air,
These angels haunt. The maid that on her casement
Sets a flower-pot, hath one still watching there,
And she that wears a flower in her vest
Keeps a good spirit hovering o'er her breast."

Never was poetic fancy more instinct with life, for we know that out of the heart of the lightest of God's floral gifts, floats a spirit, unseen but felt, like the fragrance of the flower, which breathes its blessing on every soul that can claim any kindred with its beauty.

Flowers alone, of all created things, seem given to minister solely to our spiritual life. They wake into being, they unfold their soft petals, they put on the loveliness of perfected bloom—they gather up in their bosoms the dew of a few summer nights, the sunshine of a few summer days, and then the wind that so lately rocked them to and fro, scatters their leaves over the earth and they are gone forever. And in this brief season they have

only lived—they have been of no service in the material world—to the utilitarian they have been "unprofitable servants"—but young eyes have grown glad with a deeper light as they gazed upon them, and cold hearts have been warmed with a glow they could not define. Souls weary and worn have remembered anew the eternal bloom and beauty of the paradise of God, and life has grown fairer in their sight: they have been to the child the first revelation of the infinite beauty and love—they have lifted the infidel out of darkness into God's "marvellous light."

Flowers have kindred and association with all that is best within us—they interpret and are sacred to our affections. We make them gifts to those we love, and wear them for their sake, and plant them above their graves. Clasped in the hand of the child, pressed to the lips of love, wreathed in the tresses of the pride, or lying on the cold bosom of the dead, they have a beauty and a language given to nothing else. Other things in God's glorious creation are beautiful and grand, and precious to the heart which throbs in unison with nature; but we cannot look with familiar love on the far, bright stars, or lay our warm clasp on the dear beauty of the sunset clouds, or call the hills and waves our own, or bend caressingly above the mocking streamlet. All these have a speech and a loveliness peculiar to themselves, but they share not in the fond, home-tenderness we give to flowers.

Says Hawthorne, "Affection and sympathy for flowers is almost exclusively a woman's trait. Men, if endowed with it by nature, soon lose, forget, or learn to despise it, in their contact with coarser things than flowers." There is probably much of truth in this, but I must believe that in many, very many men, who seem wholly engrossed by "coarser things," the delicate sympathies to which the love of flowers is allied, are not "lost" or "despised," but only concealed and repressed by the incrustation of care and strife with the world—neglected, not "forgotten."

I have seen the rough laborer, whose hands have toiled to weariness all day, and whose lips have not been slew to give back the harsh word to his fellows, stop in his homeward walk, and lay down his heavy implements, to pluck a few wayside roses and violets, to make glad a pale, sickly face, that he remembered lying in a little crib, and I felt there was a corner in his rude nature, which those who looked upon his dull, coarse-lined

face never saw, where gentle sympathies were gathered, which received a ministry from nature alone.

I have seen the hard-featured speculator, whose spiritual being seemed walled in by stocks and exchange, pause, with a sudden impulse, and buy the freshest and dewiest roses of some street-vender, and I knew there was a place in his heart yet open to the delicate ministrations of beauty—that through the crevices of this wall of custom, its winged seeds might reach a not ungenial soil.

All of us have among our acquaintance, men endowed by nature with the love of flowers, in whom it has deepened into a permanent and beautiful sentiment—men who still find the old joy of their youth, in gathering wild flowers on the hills in a leisure hour, or tending with watchful care the opening blossoms of a garden. Among children an affection for flowers seems universal—the world has shewn them no gifts so beautiful as nature's —and when we chance to find in the maturer heart, this sympathy and appreciation undiminished, we cannot but feel that it has retained also, much of childhood's freshness and truth—its "pure vision and simple trust."

A SONNET.

BY M. F. W.

When, in the West, the sunlight fades away,
And sombre shadows fall upon the trees,
Their leaves wave gently in the evening breeze,
Casting aside the dust that on them lay,
And making music heard not through the day.
Then, from the skies, the pearly dews descend,
Cool and refreshing, fraught with power to lend
New life and beauty to each tender spray.
Thus, when the good man homeward turns his face.
From his day's toil, he throws away its care,
Willing to muse on holy things awhile.
At such an hour, they find a ready place
Within his heart; and, breathing forth a prayer
To God, he rests in peace, beneath His guardian smile.

LILLIAN.

BY HELEN IDVING.

FAIRER than the rose of May,
Fair and bright all flowers above—
Sweeter than my words cay say,
Is the Lillian that I love!

From her low and crescent brow, To her drooping shoulders slight, Waves her brown and golden hair, Half a shadow, half a light.

And her large and hazel eyes
Have the spell of beauty caught,
From the gladness of her heart
And its deep and earnest thought.

In the warm flush of her lips,

Every hour new smiles are born—

Lips that curve in graceful pride,

But that never curl in scorn.

Sweetest tones of love and joy
Flow together in her speech,
And her tenderness and mirth
Seem alike the heart to reach.

There's a bloom upon her cheek
And a light upon her face,
And floating through her motion
A soft and fairy grace.

We think that Nature crowned her
As she crowns the morning hours,
And sent her—dew and sunshine—
To make glad this world of ours.

Fairer than the rose of May,
Fair and bright all flowers above—
Sweeter than my words can say,
Is the Lillian of my love!



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THE DREAM.

SEE ENGRAVING.

BY PARK MOODY.

"In blissful dreams thy presence seems
Inwoven with each bright
And beauteous thing, each lovely flower,
Each star that gems the night."

It was not generally known in the village of C—, that the young girl who was often seen watering the plants and training the shrubbery in the beautiful garden of Col. Hastings, was his niece, and consequently cousin to the elegant Kate Hastings, but such was the case. For two years she had been an inmate of that dwelling, but during all that time she had not even once appeared in the gay assemblies of the place, nor had she been presented to any one as a relative of the family. This might appear the result of design on the part of those on whom she was dependent, but it was not altogether so. The cause might be traced, in part at least, to the habits of Clara herself. From the time she came to reside in the family of her uncle, she exhibited an unaccountable reluctance to appear before strangers, and so strong was this feeling that importunities were of no avail.

"I will be a sister to her," said Kate when it was first known that the gentle Clara was to take up her abode with her relatives, "for her heart must be nearly broken by this great affliction, and now that she has neither father nor mother to care for her, and is left alone in the world, I will try to make her happy."

This was spoken with feeling, for how could she do otherwise than love such a gentle and affectionate girl, so deeply afflicted, and her own cousin too? But when we glance at the character of Kate, it will at once be seen why the two, when they met, did not mingle together in a sisterly union. She was left at an early age without a mother, and received as an inheritance that mother's beauty without her restraining influence and love. Indeed, she was very beautiful, and at the early age of sixteen glided noise-lessly, like a smooth flowing river, to the enviable position of a

belle, even as marble in the master's hand foreshadows perfection. Self is generally the foundation of this eminence, and but for self. no rivalry for its honors would exist. Beauty is insidious, and not always woman's best friend. It doth sometimes undermine a foundation which nothing else could reach. If Kate had been bereft of her loveliness she would have had little else to live for. though this was not all the world to her. She prized it as one prizes health who has never known sickness. She was beautiful as a matter of course, and silently permitted those feelings to expand which received nourishment from this source. When her cousin Clara became a homeless orphan, she remembered how good and gentle she had always been, and how much she now needed sympathy; and determined at once to make her her confidant and friend, and share with her her honors and gaieties. and thus lead her away from the sorrows which she knew must fill her heart. But the most that Clara desired when she came to reside under her uncle's roof, was sympathy. Kate could offer her a share in her pleasures, but she needed most that Kate should partake of her sorrows.

"You will go with me to-night to Mrs. Gardner's grand party," said Kate to her soon after her arrival. "It is to be very fine indeed, and you will see much to make you forget your sorrows, and you have had so very much of late to make you sad, I am sure it will be a benefit to you."

"Indeed," said Clara, almost sobbing with grief, for nothing could have been less opportune than to refer to this subject, "I cannot go to-night. Really, you must excuse me, and I will go some other time."

"Not go to Mrs. Gardner's! Why, it will be the very place to enliven you!" returned Kate, much disappointed.

"Indeed, dear cousin, I cannot go," was the reply of Clara as she turned away to hide her tears, and faster still those tears coursed over her pale cheeks as she sought the retirement of her own room.

Kate was astonished that she should refuse, and secretly resolved not to extend another invitation to her if it was to be received in this manner, a resolution which was afterwards kept, though it was made less than half in earnest; but the gentle, unobtrusive character of Clara was totally at variance with the ambitious pleasures of Kate. So sensitive grew she from the loneliness of her situation, and the want of proper companionship, that she shrank instinctively from observation, gliding noiselessly from room to room in the accomplishment of her self-imposed duties—a being whose presence was felt by the inmates of the dwelling, but seldom seen.

"You are living too much like a recluse," said Col. Hastings to her; "it won't do. There's Kate, always where excitement is highest. See, she is fixing now for a party, a pic-nic, or a flirtation. Had you not better accompany her?"

Kate turned to extend the invitation, but saw no encouragement in Clara's eye.

"I am very happy as I am," replied she. "I should be very foolish if I was not with such a bountiful uncle to provide for me, and as for to-night, I intended to sing you a new song if you would like to hear it."

"I am always glad to hear you, my little niece," said he, "but do not want to keep you all to myself."

Kate departed, and Clara soon sang her uncle to sleep. was a ministering angel to him, invisible, but none the less real, for well she knew it was his bounty which gave her a quiet, happy home—for happy she was at times, even in the shadow of her first great grief. His slippers, his newspaper, his walking stick and overcoat were always precisely where he wished them to be, and many a little attention, secretly performed, denoted how carefully his thoughts were studied. The Colonel saw her seclusion from the world with evident regret, and sought many ways to reinstate her in society, but all importunities were resisted. Had Kate understood her delicate formation, and exercised her power, she would undoubtedly have wrought a change in her character; but instead of this, she came to look upon her, from long habit, as something connected with the household, and thinking, perhaps, that her own duties would be better performed in such hands, passed them quietly over to her, who, unmurmuring, did every thing assigned her, and much more. Often when visitors were expected would her taste be requisite in the arrangement of the viands or the evening's programme of amusement, but when those viands were discussed, she heard not the praises lavished upon them, nor did she participate in the pleasures which

followed. She found ample reward in some volume from her uncle's library, for all which she had done.

"I think our Clara must have awakened from her hermit propensities," said the Colonel one evening as he glanced over his quarterly bills and found many costly articles. "These nicknacks cannot surely all be meant for Kate! It is all right, however, and I am glad of it. I'll congratulate her at once on her entrance into society." So saying he summoned his niece.

"Clara," said he, showing the bills, "instead of having any objection to this, I am glad of it. Don't blush!" observed he remarking the color in her cheeks, for she saw the footing was quite formidable, and knew the whole expense must have been incurred by Kate. "Your cousin spends more in an afternoon than you do in a year, and it is my wish that you have every thing you desire." - So saying, he good-humoredly bade her sing him a song, "which," said he, "will square the bill, and leave me in your debt." She did not intimate that he had attributed this extravagance to an innocent party, but complied with his request, and certainly it must have made him forget every thing else, to listen to her enchanting voice. It was true that Kate had drawn rather heavily upon her father's purse. There was a diamond ring, for instance, a costly shawl and broach which might have been dispensed with, but these were for a given purpose, as the sequel will show.

She did not suppose when Roland Howard was introduced in their village, that he would fall in love with any other of the maidens there but herself—that is, if he was inclined to fall in love at all, for, reasoned she, no one disputes the palm with me either as regards beauty, accomplishments or wealth. Nevertheless, to make sure, an elegant shawl, she apprehended, would be of service, and, as in their intercourse she saw more of him, it appeared still more important that she should look pleasing in his eyes, a diamond broach was therefore added to her ornaments.

And when his character, his high attainments, his position and wealth were taken into consideration, it might appear laudable in her to strive for the distinction of an alliance with him; and truly, her dreams had never pictured a form more manly, or a face of such striking eloquence. She, also, passed before him like a vision of beauty. There was grace in her every movement, music in her voice, and enchantment in her faintest smile.

"She is loveliness itself," said he almost aloud. "My heart whispers that I must see more of her."

They met often; they danced, sang and rode together.

"Oh!" thought she, as she reclined upon a sofa, leaning her head upon her hand, "the ideal of the finest fancy would suffer in comparison with him."

The morrow was to be a gala day. The thought of it, of the long hours they might spend together, filled her with sweet fancies, and she fell asleep. Her dreams were even more enchanting than her waking musings. Not only the morrow, but a long perspective of gala days opened before her, in which were heard the same deep tones that thrilled her waking hours, and in which the flashing eye and finely wrought features of Roland Howard were intermingled. It was a sweet dream threaded with deep emotions, presenting, as her snowy bosom swelled in harmony with hope's pulsations, an enchanting picture.

The morning came, and, as the forthcoming pic-nic had been projected on the spur of the moment, all was preparation. the arrangement, Roland was to call with his carriage for Kate, and on the wings of expectation he preceded his time a full half hour. She, more than usually precise, had not yet finished her toilet, and he was invited into the parlor, instead of which, however, he preferred stepping into the garden, thinking, perhaps, that a delicate white rose-bud would be an agreeable preface to a subject near his heart. Passing under an arch, overrun with honeysuckle, and turning an angle he came directly upon Clara, whom he had never before seen. She held a large boquet before her, admiring the flowers and inhaling their fragrance, which prevented her from seeing him till the dewy roses brushed against Self-possessed as Roland usually was, he was slightly embarrassed, and Clara's cheek became instantly the hue of her own roses. She would inevitably have appeared ridiculous, had not Roland's frank manner, combined with a seasonable word, set her at ease.

"Truly a novel introduction to an agreeable lady," thought he as they conversed together. "I was not aware," said he, turning to her, "that Miss Hastings had a visitor. Doubtless you arrived late last evening, unless, perchance, she withheld the information to give us all a sweet surprise."

"I am not a transient visitor, but a resident here."

"Then how is it possible that I never met with you before ?"

"My own habits of retirement since the death of my parents have kept me entirely excluded from society," was the reply.

He glanced repeatedly at her faultless features and natural grace, as he touched upon other subjects, and listened to her ready response, showing a mind cultivated and intellectual. The thought arose in his mind that Kate, to be insensible to the merits of such a charming companion, must lack many of the requisites of a refined and sisterly affection; "and surely," said he, "she has never once mentioned that such a being existed." Anxious to discover more of her mental qualities in the short time allotted to them, he introduced a variety of subjects, all of which were entered into with delicacy and spirit by Clara. He instantly recognized a resemblance between her and Kate. If the latter was beautiful, Clara had inherited beauty from a like source. Had a coronet graced her brow, and robes of state adorned her person, she would have stood a queen among queens; but even then one might ask "would she be more beautiful than in her robes of simple white?"

.Roland extended an urgent invitation to her to accompany them, as Kate entered the parlor, but she modestly declined.

Kate was surprised to find her cousin composedly in conversation with one whom she must have met by accident, and Roland took the opportunity to elicit more of her history. The day was uncommonly beautiful, the ride exhilerating, and nothing transpired to mar the harmony of the occasion. Many times, in the course of the day, did the sweet, angelic face of Clara present itself to Roland's mental vision, and many times did he suggest a motive for the apparent neglect with which she was treated by her cousin. He had thought himself in love with Kate. faultless was her beauty, he deemed her almost perfection. now another like face was presented to him, and the two beings, how different! He presented himself often at the mansion where they resided. Once more he stood face to face with Clara in her retirement, her innocence, and her simplicity. His own soul was full of nobleness and truth, and it needed not his eloquence of manner to find a true response in her young heart. Emotions were awakened in the hearts of both which pure love alone could interpret.

Again he stood side by side with Kate in the gay assembly.-They were marked by every eye. Who could compare with Kate in grace, beauty and magnificence? Who could compare with Roland in nobleness and truth? "It is a match," they whispered. Kate was happy. Let Roland analyze her feelings. "She is happy," said he inwardly, "because she is a belle, because she has no competitor, because every eye is turned to her expressing admiration, and because to be the centre round which many stars revolve, is of infinitely more importance to her than to receive the homage of a single heart." In comparison he called up one absent, yet present. Her heart thrilled in response to his, and not because of the admiration of the crowd. In him dwelt a power to illumine her eye which the world had not. That being, dwelling in seclusion, unnoticed, unregarded, by one soft word of his was transformed almost into an angel. "Rather be all to her," said he, "than part even to the brightest being imagination can picture." Thus, while the smile was on her lip, while her heart exulted, and her voice breathed melody and gladness, the magnificent Kate lost her lover. The affectionate Clara became the wife of Roland Howard, and the bright, bright dream of her peerless cousin was unfulfilled.

POLYCARP,

OR THE KINGDOM OF TRUTH.

FROM THE GERMAN .--- BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

POLYCARP, the venerable Bishop of Smyrna, left that city when the fierceness of the persecution began to increase, and retired with Crescens, his faithful disciple, to a rustic dwelling in the neighborhood. In the cool of the evening, he walked forth under the shade of the noble trees which stood before the cottage. Here he found Crescens beneath an oak, leaning his head upon his hand and weeping.

The old man drew near to him and said—"My son, why weepest thou?"

Crescens lifted up his head and answered—"How can I help grieving and weeping? I was thinking of the kingdom of God on earth. Storms and tempests are gathering around it, and will destroy it in its infancy. Many brethren have already become apostates, and have denied and blasphemed the faith, and thereby proved that the unworthy may profess it with their lips, although their hearts be far from it. This thought fills my soul with sorrow and my eyes with tears." Thus spake Crescens.

Polycarp answered with a smile, and said—"My beloved son, the heavenly kingdom of truth is like unto a tree which a husbandman planted. Alone, and in silence he laid the seed in the earth, and then went his way. And the seed shot forth, and sprang up amid weeds and thorns, and lifted its head above them. And the weeds and the thorns withered and died, for the branches of the tree overshadowed them. But the tree grew, and the winds blew furiously against it and shook it. But its roots struck the more deeply into the ground, and clung to the rocks in the bosom of the earth, and its branches shot up toward heaven. Thus the storm served only to increase its strength. And when it had grown to a great height, the thorns and the weeds again began to spring up beneath it. But it heeded them not in its loftiness, and stood in tranquil majesty, the tree of God."

Thus spake the pious Bishop and was silent. He then gave his hand to his disciple, and said with a smile—"When thou lookest up at its summit, why shouldst thou grieve because of the weeds that creep about its foot? Leave them to him who planted it."

Then Crescens rose, and his soul was comforted, for his venerable teacher was beside him, bowed indeed with years, but his mind and countenance were as those of a youth.

DIVINE revelation does not seem to presume that men will act according to good reason, though it leaves them without excuse for not acting so. And if we could perceive truth without any bias from an evil heart, nothing then would appear so irrational as the doubts and difficulties which now disarm us for good.

AMY GRAY.

BY ANNA.

THREE years and a half ago, I became acquainted with a sweet young girl, named Amy Gray. I was then not quite thirteen, and she was three years my senior. Her form was slender, but well proportioned, and her dark auburn hair fell in luxuriant ringlets over her fair neck; but all her beauty appeared centered in her mild blue eyes, from which I may truly assert, there never was cast an angry or impatient glance. I first met her at a small party, given by an aunt of mine. After that an acquaintance being formed between us, we were seldom apart, and as we resided near each other, in two small cottages, on the west bank of the Hudson, nothing hindered us from daily intercourse.

The first of May, Amy and myself, with a few of our friends, making up a small party, went into the woods to hunt for wild flowers. We started early in the morning, and all the girls had baskets in which they carried their dinners, the mother of each having taken care to provide for her child. We wandered all the morning through the woods, gathering flowers, and about midday we arrived at a part which was sheltered from the heat of the sun, by some large trees, near which glided a small brook. As we were by this time quite hungry, we determined to eat our meal in this place, it being more pleasant than any other we had So we spread our table on the green grass. Some of the girls brought some pure water from the brook, and then we all very happily set down to partake of the repast. I had noticed several times during the day, that Amy looked very much fatigued, and that she did not partake of the viands with such hearty good will as the rest of us. After dinner we started for home, where we arrived without any accident, but all very tired. Our baskets were filled with wild flowers, and our heads crowned with wreaths of them, that we had twined in the woods.

The next day Amy was very sick, and as she became worse they sent for the family physician, who said that she had the consumption, and must reside during the winter in a warmer

country than her native north. That summer she staid at the village; but in the autumn she departed, with her mother, for Cuba, where she was to remain till the following summer, when we all hoped to welcome her with restored health to her village home.

The day of her departure I went to bid her farewell. She was lying on the sofa in a small room, facing the river, where we had passed many a pleasant day. On this day there was not a dry eye in the village; the poor, as well as her friends, wept, for she had consoled many of them in their darkest hours.

The voyage was propitious for her health, and when she arrived at the house of her uncle, a rich merchant in Matanzas, she wrote me a long letter, telling me of all that had happened; but wishing that I had been with her to partake of her pleasure. During the rest of the winter I received many other letters from her; all written in a cheerful strain, for Amy was not one to despond, and she spoke of the happy days that we would spend together during the coming summer. But, alas! little did we know what changes a few months would bring.

In March I received a letter from her mother, in which she informed me that the physician who was attending upon Amy had pronounced her past recovery—"and even Amy," writes Mrs. Gray, "seems to realize that her life in this world will not be of long duration. Yesterday she was lying on the bed and speaking of her home in the village. 'Oh, mother!' said she, 'take me there, for I know that I have not long to live, and I would see my old friends once more—and bury me in the village church-yard, under that weeping willow where Anna and myself have so often walked.'"

The next month I heard that they had left Matanzas, and might be expected home in a short time. The cottage was arranged for their reception, and on the 28th of April I was clasped in Amy's arms, in the same room where six months before I had bidden her farewell.

The following morning I went to see her, and found her mother and a few friends around her bed. When I entered, she stretched out her arms to me, and smiling, said—"Anne, I have waited to bid you a last farewell." I stooped to kiss her, and when I raised my head a sweet and happy smile was resting on her countenance,

but her heart had ceased to beat—her pure spirit had fled to its Maker.

The first of May she was buried where she had wished, and the village children sang a parting hymn over her grave, as they strewed it with the first May flowers.

A small and simple monument marks the spot where she was interred. The following inscription is engraved upon it: "AMY GRAY, aged seventeen. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

Whenever I visit her grave, my thoughts revert to that happy May-day, when she, who is now resting there, enjoyed life like us all. But her soul is not dead, for it shines in all its glory near the throne of God. So, let us comfort ourselves with the thought, when any of our dear friends die, that we will meet them again in another and a better world.

TRUE HAPPINESS.

BY ANNIE R. SMITH.

On, not in shining gold

From earth-born sorrows can we solace find,

Nor on the scroll of fame our name enrolled

Can satisfy the mind.

Not in the festal throng
Where youth and beauty meet so fresh and gay,
Whose lighted halls echo with dance and song
In splendor's bright array.

'Tis but a moment's light,
That soon will fade as rainbow tints so fair,
The cup of pleasure sparkling e'er so bright,
A poison lurketh there.

In all earth's wide domain
Of bright and beauteous things, the golden prize
Thou'lt seek and strive to grasp for aye in vain—
The airy phantom files.

Earth teems with glad ning flowers,
And sunny skies and silver streams rejoice,
And music swells from breezes, birds and bowers,
In one harmonious voice.

But if dark passion's cloud

Dim the mind's sky and wither hopes once true,

Then earth's bright scenes dressed in a gloomy shroud,

Will wear a sombre hue.

And the melodious choir
Of nature's sounds will fall discordant, lone,
If unattuned the soul's deep sacred lyre
To vibrate back their tone.

It is the soul within.

That stamps life's varied scenes with light and shade,
Whether in flowery paths we tread, or in
Rude therns our path be made.

A plant of heavenly birth,

And watered with celestial dews, 'twill bloom

With beauty ne'er to fade, and o'er the earth

Will shed its sweet perfume.

Deep in the heart it lies,

A priceless pearl to weary mortals given—

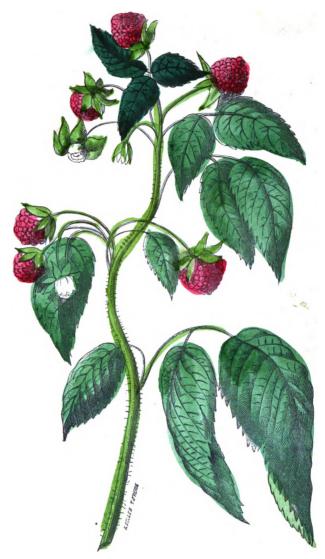
A flame of love that never, never dies;

'Tis not of earth, but heaven.

And in the fevered tone
Of strife, serene its peace without alloy,
An emanation from the eternal throne—
A foretaste of its joy.

A radiant star to shine
O'er life's rough, darkest paths, to guide our way
Through death's dark portal, with its rays divine,
To realms of endless day.

THERE are some faces which are never thought handsome, viewed in detail, which yet as a whole, are strikingly lovely; and so does one gentle virtue seem to diffuse a gilding over other qualities of the heart, and impart the stamp of goodness to all.



Red Raspberry.

ONLY A GOVERNESS.

BY LELA LINWOOD.

DEAR reader, fancy to yourself a rainy day in capricious April, and I will spare you a description of the ill-tempered sky, the shifting clouds, the chilling atmosphere, the swift gusts of wind, and the falling torrents. It was just as daylight and rain-fall simultaneously terminated, that a handsome carriage, drawn by a pair of beautiful bays, made its way through the muddy streets of the ancient and aristocratic town of W——. The equipage paused before a noble mansion, which, in the season of foliage, lay completely embowered. The occupant of the carriage alighted, and walked hastily up the avenue, shaking the sparkling drops from the hedge, and turning an eager eye up to the old architectural pile and down each special walk.

A few moments more, and he was ushered into an elegantly furnished drawing-room. Could he have peered up the stairs, as he stepped over the threshold, he might have seen two girls at a half opened door, exclaiming in the same breath, "Wallace Grosvenor, as I live!" While they are preparing to descend, let us take a closer look at the object of their curiosity.

A form quite above the medium height—a forehead broad and full, from which the chestnut hair was carelessly brushed—an eye which changed from a deep blue to a clear hazel when lighted by any sudden excitement, and a manner revealing at once the scholar and the gentleman, were represented in the outward man. With the inner life our acquaintance must be more gradual. A brief interval elapsed, and a trio of ladies entered the parlor—one a fashionably drest woman in the prime of life—the other two, her daughters, numbering eighteen and twenty summers. The young man advanced to salute them, offering one hand to each sister, and in a tone, whose slight tinge of sadness seemed habitual, said—"I am most happy to meet you, fair cousins"—then with a bearing somewhat less familiar, but not less cordial, he exchanged greetings with the mother to whom he was formally

presented. And now, the first salutations over, let us go back some years, and inquire a little into the history of the parties thus brought together.

Wallace Grosvenor was now in the second year of his orphanage. When very young, he had been sent to Europe to receive his education, and having commenced a course of liberal study at Geneva, which was completed at Gottingen, he traveled with his tutor over the continent, and added to his fine education that ease and polish of manners, and thorough acquaintance with modern languages, which such advantages are fitted to impart. During this interval, first his mother and then his father were called to the spirit-land; and never did revered and idolized parents leave a truer mourner. The heir of a respectable fortune. the possessor of poetical genius, united to a highly cultivated intellect, chastened by a warm and ardent piety, which seemed to many all the requisites for happiness, yet with an aching void at his heart, and a sensation of desolateness quite new to him, Wallace embarked for his native America. On his arrival at New-York, he found a cordial welcome to the circle in which his parents had so lately moved. His reputation had preceded him, and many strangers were ready to urge upon him their hospitality. But when most courted and flattered, he missed, oh! how sadly, those warm hearts, which had bestowed on him at parting their parental benedictions, and he carried every where a lonely and aching breast. A few weeks after his return, as he was sauntering through the brilliant saloons of Mrs. C-, and passing compliments with the many who watched for a word or a smile, his attention was attracted by two pretty Saxon-looking girls, who were evidently making him the subject of a close conversation. He inquired their names of his hostess, who replied: "Do you mean those sisters in blue? They are the Clevelands; they have just left boarding school, and my daughter Ellen has brought them home to spend a few days with her before their departure from the city." An introduction followed. and Wallace found Kate and Fannie Cleveland consigned to him for the remainder of the evening. As he looked oftener in their faces, an indistinct recollection crossed his mind of having seen them before, and when he ventured to inquire their place of residence, and learned that it was the same beautiful retired town where his

father once owned a country-seat, his suspicions were confirmed, his interest deepened, and he asked eagerly-" Pray, pardon me. but is not your mother a niece of the late Judge Grosvenor?"-"Yes, indeed," was the reply, (and the sisters colored as they "Mother has often mentioned her uncle's visit to her years ago with his son. We were then both very young, and do not remember it distinctly." Wallace remembered it well, and as he recalled that humble cottage in the suburbs of Waterford, with two rude little girls swinging on the brown gate that opened into the dusty thoroughfare, he saw at once that fortune must have smiled on the Clevelands since those days. as he was of near kindred, he congratulated himself on this newly found relationship, and entered his claim to their cousinly regards with a warmth which brought an ill concealed expression of flattered vanity to the countenance of the two sisters. to retain his favor, they were not slow to inform him that their father had purchased the old Grosvenor mansion, and that they had for three or four years occupied that honored dwelling. the evening closed, our young friend had naturally enough been invited to pay a visit to his cousin's at W., and had just fulfilled his promise to come as we introduced him to our readers.

After tea, on the evening of his arrival, as the two returned to the parlor, the moon-beams looked invitingly in at the casement, giving promise of a glorious evening to succeed the storm, and Wallace approaching the window, gazed with a fond vet pensive air on those old grounds, hallowed by a thousand recollections of childhood. Perceiving that his thoughts were without, his companions spoke of the garden, and regretted that the recent rain prevented an evening's promenade. But Kate, seeing that this topic interested him, suddenly changed her mind, and notwithstanding his remonstrances, insisted that it would be perfectly safe to take one turn down the walk, and immediately leading the way, she opened the door of the library to pass out into the verandah. Pausing a moment as she reached the outer door, she slightly turned her head, and said in a careless tone-" Emily Morris, Mr. Grosvenor," Wallace, who had noticed a new face in the dimly lighted library, now turned his gaze in the direction of cousin Kate's eyes, and perceived a young lady in one of the window seats, attired in deep sable. He bowed profoundly, and

hastened after the sisters, Fannie remarking as the door closed behind them—"Only the children's governess."

'Where our heart is, there our' pen loves to linger; for this reason we will talk of Emily Morris and leave the walk undescribed. True, she was "the children's governess," but she was also the orphan child of Mr. Cleveland's sister. Though her daily toil entitled her to a generous support, she was regarded as a poor, dependent relative, under vast obligations for her daily bread. Little did her honored father anticipate such a fate for his daughter. He was suddenly summoned away in the midst of a distinguished and lucrative career, leaving with his business partner an ample fortune in trust for his only child. Alas! for frail humanity; scarce six months elapsed, ere the orphan, defrauded of her patrimony, with a scanty pittance offered her, as all that remained of a princely estate, was obliged to surrender the privileges of an eminent boarding-school, and accept a home where she was expected to earn a support. Her uncle indeed was an honorable man of the world, who regarded the claims of kindred, and entertained real affection for the only child of his departed sister. But Mrs. C. was a calculating woman. seconding her husband's proposal, she was influenced by the advantages afforded her younger children, in having so competent a teacher at their own dwelling. It was not till her older daughters returned from school, and Emily's superiority to them in every grace natural and acquired became strikingly manifest, that she repented the step she had taken in introducing to their home so dangerous a rival. The poor girl was now constantly reminded that she must not claim equality with her cousins—and ever and anon she was made to feel that she was "only a governess." The visit of Wallace Grosvenor proved the occasion of fresh annoyance. That very evening her artful aunt had contrived to effect her absence from the tea-table to delay her introduction to their distinguished guest. Such was the position of Emily Morris. Do you wonder now at her being found alone in the library, or left there still to her solitary musings, with no invitation to join the merry group in the moonlight? Their returning footsteps soon broke her reverie, and she hastened from the room, not however till she heard cousin Kate express her raptures over a fullblown tulip, and a rich low voice remonstrate against her preference for this gaudy flower to the heart's ease and snowdrop, which she had crushed and thrown away. Emily gained her chamber to soothe her troubled spirit by communing with the oracles of peace and the God of consolation. The spirits of the dear departed seemed to encircle her with their blessing. She sought her pillow, by good angels guarded, and was refreshed and strengthened for the morrow's tasks.

Several days passed away, and found Wallace still at Waterford, impatient with himself for the feeling of dissatisfaction with his young relatives, which daily increased. "What was the fault?" he asked himself again and again. They were pretty, always amiable, except when cousin Emily was alluded to, evidently delighted with his attentions, and yet with all their flattery did not succeed in winning his regard. He had in his soul an ideal of goodness and beauty and consistency of character, made up from recollections of his sainted mother; and it was in vain that he tried to persuade himself that Kate and Fannie Cleveland were modelled after it. They lacked depth and purity, and all their external professions failed to supply the deficiency.

One morning as Wallace was in the library, he noticed that an elegantly bound volume of his own poems had been abstracted from the parlor table, and was lying there. He carelessly took it up, and found it open to a little piece of blank verse, entitled. "The Orphan," and remarked the delicate tracings of a pencil along the margin. "Is this Kate's work?" thought he. "No, extravagant as are her praises of my efforts, she has not enough genuine love of poetry in her nature to reconcile her to pass a half hour alone in reading the most exquisite production of the muses. But see here is a mark with initials—E. M. It is as I suspected, Emily Morris." He turned to pay his devoirs to the ladies who had just entered. Fannie, spying the book which he had laid down, said—

"So, Mr. Grosvenor, you stole away here to read your own musings—no wonder you found yourself on enchanted ground."

"Indeed you are mistaken," replied Wallace, slightly smiling, "the book must have been deposited here by another hand than mine. I encountered it accidentally," and he stole a glance at Emily. Kate turned to her quickly, saying in a bitter tone—

"Have you not often been requested not to disturb these vol-

umes? I have been looking for this very book all the morning. Indeed, Miss Morris, I did not know that you were so devoted to Mr. G's. poetry."

Emily's cheek flushed for an instant, then with quiet dignity she took the book in silence and returned it to the parlor. A glance at Grosvenor's face told the girls that they had overstepped their mark. They strove to make amends by donning their sweetest smiles, but our hero was grave and unsocial the remainder of the morning. At eve the family assembled in the drawingroom again—the harp and guitar were drawn from their resting places, and preparation made for a musical entertainment. Emily was there, too, with an unwonted glow on her cheek. began-performance succeeded performance-the Clevelands did their best, but Wallace saw more imperfections than ever in their shallow, rapid style. When Kate and Fannie had finished, he inquired if Miss Morris played on either of the instruments. one answered. He directed the question to her. "Will you play and sing?" She took her seat at the piano without speaking, and commenced a sweetly wild and mournful air, with an extemporaneous accompaniment. When she finished, Wallace uttered a simple "thank you," whose want of emphasis the Clevelands interpreted as a sure mark of indifference. But the music entered his heart. Mrs. C., who felt quite assured by Mr. Grosvenor's silence, remarked condescendingly:

"Do not feel abashed, Emily—that little song appeared much more becoming for you than the girls' brilliant symphonies. We cannot expect you to sing gay songs at present—we know you don't feel like it."

The conversation next turned upon German music, and from that naturally to the German language and literature. Grosvenor undertook to repeat a passage from Schiller, but partly failed.

"Prompt me, cousin Fannie," said he. "I believe you are a student of that author."

"Oh, yes," said Kate, "she's been at it this three years. Goodness, Fan, can't you recollect it!"

But Fanny was still at fault. Wallace was astonished at the coarse expression which escaped his cousin's lips. Mrs. Cleveland offered to bring a copy of Schiller from the library, but Mr. G., as if struck by a sudden thought, detained her with the words,

- "Perhaps Miss Morris can save us that trouble."
- "Oh! ah!" began the cousins.
- "I'll step to the library," but Emmie paid no heed to their exclamations.

"Is this the passage to which you refer?" said she, and gave the exact quotation with a richness of tone and enthusiasm of manner, which charmed one of her listeners and vexed the rest. Kate, who had been considered by all the family as clearly in possession of the gentleman's heart, grew daily more uneasy as numberless little scenes like those already narrated lessened the cords of her influence, and drew Wallace with a fascination, (to her inexplicable,) toward that unpretending Emily Morris.

"What was the spell?" the Clevelands asked one another .--Emily was'nt as beautiful as they-oh, no! for brunettes never pretend to be beautiful—she certainly was not as accomplished, for she was acquainted with but two foreign languages, Latin and German, while they had a knowledge of Italian and French She could paint only in water colors, while they understood the use of oils and India ink. Then just think of her plain black dresses, compared with the rich fabrics and bright colors with which they adorned themselves. But, to crown all, Emily was poor, and "only a governess." They knew the high value which Wallace Grosvenor placed on rank and fortune. Poor human nature cannot be perfect—an undue estimate of station was one of our hero's failings. But his eyes were beginning to be opened. He knew the Clevelands were once in humble life, but he was generous, or what is better, just enough to overlook Here lay the difficulty; their refinement, their amiability, their knowledge even, was not a part of their growth, but something superadded to a character already formed. Every now and then he obtained a glimpse at the back ground of the picture. They were living illustrations of the truth that deficiencies of character and training in early life are sure to make themselves visible through all the gloss and polish and showy accomplishments of later years. It was impossible for one like Wallace Grosvenor not to mark the contrast between such a character, and a nature deep, unostentatious and true—that he should not find pleasure in studying a character, which every day revealed some new page in its hidden volume. And did Emily perceive

and rejoice in the changed position of affairs? Did she strive to bind the distinguished guest to her side? Did she wield well the wenponss of fascination? Ah, no! Emily was impenetrable. The same shade of sadness rested on her brow—she spoke in the same mournful, subdued cadences—the same sweet grace and dignity mingled in her manner. The gentleman's society she neither sought nor repelled—she addressed him only when he questioned her—with a never-varying self-possession she accepted his frequent courtesies, and bore unmoved the scrutinizing watch of her aunt and cousins. Even Mrs. Cleveland, ready and anxious to reprimand her, could find no occasion for reproof.

It was now the middle of May, and Wallace was prolonging his stay, he knew not wherefore. His visit seemed likely to close with little incident beyond the ordinary routine of pleasure rides and calls and evening parties. A horseback excursion had been more than once proposed by the sisters, but as yet no time had been suggested, which met the approbation of their cavalier. Let me whisper the reason in your ear, reader—the hour proposed was always one in which cousin Emily was occupied with her little charge.

But a holiday arrived—the afternoon was bright and beautiful, as fresh as blooming May alone can be. Wallace now declared himself ready for the excursion, and as there could be no good excuse for leaving Emily behind, she was included in the party. Mounted on beautiful steeds, and all well skilled in horsemanship, they rode gaily along the traveled road for some distance, when Wallace espied a green lane leading off from the dusty street, which he declared looked too inviting to be passed by—so thither they turned their horses' steps and rode leisurely on.

The green sward was decked with spring's earliest wild flowers, which constantly tempted our knight to dismount, and gather boquets for the ladies—simple nosegays of violets and cowslips and anemones, tied by a single spire of grass. A shade of thoughtfulness succeeded the hilarity, with which the ride commenced, and they rode onward, conversing little, and seemingly regardless of time and distance.

Emily was the first to point to their lengthening shadows, and suggest the wisdom of retracing their steps. They were now at the summit of a hill, and Fannie declared her purpose to descend

that she might have the pleasure of galloping up again. As they slowly walked their horses down the steep descent, two children emerged from a miserable hut by the wayside, and looked curiously after them. No sooner did the party reach the bottom, than they wheeled abruptly, and Fannie, taking the lead, galloped full speed up the ascent.

One of the children screamed as if terror-stricken, and in her haste to escape, fell almost beneath the horse's feet. Fannie looked back and laughed, but continued her race up the hill.— Kate also passed the children without stopping, though she observed that the one which had fallen was supported in its sister's arms. Wallace approached next, and checked his steed, to utter a kind word as his nature prompted—not supposing that any serious injury had been received. As he was asking the elder girl why she did not take her little sister into the house, Emily drew near, and being alarmed at once by the appearance of the child, quickly dismounted, and was at the children's side,—another moment, and Wallace was on his feet. To their inquiries, the girl replied—

"It's only one of Nell's fainting fits—she is always so from fright. Mother saw her, and has gone to the spring for water,—there, she is coming now—the water always brings her out."

By this time a poor woman, in homely but clean attire, hurried to the spot, and taking the little one in her arms, sprinkled water plentifully in its face and neck. It opened its eyes heavily, but moaned without consciousness. The mother now perceived a contusion on the back of its head, occasioned by the fall. wrung her hands in agony, while Wallace tenderly lifted the unconscious little sufferer and carried it into the house. Emily followed, and was quietly laying aside her hat and gloves as the Misses Cleveland rode to the door to inquire if the child was really hurt, or was only stupefied by fear, and to say that they supposed they might as well keep their saddles, as they could be of no use. What was their surprise, to hear Emily announce her intention to stay with the distressed mother till her companions could ride back to the village and send out a physician. And, what amazed them still more, she insisted that Mr. Grosvenor, after securing her horse, should ride back with her cousins. hesitated to leave her at that hour in so lonely a place-spoke of

her late ride homeward, but yielded the point as the poor woman entreated them to hasten and procure medical help. On their way back, Kate and Fannie in excited tones discussed the accident, as also the propriety of cousin Emily's stopping through the evening at that 'out-of-the-way place.' Both agreed that it would not have done for them—mamma would have been much displeased—but, perhaps it was well enough for Emily—and their tone and manner added, "as she is only a governess." Wallace Grosvenor understood the implication, and busied himself with his own thoughts.

In another hour, he returned with Dr. Howard, who promised to do his best for the little patient, and gave encouragement of a favorable issue. Emily did not have a lone ride home that night, though she and Wallace rode a distance mostly in silence, reading each other's thoughts by the clear moonbeams.

The next day, the imposing family coach was drawn up before the door, to give the visiter one more ride, as he had declared his purpose to leave on the morrow. A pic-nic was in contemplation on the summit of an adjacent mountain. A large basket of provision was mounted on the driver's seat, and the party were about ready to start, when a young school-mate of the Misses Cleveland arrived, with her brother, to make a visit of a few days.—What was now to be done? To give up the excursion would disappoint other friends already on their way to the pic-nic. The carriage was full, and it was too late to look about for another conveyance. Mrs. Cleveland asked Emily to resign her seat to Miss Canfield. She instantly complied—that young lady expressing her great unwillingness that any one should give up the party for her sake, till Fannie whispered in her ear—

"Don't distress yourself-it's only the children's governess."

Wallace now offered his seat to Mr. Canfield, but this raised such a storm of expostulations that he was obliged to desist, and by close sitting, that gentleman was safely stowed in with the rest—and the loaded vehicle moved slowly off toward the place of destination. As they proceeded, the newly arrived expressed their regret that one of the original company was left behind—saying they could hardly give her credit for sincerity in resigning her place so cheerfully.

"Oh," said Kate, "it will make little difference with her. On

the whole she will enjoy the day best at home, for mamma will let her fix off a basket of provisions for a poor family with a sick child, that sister Fan came near riding over the other day."

Here followed the history of the late adventure duly amplified and commented on. Was it this, or a sudden jolt of the carriage that heightened the glow on Wallace Grosvenor's cheek, and compressed his lips so firmly?

The day, like all others, wore away—it was now late in the afternoon, and where was Emily Morris? She had received a letter while walking in the garden, and was seated in the arbor intently perusing it—with that face (usually so serene) betraying deep and changing emotion. She had drawn off her bonnet, to enjoy the soft, fresh air—her dark curls were slightly confined by a bandalet of velvet. She had never looked so beautiful as now, for Emily was beautiful, dear reader, notwithstanding the assertions of the envious Clevelands to the contrary—and so thought Wallace Grosvenor as he approached her unobserved, till he stood at the entrance of the arbor. Her cheek and brow crimsoned as he saluted her, and she expressed her surprise that the party should have returned at so early an hour.

"They have not returned," he replied; "but as Mr. Canfield seemed able to take care of the ladies, and the carriage was overloaded, I begged the privilege of preceding them on foot, agreeing to ride whenever they should overtake me. I am a good pedestrian, so, as I foresaw, have reached home before them."

He took a seat by her side, and began to talk of things which at that moment were farthest from his heart—of mountain scenery, of foreign lands, of botany and the classics, and finally (for the most natural subjects often have the last place,) of poetry—and as step by step they narrowed the range of topics, Wallace ventured to ask if it were really Emily who drew those marginal lines to mark "The Orphan." As she confessed without embarrassment, he proceeded to speak of his own sad inheritance of orphanage, and of his sense of utter desolateness as he stepped on the shores of his native land, and sought the graves of his parents. The tears were in Emily's eyes, and there is no predicting how this conversation might have issued, had it not been suddenly broken off by the irruption of a bevy of children, claiming Miss Morris' promise to take them to a walk before tea.

"Yes, darlings," said Emily, "I will keep my promise. Mr. Grosvenor will excuse me," and with less composure than usual in her voice and manner, she allowed the children, who had already taken possession of both her hands, to hurry her away.

Wallace followed them with his eyes, and noticed as Emily turned to go down the avenue, that she paused, took from her pocket the letter which he had seen her hastily deposit there, and refolded it more carefully. She was now hid from his view, yet he recalled with a sensation as novel as it was annoying, the unwonted illumination of those expressive features as that letter lay open before her. It was evidently no ordinary missive of friendship. Yet, what was it to him? Why did his heart throb painfully at every surmise connected with it? As he questioned himself thus, he was every moment gaining a deeper insight into the nature of his own emotions. He became aware of the intensity of feelings, whose existence he had scarcely acknowledged even to himself. He paced up and down the garden walks, entertaining conjectures and dismissing them-forming plans and abandoning them-indulging hopes and relinquishing them. thing, however, he resolved upon—he would have an interview and an explanation, before he departed on the morrow. He recalled the conversation in the arbor-as Emily responded to the sentiments he uttered, there was surely a something about her which made him feel that their hearts were in unison—but, then, that letter, that ominous letter. Reader, do you feel curious about the document which has raised such a commotion in the mind of Wallace Grosvenor? Well, you shall see the transcript:

A----y, May 15th, 15--.

MISS EMILY MORRIS:

Madam,—I have the pleasant duty of informing you that the frauds of the villain who has kept you out of your lawful estate, have been detected, and property recovered to the amount of \$20,000. There is more behind, which I am confident will come to light soon. I await your orders in person or by letter. Allow me, madam, in consideration of my former intimacy with and regard for your honored father, to offer you my sincere congratulations.

J- N-, Attorney at Law.

Emily kept her secret for her uncle Cleveland's ear—but she enjoyed, that night, such a sense of freedom, such elasticity of spirit, as she had been a stranger to for many weary months. In visions of the night she entered her old ancestral home and trod again its halls.

Morning came—the last of Wallace Grosvenor's stay at Water-The moments flew on apace—the hour of departure drew He rose to take leave of the Clevelands. They were reserved and formal-he was going, and unengaged, and, as far as they could judge, disenthralled. Their polite adieus were far less cordial than their warm greetings three weeks before. He thanked them for their hospitality, and said he should not soon forget this visit,—then addressing Mrs. C., inquired, "Shall I find Miss Morris in the library?" and without waiting to hear her offer to summon her, he hastily made his way thither. Poor Emily! she was hardly herself this morning. Failing of an intercourse with her uncle before he left the house, she was now writing a note, to accompany the important communication, to his office. That letter was open before her, and Wallace saw how she was occupied, the moment he entered. Emily rose to meet him—the second time he saw the warm life current rush to temple and If he had hitherto lacked courage for his disclosure, the scene before him made him resolute. He asked Emily to be seated, and opened all his heart. She answered only with tears, for he proceeded with a fervor which paused not for a word of response, till he told her that he made this declaration rather as a relief to his overcharged feelings than with much hope of success, and with some hesitation and great delicacy referred to the letter whose perusal he had witnessed. Without a word of reply, but with an arch look whose significance he could not interpret, she placed the open letter in his hand. He caught a glimpse of the signature, and hesitated not to read it. With its perusal all his eloquence vanished. How could he urge his plea, just as he learned the accession of his lady-love to a large estate? He did, however, retain sufficient self-possession to ask permission to write her-and he was not refused. His leave-taking was not eloquent, if we except the expression of his eyes, which could speak when the lips moved not. But the warm pressure of Emily's hand, and that speaking face, which revealed the heart, sent him away a happy man.

Passing over the surprise of the Clevelands at Emily's altered fortunes, and the particulars of her return to her native city, let

us follow Mr. Cleveland as he enters the old mansion at Waterford on a cold morning in December, with a letter in his hand to pronounce intelligence that Emily Morris and Wallace Grosvenor were to be married at New Year's. Kate bit her lips with very vexation—Fannie tossed her head, and 'did'nt care'—Mrs. C. declared that 'it was money that allured him, otherwise, why did he not pay his addresses to Emily last spring, when he had so good an opportunity?' and she gave vent to the mortification of her maternal vanity in strains of surpassing eloquence. When the wordy torrent ceased, her good natured husband, with a roguish twinkle in his eye, observed:

"I shall not allow you to abuse my nephew thus. I have known more of this affair than you wot of; and I can assure you that Wallace loved Emily, and that he told her so too, when she was 'only a governess!"

SONG .- OH! ASK NO MORE.

BY E. L. E.

On! ask no more the strains of praise,
Which Zion's minstrel sung;
My harp o'er weeping Zion's lays
Lies mournful and unstrung.
For how can one in exile sing,
Through tears of vain regret?
Or wake to joy the silent string?
Oh! how can I forget?

Not all the sweets a stranger land,
Of song and bloom may bear,
Can win my love from Israel's strand,
And Salem's ruin there:
Nor thou, bright orb, whose glorious beams
On Zion's fall have set,
Cans't cheer my heart by Babel's streams!
Oh! how can I forget?

TO ONE I LOVE.

BY CELIA.

Sister, a casual word of thine, mayhap By thee forgotten, has awakened thoughts That thrill my yearning heart :-- when "sixty years" Have sped, with all their snows and spring-times, Summer heats and golden autumns, where Shall then be found our loving social band Of genial friends? "The places that on earth We know, shall know us then no more"-perchance, 'Tis true, some one among us may remain, When all we loved and cherished in our youth Have passed away—remain like lingering leaves Upon a withered bough-but who would wish To linger thus? who would not fain depart With the beloved who are earlier called Away from earth? And yet, to die! what is it? Gaze on the marble brow and rigid lips, The awful beauty of the dread repose That we call death! To what far bourne is fled The spirit that we loved—that filled those eyes With light, and clothed that cheek with crimson Eloquence? That fraught those lips, so silent Now, with words of kindliness? How deep, How solemn is the mystery! how vast And fathomless the dark abyss, upon Whose brink the spirit yearningly looks forth, To catch some feeble glimpse of the departed! Vain desire! for He alone who fashioned Us, hath power to range the infinite abode Of disembodied souls-Oh! were it not That He who brought the dead to life and speech-Who passed Himself the shadowy gates of Death, And trod the crystal pavement of the New Jerusalem in triumph-were it not That HE hath promised that His loving hand Should lead us through the darkness of that lone And fearful passage, when, from all the seen And known of our existence, we go forth-How terrible would be the thought of Death! Nay, what were life, but dark and sad unrest, Without the gentle sympathy of Him Who "wept" with mortals, and who bids us lay Our weary heads upon His loving breast, And breathe out all our sorrows, and receive

The balm of consolation from His line? For He alone who reads the deep recesses Of the heart, can know its bitterness! My sister, I have thought it would be sweet To die in wouth-ere yet the heart hath lost The freshness of its beauty, and the fervor Of its vearnings for the true and free-To roam amid the realms unlimited Of light and glory, where to love is being. And to worship, breath-where all "shall know As they are known," and shall be " one with Hisa" Who chose them as His own : to wait within Those "heavenly mansions" for the loved ones dwelling "Yet a little while" below-perchance. If so permitted, visiting their homes, And bearing messages of peace and grace To cheer them in their sojourn.

When the summons

Comes to thee to meet thy God, I know
That He will send His messengers of love.
To bear thee on thy way—and rapturous songs
Shall echo through the courts of Heaven from Eps
Whose voice of tuneful inclody has blessed
Our human cars so oft—and should the hand
That pens these lines to thee, lie motionless
In dust, while yet thine eye is warmly brilliant
With the light of life, thou will remember
That a new welcome waits for thee in Heaven.

SONNET.

BY BELLY IRVING.

We said a coming decision ago,

We said to the flowers of varied form and hue,

A did to have beautiful and true;

Where the last faint petal low,

The hour in turn their hearts of dew,

the bloom and beauty ever new,

the his thy heart, dear friend,

the is thy heart, dear friend,

the is the sectness, thuth and bloom—

the last is in the sectness, thuth and of gloom—

the evermore by flowers,

the count the passing hours.



The balm of consolation from His lips? For He alone who reads the deep recesses Of the heart, can know its bitterness! My sister. I have thought it would be sweet To die in youth-ere yet the heart hath lost The freshness of its beauty, and the fervor Of its yearnings for the true and free-To roam amid the realms unlimited Of light and glory, where to love is being, And to worship, breath-where all "shall know As they are known," and shall be "one with Him" Who chose thèm as His own; to wait within Those "heavenly mansions" for the loved ones dwelling "Yet a little while" below-perchance, If so permitted, visiting their homes, And bearing messages of peace and grace To cheer them in their sojourn.

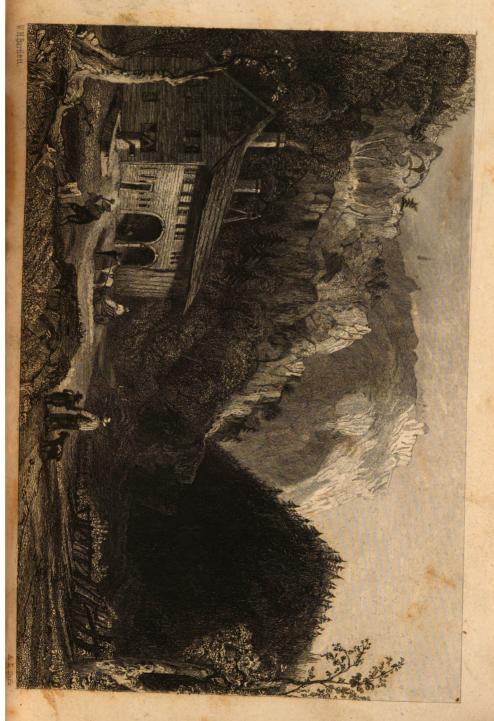
When the summons
Comes to thee to meet thy God, I know
That He will send His messengers of love,
To bear thee on thy way—and rapturous songs
Shall echo through the courts of Heaven from lips
Whose voice of tuneful melody has blessed
Our human ears so oft—and should the hand
That pens these lines to thee, lie motionless
In dust, while yet thine eye is warmly brilliant
With the light of life, thou wilt remember
That a new welcome waits for thee in Heaven.

SONNET.

BY HELEN IRVING.

'Tis said a cunning florist long ago,
Wrought of rare flowers of varied form and hue,
A dial wondrous beautiful and true;
Whose ranged buds, from morning's waking glow
Till evening bowed the last faint petal low,
Oped to each hour in turn their hearts of dew,
Marking, with bloom and beauty ever new,
The steps of Time, that flower-ensnared grew slow.
So fair a dial is thy heart, dear friend,
So wondrous in its sweetness, truth and bloom—
So doth it, hourly, love's rich fragrance send
Alike o'er days of sunshine and of gloom—
So in thy presence, evermore by flowers.

Do we who love thee count the passing hours.



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WOMAN THE CREATURE OF GOD,

AND THE MANUFACTURE OF SOCIETY.

BY C. W. TOLLES.

In nothing have the effects of the primeval blight upon earth shown themselves more sensibly and calamitously, than in the character, condition, and situation of woman. By nature more pliant and flexible than man, weaker in the means of asserting and maintaining rights, liable to be debased by the improper exercise of the same feelings which properly exercised constitute the nobility of her nature, woman in every age and clime has undergone greater extremes in her condition than man. She has been the guiding spirit of empires, and the vilest of hovel denizens.— She has exhibited specimens of more intense and self-sacrificing greatness, and of more inhuman and malignant wickedness than is to be found in the annals of the other sex. In ancient mythology the Furies as well as the Graces were represented by females. Ruth and Jezebel, the widow of Sarepta and Semiramis, Lucretia and Cleopatra, Olympia Morata and Lucretia Borgia, Elizabeth and Mary, Hannah More' and Charlotte Corday, are contrasted examples. One class is effluent of all the mild graces of true womanhood—the other seemed filled with a fluid fiery as if extracted from the baneful rays of Sirius or Mars.

Much has been said of the influence of woman in shaping society. But this is one of those specious generalities which pass current in the world, till examined and brought to single, practical tests. Isolated cases have occurred when women have almost wielded the destinies of the world. But it was generally the love or the hatred of man toward them, they being mostly passive, that produced the effect. Till after the chivalric period, woman did little as a class to form society. Since that time what has she done directly toward promoting civilization? Her mere presence indeed acts as an incentive on man. But how many Joan de Arcs have arisen to take the sword of the blessed cause in their own hands, and lead the nations onward? In all nations where women occupy a subordinate part, their voice is not heard,

their opinions are disregarded, and their silent beguilings are impotent except upon the transient impressibility of youth. Their influence can only be asserted in regard to christian lands. And even there it is a kind of Archimedean proposition. If he had a fulcrum he could move the world. If woman would she might move society. But the fulcrum did not exist in the circumambient air, and the philosopher was not ingenious enough to construct wings by which to attain the stars to place it there. But there is a fulcrum on which woman could rest her world-moving lever if she would grasp it. We hope to disenvelope it from the masqueradings and disguises which society has thrown around it.

There is one thing plainly evident in the history of woman.— Her fortunes, her desires, her beliefs, her attainments, her hopes even, have generally followed those of her protectors, and been limited by their horizon. Perhaps this is a Providential enactment, for the purpose of securing that domestic contentment and harmony without which men are misanthropes and women slaves. At times, like Rasselas escaping from the secluded palace, men have burst the barriers which confined them, or pierced the mountain from its very bottom upward till they reached the sunlight and air. But woman has been content to walk in her prescribed circumference and daily perform the same routine. The Tartar and the Arab women patiently follow their migratory lords. Indian woman toils for her predatory husband. The Chinese and the Turkish remain secluded in the seraglios of their masters. Even religions have encouraged the idea of woman's subordination, inferiority, and dependence. The Koran teaches that she is without a soul. The Shasters make her but the slave of her husband. Buddism assigns her the confines of the house as her dwelling and her prison. Ancient Greek mythology worshipped her only ideally. Roman paganism had for its only God the "Civitas," and the utility of woman was calculated only as she conduced to its exaltation. Even Judaism treated her, if not with contempt, yet with disparagement. Thus is it among barbaric nations and false religion. Is it different in Christian countries? The ladies of our land govern their conduct by conventional rules laid down by that enigmatical God, society. The ball-room, the school, the house, the manufactory, the street are all temples where implicit obedience is yielded to these mandates. It would be no

calumny, and only disputed by those who flatter her with the possession of a nominal rather than a real sovereignty, to say that woman is even in enlightened lands not the mistress, but the creature of society.

And what has it made her? In most cases a toy, worshipped by flattery, won by protestations, coaxed and frightened by alternate caresses and terrors, preserved through vanity or necessity, adhered to for pleasure, deserted for interest, or other enticements. In the street the cynosure of brainless dandies—in the ball-room adored by flirts—at the dining-table a caterer for others caprices in the house a drudge—at church the slave of feeling. The dupe of the villain, the loved of the unsophisticated, the abused of the heartless, the neglected of most, and the burden of the persiflage of all. While single the toast of roisterers, and when married the imprisoned solitary of one keeper. Even with poets she is worshipped only in the ideal. When the real woman is made the subject of verse, it is in strains which mostly she should reject with loathing. Leaving out of the reckoning the heathen poets, what has she been with those professedly Christian! In Tasso she is an Amazon or a nurse. Dante worships her as it were "in nutibus." With Petrarch she is but a Platonic mistress. English poets, from Cowley to Wordsworth, (with the exception of Shakspeare) have portrayed her more as a mistress, than in any of her higher spheres. Shakspeare in his ballads does the same. Even Milton's Eve has lately been repudiated, and as we think justly, by the gifted authoress of Shirley.*

Wadsworth, Coleridge and Tennyson have somewhat exalted the standard of feminihe ideality. In Coleridge's Genevieve, one of the most beautiful love poems in the language, there is a glimpse, beautiful but slight, just such as her lover caught from her halfaverted eyes, of what woman might be, clad in dignity, delicacy, and intellect. The novelists of the present century have been better friends to the sex than any of their literary predecessors. But they are puzzled at times to produce the proper medium be-



^{*}The passage is too long to quote, but is a beautiful treatise in an otherwise not very interesting book. It is in the chapter where Shirley and her companion are standing without the church. Shirley compares evening nature to the first woman, and asserts Milton's Eve to be her, not in her primeval but her fallen state.

tween the accomplished woman and the blue stocking—between artlessness and stiff reserve—between maiden confidence and prudery.

We are dealing now altogether with generalities, and not with noble exceptions. Her life is spent with a superficial education, in a narrow zodiac of dress, parties, cosmetics, visiting, and children. It is a fact of some meaning that since Paradise, woman for some reason has been tatooed the higher spheres of men.—Where is the fault? Is it in the arrogance of man, or the plasticity of woman?

It is not to be wondered at if a few more masculine spirits, wearied with the long history of subjection, misuse, disparagement, and the filmy substantiality of woman's nominal throne, have at the present time rose up, Amazon-like, and tuning their shrill treble to a creeking bass, begun to cry out loudly, "woman's rights."

But this is not the proper method for renovation and reform.— Nature cannot be improved by perversion or distortion. Were the Venus de Medici broken and defaced, a sculptor would not undertake to restore it by engrafting masculine proportions and lineaments. The most truthful aspect, the highest perfection, the most perfect intent of all things, is that bestowed upon them when new from the hand of the Creator. When the world has wandered into artificiality, and mistaken accomplishments; when it has strayed lusting after illusory and debasing charms; when it has deceived itself by chasing phantom ideals, and marred its beauty by pigments of a perverted taste, it cannot be renovated by plunging into another system still falser, more illusory, and farther from the original. It must return to the knee of its great mother Nature, and listen once more to the precepts which fell upon its childhood. The prenial Christian duty of becoming as a little child is but a symbol of what every thing perverted must accomplish before there is a possibility of its regeneration. Art found it so. found it so. Society must find it so. Woman must learn it .--The best dome booke which woman can study to exalt and perpetuate her empire is that which Nature presented to our first The best model she can consult is that which was mirrored in the streams of Paradise. Even as in Nature have been found the types for every species of art, so must Eve become

a type for all her daughters. Let imagination picture our first mother. Beautiful she undoubtedly was. Beautiful in face, form and soul. Hers was such beauty of figure as the true poetical soul admires. It is only dandified poetasters who can prostrate themselves to the parodies which modern Art sometimes manufactures. Amid the bowers of Eden she walked, untrammelled by the conventionalities of custom, unregulated in gait, cast of the eyes, demeanor, or enunciation by prescriptions of fashion or etiquette. Unaffected, uncapricious, not wilful, not desirous of homage at the expense of truth or feeling: loving her husband with all her soul, deeming herself subject to him by the law of primogeniture, not purchasing from him an anxious constancy by coquettish devices. Such was woman, the creation of God.

That first wonderful pair opening their eyes upon the world in wonder, like a child awaked from sleep, is a grander study for the imagination than ever floated in the mind of Phidias, or Apelles, or Praxiteles, when they labored to compress the airy shadowings of fancy into the forms and features of Gods. Amid the bowers of Paradise they walked alone; and yet not alone, for God and angels held them company. They were destitute of nearly all that we now consider requisite for comfort, and yet the whole globe with all its stores was theirs. They were beautiful in their simplicity—sublime in their loneliness. What characters must theirs have been, newly moulded by the hand of God! But they endured a brief season, briefer than the flush of morning, and disappeared.

Woman's parts in the world's drama seem to have been two. To present the attributes of beauty and to be a help-meet for man. The original word translated help-meet, signifies simply 'help,' and is very significant. It recalls to the mind woman through long ages, assisting the lot of the weary laborer, soothing the harassed monarch, tending the wounded warrior's pillow, ministering to the sick, and ever interposing herself betwixt man and death.

But we would suggest as the true foundation of woman's empire over the heart of man, the truthful portraiture of beauty. There is ever in man, however debased, a lingering attachment to this—as all vegetables, even under the most unfavorable circumstances, seek to reach their heads toward the sky. For rightly

considered, all things must appear beautiful before they will attract the heart. What nation ever existed, that had not a heaven in prospect, fashioned by the poetical souls among them, and eagerly accepted by the people, whose scenes were possessed of immortal and unfading beauty? Revelation itself has not disdained to take the beauties of earth as the symbols of the Christian's heaven. There are trees of life, fountains of light, rivers of living water, walls of precious stones, hills and blissful plains, and shade and song. The prophet talks of the beauty of holiness, and this too must be made to appear beautiful before man will love it. Oh! Nature, if thou art not heaven, thou art a miniature of it.

The beauty which woman must illuminate is that of proper proportion in her whole nature. The body must be beautified with expression like light shining out from the figured windows of a church. All proper arrangements of dress and toilet are auxiliaries of this. Beauty of dress is now the sceptre with which woman wields much of her sway. No person of proper appreciation can refuse to bow before the display of elegant and graceful taste. The mind too must be filled with beauty like a shrine with offerings. Love of nature, poetry and art, and the more masculine sympathies with governments and revolutions, with the yearnings and the heavings of humanity toward its primitive blessedness; all these woman must appropriate to herself, and she will then control in a great measure opinion more effectually than she could by marching to the ballot-box, or by growing red in the face with argument or long speeches. But the chief beauty is the beauty of soul. Purity with all her attendants must dwell in the soul like a queen and her children in a sanctuary. Purity is the highest beauty,—the true pole-star which is to guide humanity aright in its long, varied, and perilous voyage. The world is learning this, and must learn it before it can be safely harbored. Let woman with the magic wand of her beautiful hand ever point toward it, and she will be the true guardian angel, teacher and directress of man and humanity. Like the star of Bethlehem pointing to the cradle of the world's Saviour, she will then direct society into harmony, exalted refinement, and moral renovation.

FOR THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS WE BLESS THEE.

SEE ENGRAVING.

For the strength of the hills we bless thee, Our God! our fathers' God! Thou hast made thy children mighty, By the touch of the mountain sod; Thou hast fixed our ark of refuge Where the spoiler's foot ne'er trod; For the strength of the hills we bless thee, Our God! our fathers' God!

We are watchers of a beacon
Whose light must never die;
We are guardians of an altar
Midst the silence of the sky;
The rocks yield founts of courage,
Struck forth as by the rod,—
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God! our fathers' God!

For the dark, resounding heavens,
Where thy still small voice is heard,
For the strong pines of the forests,
That by thy breath are stirred;
For the storms on whose free pinions
Thy spirit walks abroad,—
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God! our fathers' God!

The royal eagle darteth
On his quarry from the heights,
And the stag that knows no master
Seeks there his wild delights;
But we for thy communion
Have sought the mountain sod,—
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God! our fathers' God!

The banner of the chieftain
Far, far below us waves;
The war-horse of the spearman
Cannot reach our lofty caves;
Thy dark clouds wrapt the threshold
Of freedom's last abode;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God! our fathers' God!

For the shadow of thy presence
Round our camp of rock outspread;
For the stern defiles of battle,
Bearing record of our dead;
For the snows and for the torrents,
For the free hearts' burial sod:
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God! our fathers' God!

OCTOBER.

BY CELIA.

Thou of the slow and noiseless step, the deep and dreamy eye, Whose clustered locks, with mingled brown and golden drapery O'ershadow like a sunlit cloud thy darkly ruddy cheek, And lie in rich luxuriance on thy forehead low and meek-A soft and genial sadness doth thy gentle coming bring. More beautiful than all the budding joy of blushing Spring! Lo! how the stately monarchs of the forest and the glade, Like courtly knights of olden time, their branches have arrayed ·In all the flashing splendor of their crimson garniture And gold embroidery, to greet thy presence meek and pure! Within the deep old woods beneath their high and grand arcade, Thy coronal of rainbow hues the forest-favs have made-And down aslant receding aisles, and columns dusk and tall. With mellow amber radiance the yellow sunbeams fall-And from the trickling rivulet that sparkles at thy feet, A thousand tiny voices rise, melodious and sweet-They sing a plaintive requiem for Summer's balmy hours. For merry Zephyrs, and the quiet smiles of blue-eyed flowers; For where thy gorgeous mantle-hem the verdant earth has kissed, There springs beneath thy lingering tread the chill and shroud-like mist That pales the loving flowerets, and takes away their breath, And leaves them odorless and wan, in silence and in death! Now sadness fills thy drooping eye, and tears are in thy heart, That of thy gentle mission dread Decay should bear a part-And lowly-murmured mournfulness, and griefful, quivering sighs, In wailing, lute-voiced numbers, from thy ruby lips arise! But yet again thou lookest, with a brow and eye serene, Afar upon the vast imperial grandeur of the scene-Thy tapestry of myriad hues of strangely woven light, Thy wealth of brown and clustered nuts, and scarlet berries bright-The marvelous mosaic of the scattered, fallen leaves, The gold and crimson bowers that the playful wood-sprite weaves-And lifting through the silvery haze thy meek and shadowy eyes, Thy gentle heart is gladdened by the glory of the skies! Thou of the dark and dreamy eye, and footfall slow and light, Thy sad and genial loveliness must vanish from our sight! Thy brilliant coronal must fade—thy music-voice be hushed— The gorgeous drapery of thy halls be rudely rent and crushed-For dark and strong November, with a sullen, angry brow, Shall chill thee with his gathering frown, and lay thy beauty low; With sad and faint submission thou shalt own his giant sway, And with all the loved and beautiful, thou too shalt "pass away!"

ELIAB.

PROM THE GERMAN. -- BY MES. ST. SIMON.

In the land of Judea, there dwelt a man, named Eliab, whom God had blessed with an abundance of earthly goods. He was learned also in all the wisdom of the East. But all this could not content his heart; therefore he often walked sorrowfully about, and wished for death. For he said—"What is life but an unceasing round of the same things, and yet full of uncertainty? Man lives in an incessant struggle, and his days are as those of a hireling."

Then a man of God came unto him, and showed unto Eliab a medicinal plant of marvellous virtue.

But Eliab said—" Wherefore bringest thou this gift unto me? My body aileth nothing, but my soul is sick unto death. Better it were that I should die!"

"It shall do good unto thy soul," said the man of God. "Take this plant and heal therewith seven poor sick persons, and then if thou dost desire it, thou mayst die!"

Then Eliab did as the man of God had told him, and sought out those who were sick in the dwellings of the poor. And he healed seven persons who were afflicted with illness, and relieved the needy out of his abundance.

Then the man of God came again unto him and said—"Behold, I have brought thee an herb of death. Now thou mayst die."

But Eliab cried—"No, God forbid! My soul no longer desires death, for I have now learned the true purpose and worth of life."

Then the man of God smiled and said—"It is with thee as I expected; thou art now conscious of thy divine nature, which was before concealed from thee. How couldst thou, in thy self-ishness, think only of the uncertainties and vexations attendant upon human life?"

Thereupon Eliab said to the man of God—"Thy wisdom has restored peace to my soul; still the benefits which I confer appear to me mean and trifling; I can but relieve the outward wants of the poor and the distressed; I can but cheer their dwellings with my abundance, but to their hearts I cannot find admittance."

"Happy is it for thee," replied the man of God, "that thou dost dispense thy gifts with humility. Therefore shalt thou receive such as are of a higher nature."

With these words he led Eliab into his garden to a rose bush. Now there was at this time a great drought in the land, and because that the rose bush was planted in a sandy soil, it appeared withered, and its buds drooped towards the earth. Then the man of God commanded Eliab to go down to the stream, and to fill a bucket with water. And Eliab did as he was commanded, and watered the rose bush. And the bush revived, and its leaves became green, and after a time the buds raised their heads, and they expanded and spread around a fragrant odor.

"Behold," said the man of God, "thus doth the poor man whom thou relievest, breathing forth love and gratitude, lift up his face to God, and look round with joy and confidence upon his fellow-men, for thou hast been to him a minister of God and of heavenly charity."

"How then must I dispense my bounty?" asked Eliab.

The man of God answered and said—"With humility as a man, and invisibly as God."

"But if he to whom I do good, stand before me, and will express his thankfulness?"

"Then," replied the man of God, "let thy hand be to him the hand of a brother, and the breath of thy lips open to him the inward heaven of thy heart, which poureth forth thy benefits upon him."

A FAN-TASY.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

With grace that only ladies can, Accept, dear A—, this little fan Not mine the gift to "raise the wind" On scale that's large, if so inclined; Enough for me, if you but please, Through your fair hand, to woo a breeze Gentle as Zephyt—scarce revealing. The breath so sly from Boreas stealing.

Persuaded it may come in play, Through many a sultry summer day, Your courtesy will not refuse Acceptance of a thing of use— Though what I send, we both agree Can scarce be prized a fan-to-see.

ON THE TREATMENT OF DOMESTICS.

BY MRS. A. B. WHELPLEY.

THERE is a subject connected with the family system and discipline, which, though rarely treated upon by essayists of the day, is nevertheless one of infinite importance. It is a subject upon which inspiration has treated and enlarged, and the relative duties of which it enforces in the strongest terms.

I allude to the temporary relation existing between the heads of families and their hired domestics. Commands are given in sacred writ, as well to servants as to those whom they serve: still the head of the family possesses most of the advantages.— He is allowed to rule his household, but only by the law of equity and kindness, not by severity or tyrannical exaction. moral law authorizes his superiority of position and power, giving him the opportunity, as in all other moral points, either for the use or abuse of it. What an opportunity there is afforded to make use of that power in promoting the happiness and welfare of those placed under authority in this way, not only physically. but mentally and morally! Can it be for a moment doubted. that it is the duty of the head of a family to look after the condition of his servants, in all these respects? In case of doubt, let him study his Bible—let him go back to the Jewish dispensation, and see how particularly this branch of the family circle is spoken of and cared for. How favorable then is the chance for exerting a healthful moral influence, by instructing them in their duty, as moral agents, and accountable beings, and applying suitable precepts to the fulfilment of obligation in the stations in life which they fill; and further, by showing themselves ready at all times to fulfil their own duties respecting them. This last is teaching by example, one of the most sure and effectual means of instruction.

This branch of domestic duty comes more commonly under the cognizance of the mistress of the family, and consequently it is highly important that she should make herself acquainted with the various bearings of the subject. It seems as though many mistresses of families, even where servants are faithful and desirous to please, are fearful if they do not drive them every moment

that they will not earn their stipulated wages. Some persons there are also, haughty, proud, and overbearing, who seem to think it degrading to manifest any feeling for those bearing the heavy burden of service upon them—who never express themselves otherwise than in the shape of a command or a reproof.—Many, too, wonder why servants are habitually wanting in a respectful conduct towards them, disobedient, unfaithful, and unmanageable. It may without doubt be said that in the generality of instances, where this is the case, the mistress has only herself to blame. She places herself in the position which renders her liable to such behavior.

A lady whose mind and heart has been cultivated so as to . throw around her an atmosphere of intellectual and moral dignity, need never fear of having her rights invaded, or her self treated with disrespect by her servants. It is not a dignity which arises from a haughty or a distant behavior; a dignity which may be put on or off at pleasure, which ensures the respect of dependents A dignity which has no foundation but the love of self manifested by such conduct, is altogether a misapplication of the term. True dignity is elevation of character, a sentiment arising from enlarged and liberal views of men and things, which cannot but appear in the manners of those whose hearts are actuated by them, and will have an effect on all within the sphere of their influence. A person possessed of such a character will manifest a uniformly kind, considerate, placable conduct, free from fretfulness, fault-finding, and tyrannical exaction, and all those qualities which degrade us even in our own eves. It is far from good policy in the mistress of a family, especially where, in the main, a servant is inclined to do right, to take heed to every little lapse in duty, and animadvert upon it, as if perpetually on the watch for evil: on the contrary, she should show herself on the watch for good by noticing and commending, as often as can properly be done, passing over small faults, commending every special effort to please—and reproof will be much more effectual in the case of more glaring errors.

There is nothing so depreciating to our own influence, and so injurious to the disposition of those over whom we have the rule, as fault-finding. It is true that some servants do sometimes seem almost insufferably trying, and that each mistress of a family

often thinks her own peculiar trials with them the worst that has ever been met with; but it is nevertheless true that many a good servant has been spoiled by a bad mistress, and many a bad servant completely transformed by a good mistress. How little do words of encouragement and kindness cost—but how much do they accomplish in ensuring the affections and respect of those whom circumstances have made dependents. "A gracious woman retaineth honor."—Prov. xi: 16.

I was much pleased and impressed some time since by an account given me by a highly intelligent English lady, a person well calculated to form a judgment of the beauty of the circumstances narrated. Some years ago she was on a visit to the family of a gentleman of great wealth in the Isle of Wight,—they were of the highest class of the English gentry. The gentleman himself at the time was a widower, and two highly accomplished and intelligent maiden sisters acted as mistress of his mansion. Every circumstance of this establishment was conducted with splendor and dignity—but their kindness, consideration, and even tenderness for their servants was beyond all else worthy of remark. I never, said she, heard a command uttered while in the house, and every thing that was desired at their hands was requested in the most gentle, polite, and elegant manner.

"A waiting-maid to one of these ladies happened to be taken extremely ill during my visit. Nothing could exceed the tenderness, kindness, and attention of these high-born ladies. The choicest dainties which the house afforded were not thought too good for her, and she was constantly interrogated as to whether the cook had prepared her food to suit her, and if she could not think of something else she would like better. Both of the ladies visited her at frequent intervals every day, and when able to listen they read to her for hours."

Was this behavior a want of dignity? Did they degrade themselves by this tender solicitude for a dependent? Far, very far from it—on the contrary, it is an indisputable evidence that, besides the advantages of wealth and rank, they possessed the crowning quality of worth.

I regret to present a contrast to this beautiful picture; but, as the contrast is far more common than the picture itself, I think I cannot do better than to place it in the strong light afforded by comparison.

A lady who is an acquaintance of mine, never fails to entertain her friends upon every possible opportunity with the complete history of her domestic grievances. Not very long since, upon the occasion of a morning call, she entertained me for an hour in this interesting manner. "Oh, my friend," said she, "I am the perfect victim to my household cares, and the annoyances of servants. You have little conception of my sufferings,—unfaithfulness, deception, and wastefulness are wearing away my patience. and I might almost say my life. Last week, being in the midst of house-cleaning, I worried myself into a fever to see the destructiveness, wastefulness, and laziness that was all the time going Every thing stood perfectly still, as far as work was concerned, the moment I was out of sight; but mischief enough went on I assure you. If I was in one part of the house, every thing went wrong in the other. If I went out, every thing was neglected, or some irreparable injury done to the house or furniture. sometimes think I will let every thing go as it will, instead of fretting and worrying about it, for as it is I am miserable enough. -I could scarcely be more so were every thing I have destroyed."

I thought I could see perfectly well, from her own account, how the matter stood. It was this very fretting and worrying itself which produced all the mischief. The lady, however, was in fact a person of considerable native benevolence, and at times quite as indulgent to her servants, as at other times unreasonable. I thought while listening to the narrative of her miseries, how far better it would indeed be for her to witness the destruction of every thing she possessed, than to allow these petty trials to gain such an ascendancy, as to produce the demoralizing effect upon her character and disposition which they evidently did.

Impatience and fretfulness are far, very far from virtues, no matter how just the cause in which they are called into exercise. And I very much doubt if things would have been as bad as they were had she pursued a more even, dignified, and unruffled course. How unworthy are such things to be allowed to bear such sway over us! These trifles are to annoy us only a short time. There will soon be an end of these as well as of all other earthly cares, and we shall have an account to render as to the manner in which we have performed our duty towards this branch of our household. How worthy then is the present subject of serious reflec-

tion! How much is there to call forth the consideration and sympathy of intelligent and benevolent minds! What a pleasant thought it should be to have the opportunity to ameliorate the condition of any one member of the human family, not connected to us by the ties of nature; by endeavoring to raise their minds in the scale of intelligence, by exciting them to consider the end of their being, which is the same as ours, to serve God, and seek their salvation. To promote this, both reasonable time and instruction should be given. How easy is it as opportunity occurs, to impart to them some knowledge and give them some little advantage of learning, an advantage which their condition will ever preclude them from enjoying unless offered by some benevolent person: surely this is a duty not unworthy of any one in the most exalted station in life.

It is a mistaken idea with many women of true piety, that they are not living in the full performance of duty unless they are going about, and looking up the sick and destitute, relieving them, and entering actively into some cause of public benevolence, which things must necessarily withdraw them in a great measure from the more immediate duties of home, and things of infinitely more momentous importance. The system that fallen nature dictates is a depressing system—that is, a desire to keep others down in fear that they will eventually tower above ourselves. How noble seems the opposite course—to endeavor constantly to rise ourselves, and to raise others with us.

How beautiful is the contemplation of the household of the virtuous woman, whose picture is painted in glowing colors by the wise man. She ordereth all her ways aright. She from principle conducts her household in every thing. She is not selfishly set upon her own pleasure and gratification. The word of God is her choice, her counsel, her rule and guide in every duty and act of life. It makes her systematic in every thing. In the morning she calls her household together, and instructs them in their path of duty. She walks uprightly before them. Deception is never found on her lips, but the law of kindness is in her heart and on her tongue.

That elegant and accomplished writer, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, makes a remark which any lady of refinement will understand and quickly appreciate. "The most minute details of

household economy become elegant and refined when they are ennobled by sentiment. To furnish a room," continues the lady, "is no longer a common-place affair, shared with upholsterers and cabinet makers. It is decorating the place where I am to meet a lover or friend. To order dinner is not merely arranging an ordinary meal—it is preparing refreshment for him I love."—How justly then might we also apply this rule to the subject in question. And how much more elevated the sentiment when viewed in the light of religion! In this light we can look at every act of ours towards our servants as in some measure influencing their characters for good or evil. We can look at ourselves as either omitting or performing our duties towards God in our conduct towards and treatment of them, always remembering that they have feelings like ourselves, and have the strongest claims upon our benevolence, our kindness and sympathy.

FRIENDS.

BY MISS A. R. SMITH.

Theough life's desert, lone and weary,
Scattered roses cheer the way;
On a pathway, dark and dreary,
Gladdening falls the sunbeam's ray.
Friends those gentle flowers are flinging—
Love's bright ray the bosom warms—
Vines their tendrils closely clinging,
Are not rudely torn by storms.

Oh! what sweet emotions waken—
Strike the soul's harp-strings divine,
When with confidence unshaken
Hearts responsive beat to thine!
Many a grief, its tears revealing—
Many a pang that else might rend,
'Reft of half its sting, is healing
By this sacred balm—a friend.

Hast thou found the precious treasure?

Prize the jewel—ne'er betray!

Choicest blessing without measure—
Guardian angel round thy way.

Act or speak, oh! coldly never—

Kindred spirits keenest feel,—

Silver links the blow may sever,

Time the wound may never heal.

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